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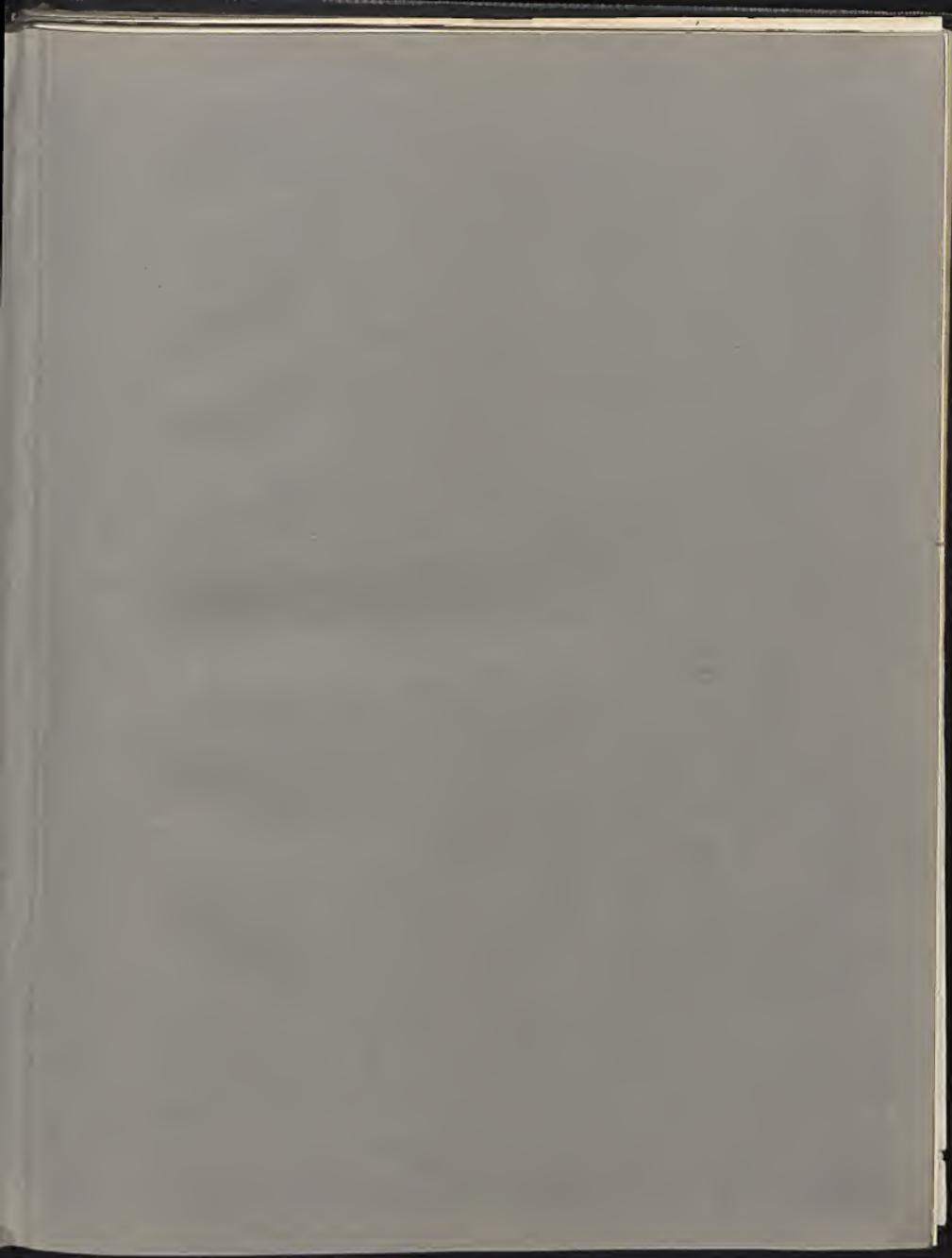
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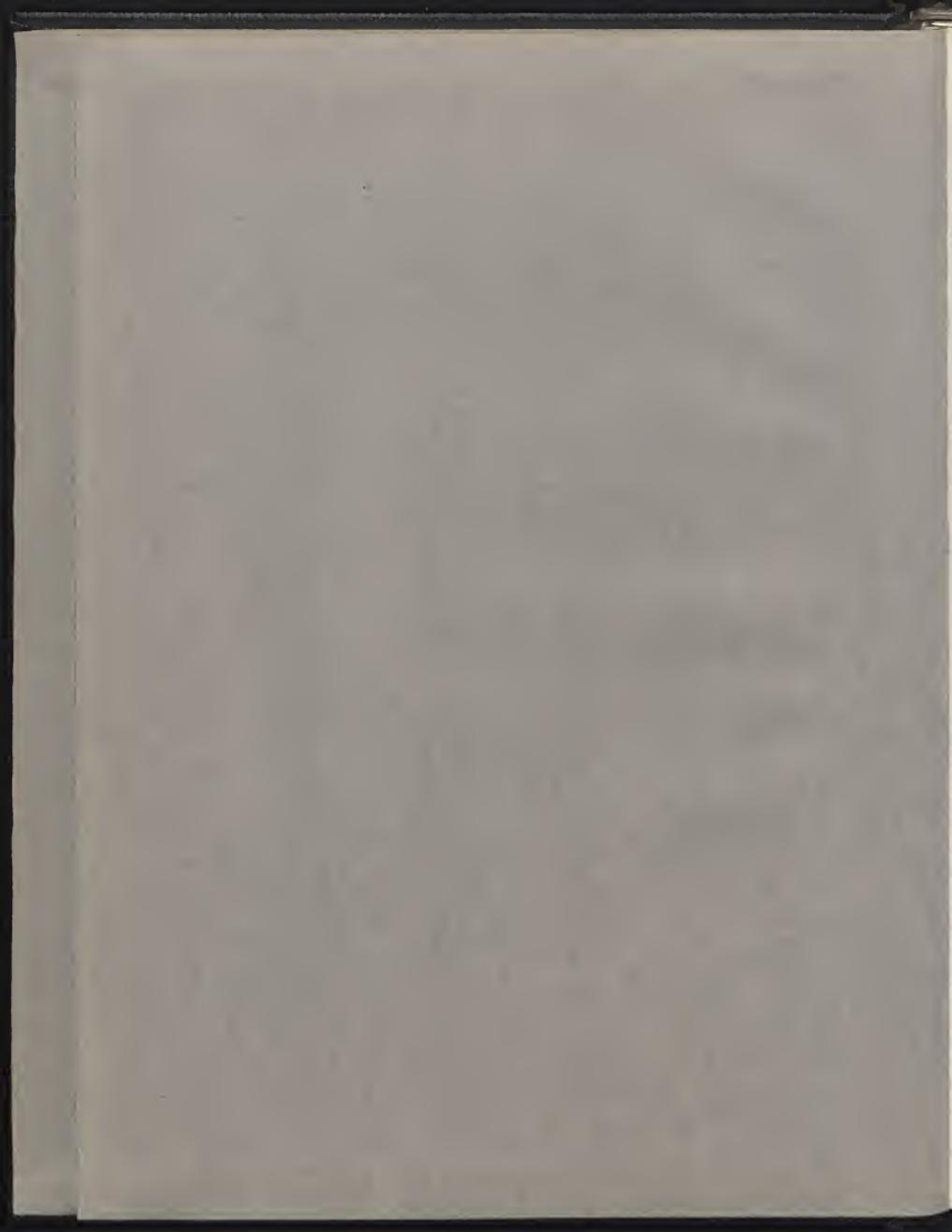


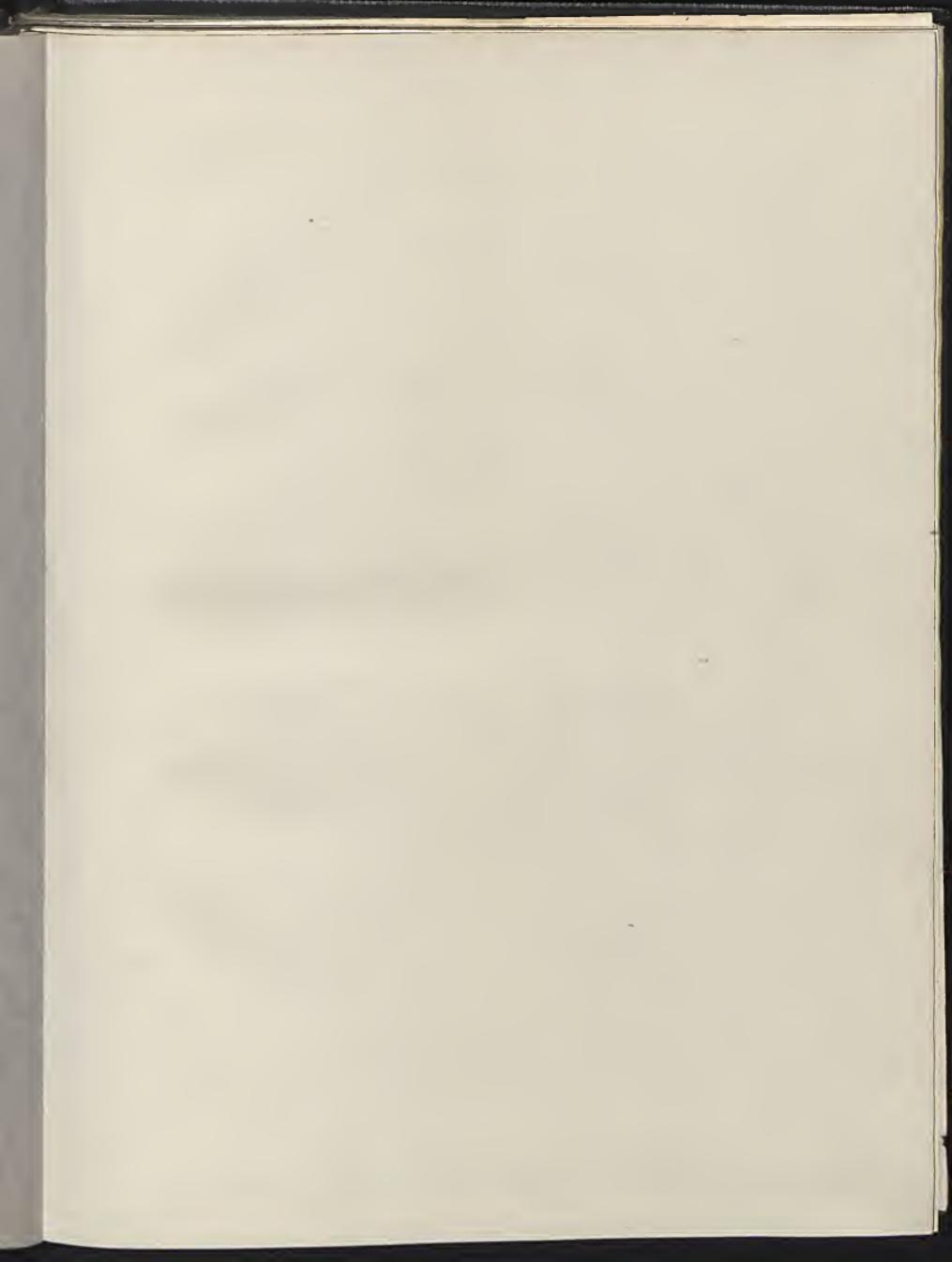
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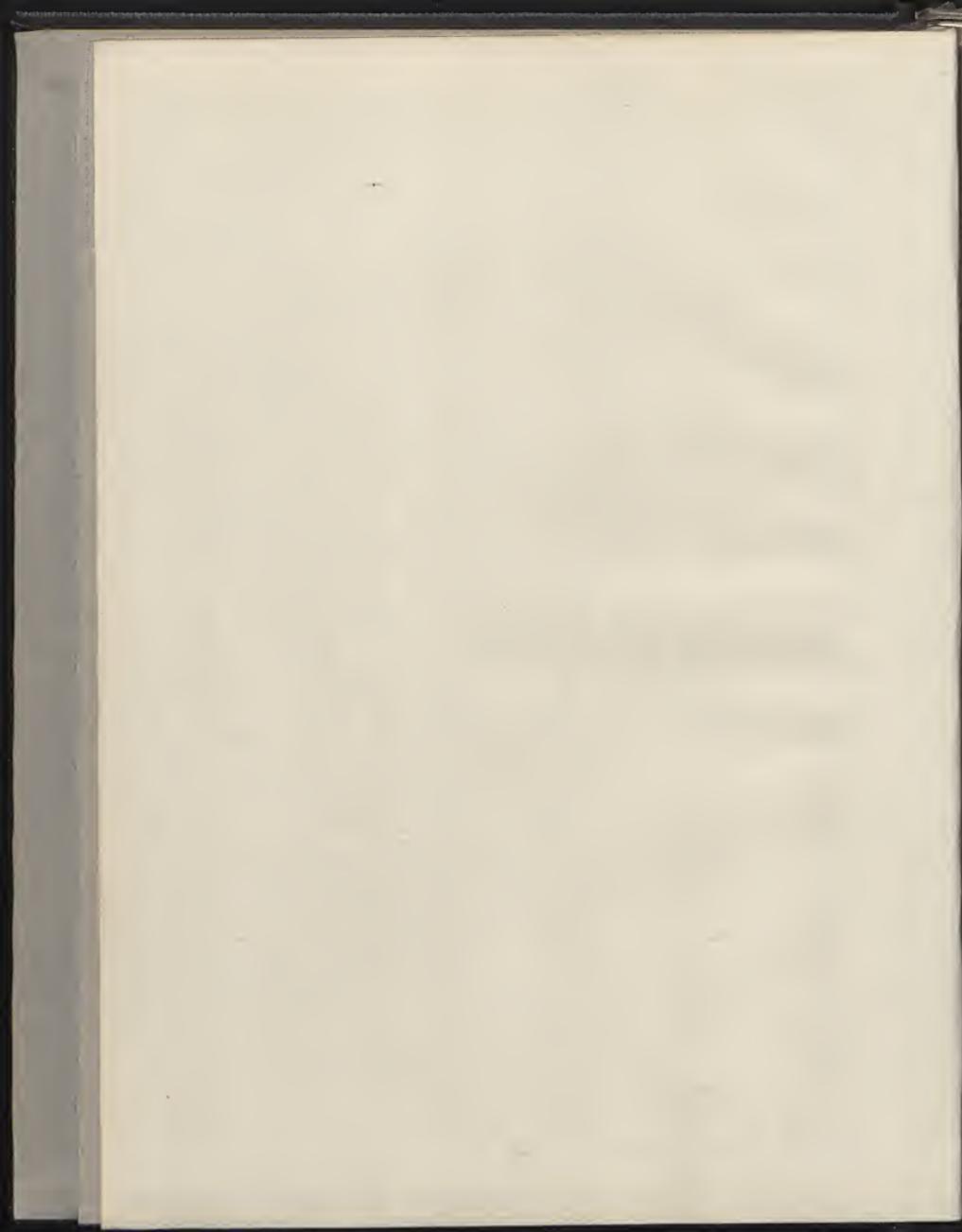
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And It's Not Even Christmas

This autumn is everywhere a remembrance of belief. Magical and barefooted, this remembrance is the re-creation of adoration, which in the seasons of childhood was more intensely comprehending than eyes of birds. When autumn came there was awe in every deliriously dying leaf. The Halloween colors of trees were as wonderful as all the nights before Christmas, because for us children it was always the night before Christmas: anticipation and imagination played hide and seek with reverence. And reverence for this world (without even peeping) was invariably found. We had pocketfulls of belief.

But this was once upon a time.

This was before belief was vaccinated with hate.

This was before ennui and spiritual fatigue.

This was before towers of progress grew like blotters across the universe.

This was before the hysteria of the don't-give-a-damnness about the imminency of push-button annihilation (upon the suggestion of someone who's about ready to die anyway) in this over-populated slaughterhouse.

And this was before someone, who had amassed great knowledge, said, "Listen, kid, there ain't no Santa Claus."

But I for one, because wonder and awe and belief cannot be blind-man-bluffed by the most cunning ingenuity of self or mankind, again believe in Santa Claus. And it's not even Christmas.

-D.L.P. Jr.

the student

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Au Revoir, Aunt Willa Mae Pope Proctor

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Carnival Photographs by Joe Chandler
Autumn Photographs by Andy Harmon,
Drawings by Carole Steele
But The Earth Remains For Ever ... Frank Jones

INSTALLMENT

From The Broken Vase Robert Sitton

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November Review

"(The colleges) were giant brain-bakeries turning out identical loaves by means of IBM ovens. The hottest intellectual issues on campuses were the allocation of football tickets and the condition of student parking lots. The men graduated with only one aim in life . . . to join the Diner's Club." So, to get away from it all, to relax, and to "check the talent" the characters in *Where The Boys Are* join the vast annual migration of 10,000 college students from their respective habitats to Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. for the spring vacation. There, among other things, the heroine and speaker in the book, Merrit, drinks large quantities of beer, sleeps around, joins a movement to aid the Cuban revolution, and takes part in a series of parties that will probably give the parents of college-age students the willies in the night after reading this book.

Shortly after her arrival, Merrit begins attracting the weirdest assembly of characters that one could conceive, unless one

happens to be in college at the present. They range all the way from four morose poker-players from Duke to the "Mike Todd of Michigan State" and are all involved in a five day reprise from the ardors of scholastic achievement. All have their problems too, Merrit's not the least of them. Upon her return to her large co-ed midwest university she is in immediate danger of becoming an Uncom (uncommitted, one without a major). Strangely enough this danger has become a symbol for Merrit of her lack of values and purpose in life.

Author Swarthout, a college professor of English, has created in *Where The Boys Are* one of the most readable, engaging books in some time. But, with the perfect vehicle for such a purpose, he has failed to make more than a passing commentary on the college values of the day or to examine the minds and morals of the average college student. Although the characters might seem more than a little fantastic to the non-collegian, anyone who is in a college at the present has only to look around him

to find their counterparts. The action however, is almost totally unbelievable. Granted, that college students do sometimes do pretty nutty things on vacations, it is rather hard to conceive of them stealing a \$50,000 boat to take a shipment of arms to Castro. The traces of an acid satire on the way and means of colleges are recognizable throughout the book, but Swarthout leaves them lying before he develops them into truly meaningful comments. Also, there are many problems set forth only to be left dangling like so many participles in a freshman theme. The suggestion is the of the quest for values in a corporat organized world, of the need for life rather than security, of the lack of anything exciting and daring, but they are only suggested and are left unsolved.

The fact remains, however, that this is a grossly entertaining book. If the fantastical elements are taken with a grain of salt, the one can easily be swept up in the lively pace of events and people strung out from bar to night club to party. This is definitely a fun book and as such is very good. I do not look for anything profound because it is simply not there. As Merrit says, "the are more well-adjusted people around today than people who aren't and I think it's damn tragic more of us don't appear in books."

—John Hopkins

Editor's Desk

To the Editor:

The article "What's Wrong with Modern Art" by John Alford is certainly a fine example of why Wake Forest College needs an art department. Mr. Alford has undoubtedly been influenced by a few art critics which were meant for the artistically informed. Obviously he does not have the background to interpret what he has read. This is probably the fault of Wake Forest College, not the author. I do not find fault with his article, because I think everybody is right with modern art, but, when I visit a criticism of it, I expect some logic. Alford says art must be understood; obviously he does not understand much about modern art. The ignorance displayed in this article is deplorable. To cite the most vicious example—the painter of religious figures to whom he refers is Johann Heinrich Hofmann (none of whose paintings appear in any major museum) not Hans Hofmann.

who is a teacher and painter of great renown and one of the fathers of abstract expressionism along with Pollock and de Kooning. (See *Life*, April 8, 1957, "A Master Teacher" and *Fredrich S. Wight, Hans Hofmann*, University of California Press, 1957)

I agree with Mr. Alford that art (not just modern art) has a philosophical background. However, I fail to see how he thought himself qualified to write an article on modern art without first acquainting himself with some of its philosophy. I suggest that for an understanding of Kandinsky (note this and other spelling) Mr. Alford read Henri Bergson, *The Creative Mind*, New York, Philosophical Library, 1946; Wassily Kandinsky, *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*, New York, Wittenborn, 1947 (first published in 1912) and Peter Selz, "The Aesthetic Theories of Wassily Kandinsky," *Art Bulletin*, 39:127-36, June 1957.

Some of the questions which Mr. Alford asks are quite good. In my classes at Salem College I have pointed out Jackson Pollock's definite limitations, however, I would not bother to good. If I do this if I did not believe Pollock has contributed something to art. I ask Mr. Alford says, "that to study Pollock's Autumn (for more than a few minutes, if he can stand it) the next time he is in the Metropolitan Museum. And to note that his 'slings' are unified by rhythm, by repetition and by seldom going off the edge of the canvas and if so immediately returning to it. Also note that the colors are not chosen arbitrarily. There is a great similarity between the life and movement caused by the wind in a wheat or sedge field and a Pollock painting. But I will leave it to Mr. Alford at a later date to study and come to some understanding why Klee, Mondrian, Miro and others have been accepted as great painters.

I cannot believe that Mr. Alford really wants to leave the acceptance and evaluation of art up to the factory worker, who does not have Johann Hofmann's poorly copied or even "Painted-by-the-numbers" Last Supper and calendar pictures on his wall. By not finding this criterion rock and roll is great music. Would he let this factory worker be an advisor at Oak Ridge on the latest project in atomic energy? Many people get mad when they see paintings they can't understand; getting mad is better for the ego than admitting ignorance), yet no one gets upset over not understanding the latest Nobel Prize in science. Do you not think that men like James Johnson Sweeney (whose Guggenheim Museum owns the world's largest

and best collection of Kandinskys), Sir Herbert Read, Alfred H. Barr Jr. and W. H. Valentiner (who was the world's greatest authority on Rembrandt and whom the N. C. Museum has to thank for the major portion of its collection of modern art), who have spent their entire lives looking at and evaluating paintings, have slightly better judgement about what is art than people who live "in homes with dollies," etc.? Most contemporary painting is hard for the layman to accept, but why this condemning and this hesitancy to admit ignorance? But I could go on and on defending modern art. Mr. Alford, as well as others, needs years of looking, reading and absorbing intuitively, before he can come to a real understanding of art.

I only hope that no students from other colleges, most of which offer art instruction, will read this issue of *THE STUDENT*. They would probably laugh and say, "I'm glad I didn't go to Wake Forest." Please don't misunderstand my criticism of the college. I feel that I can write this letter,

because I do have connections with the college. (My father and grandfather graduated from Wake Forest, my cousin is a student there now, and I am a member of the Wake Forest Church.) The college is outstanding in many fields, and I am glad to have it in Winston-Salem.

Sometimes I feel like leaving the South and this ridiculous fight for modern art. It was accepted long ago by intelligent people in many parts of the world. I guess it's that good old Baptist rearing, which compels me to be a missionary in this pagan province!

-Anne Mercer Kesler

EDITOR'S NOTE

The above letter was written in reply to an article published in last semester's May issue of *THE STUDENT*. The article entitled, "What's Wrong With Modern Art" was written by John Alford, former editor of *THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK*.



ER ROOMS



CAROLE S '60

AU REVOIR,

AUNT WILLA MAE

POPE PROCTOR

FOR AS LONG as I could remember, Aunt Willa Mae had come every summer to spend several weeks with us in the cottage at Dixie Beach. And in the summer of my fourteenth year she had come again.

On the afternoon of her arrival Mom and I drove down the beach to the bus stop in front of Hoover's Drug Store to meet her, but when we got there Mr. Hoover came out and said that the busses were running late and that we should come inside where it was cool and wait. It didn't seem much cooler inside, but at least the large electric fans that hung from the ceiling were managing in their sluggish and noisy way to stir the hot air around a bit and to dry up some of the perspiration that was gluing our clothes to our skin. We found an empty black-top table beside the window that looked out on the bus stop and sat down. Mom told the fountain boy to bring two Cokes and then turned to the magazine rack behind her. After a moment's deliberation she picked up the new issue of *Collier's* and began scanning it, but by the time the fountain boy arrived with the Cokes her brows had become poised low over her eyes like rain clouds and she seemed not so much to read the magazine as to stare right through it. At length she glanced up from the magazine and wrapped her hands gently around her glass of Coke.

"Steve, I want us all to be especially good to Willa Mae this summer," she said quietly. "Your dad says it might be her last summer down here."

She pursed her lips, only to part them a moment later and take a hard swallow of Coke. As I gazed at her I could feel my own brows creasing almost involuntarily. It was hard to imagine a summer at the beach without Aunt Willa Mae.

"Why won't she come any more, Mom?" I asked.

"Well, it's a long story, Steve. This past spring, you know she had to give up teaching because she got so nervous and everything. Well, your dad says that if it gets any worse she'll probably have to go to a rest home or an institution or some place like that."

"But, Mom," I said after a moment's thought, "why couldn't Aunt Willa Mae come live with us in Charlesville? We have plenty of room at home."

Mom glanced down at her glass of Coke.

"Well, I wouldn't mind it so much, for I just think the world of all your dad's people. But your dad's against it. He says it isn't any kind of married life, having the relatives around the house all the time, and especially when they're in Willa Mae's condition. You know, with the nervousness and her mind getting like it is."

Her hands, which had been nervously toying with the glass of Coke, slowly raised it again to her lips.

"And I guess maybe your dad's right."

She stared out the window at the empty bus stop.

"But I sure don't like the idea of her going off to any rest home or institution," she said at last, "and I hope to God it doesn't come down to that."

It must have been a full hour before the bus finally pulled up outside the window. By the time Mom had paid for the Cokes and we had gotten out to the sidewalk, several passengers had already gotten off—two teen-age girls in shorts and sandals, a middle-aged man in a brightly colored sport shirt with sea horses across the front, a blonde in a sunback dress and sun glasses. And before long Aunt Willa Mae appeared on the steps, her hands and arms struggling to keep under control an assortment of hat boxes, small packages, shopping bags, and an umbrella. There could be no mistaking

Aunt Willa Mae for someone else. Her tall thin large-boned body was wrapped loosely in a dark blue dress with long sleeves—for as long as I could remember she had worn this same dress on the bus and always referred to it as her "traveling costume." And on her head lay the familiar wide-brimmed black straw hat adorned with a single long-stemmed orange velvet rose which looked out of place, almost lost, as it wound aimlessly down the brim. As she started down the steps the hat knocked against the door frame of the bus and came to rest at a precarious angle, covering her face and blocking Mom and me from view. A small package fell from under her arm to the sidewalk as she stepped clear of the bus. I stooped to pick it up.

"Hello, Aunt Willa Mae," I said as I straightened back up and peered under the brim of the hat. Her eyes focused on me for a moment as if she did not recognize me, almost as if she did not even see me, but soon a smile gathered on her face.

"Why, Stephen," she said with an evident restraint as she laid the rest of the things on the sidewalk and began to put her hat in place, "you're getting bigger."

She looked seriously down at me for a moment and then began to speak hurriedly, almost snappishly, in a high metallic voice that I could never imagine coming from anyone except Aunt Willa Mae.

"But you still aren't too big, and I hope you never will be too big, to give your Aunt Willa Mae a kiss."

She lowered her face to mine and I kissed her softly on the cheek.

"Willa Mae," Mom exclaimed as she came nearer and embraced my aunt, "it's good to have you down again. We've been looking forward to your visit all summer."

"And it's good to be here, Marian," Aunt Willa Mae said mechanically. "Every time I ride a bus I say it, but this time I mean it."

I'm never going to ride a bus again. I've never met so many rude people in all my life."

"Of course you shouldn't have to ride the bus, Willa Mae," Mom put in quickly. "The next time you come to visit us we'll come for you or make some other arrangements."

Mom's voice seemed to fade off uneasily toward the end. She glanced apprehensively over my way.

"Steve," she said, "take this hand luggage of Willa Mae's to the car and then get her suitcases from the driver so we can hurry back to the cottage."

"I know you must be dead tired, Willa Mae," Mom was saying as I picked up the things from the sidewalk and hurried off.

Soon the car was packed and we were on our way back down the beach with Aunt Willa Mae between Mom and me on the front seat. Aunt Willa Mae had taken off her hat and placed it in her lap.

"Where's Alfred?" Aunt Willa Mae asked with a lack of enthusiasm. "Why didn't he come to meet me?"

"Al's vacation doesn't start until next week, Willa Mae," Mom said, "so he's only able to come down on weekends. He always leaves Charlottesville the minute the office closes at noon on Saturdays."

"And Michael?" Aunt Willa Mae asked as if the very name of Michael bored her.

"Mike graduated from high school this year, Willa Mae," Mom said, "and he took a job out at the Bar Harbor Yacht Club this summer to make some money for college in the fall. You really ought to see Mike, Willa Mae. He grew two and a half inches in the past six months and is just as strong as Al ever was. In fact, last Sunday Al and Mike were wrestling out on the beach—just playing, you know—and I was the referee. Believe me, Mike really got the best of Al."

She glanced over at Aunt Willa Mae who was staring blankly through the windshield.

"Of course," Mom continued as if she had not stopped, "Al pretends like he doesn't want to talk about it because he's ashamed that Mike can beat him up. But underneath it all, I'm sure he's very proud of Mike."

The car fell into silence and I began to feel uncomfortable with Mom going on and on and on about how strong Dad and Mike were and with Aunt Willa Mae just sitting there staring out the window.

"Where did you put that shopping bag with the leather handle, Stephen?" Aunt Willa Mae finally asked.

"In the back seat," I said.

"Would you fetch it for me, please?"

I reached back for the shopping bag and lifted it over the back of the seat to Aunt Willa Mae. She fumbled around in it for a moment and finally pulled out a large book with a blue cover.

"Stephen," she began, almost as if she were making the presentation of some great award before a large audience, "I've always brought you something when I came to visit, and this visit is to be no exception. No one can ever say that Willa Mae Wilhite ever forgot her favorite nephew. This shell catalogue was just published this spring. I thought it might come in handy when we search for shells this summer."

"Gee, thanks, Aunt Willa Mae," I said as she handed me the book.

Mom gushed something about how nice and thoughtful it was of Aunt Willa Mae to remember me like this every time she came to visit. But Aunt Willa Mae, she just sat there, motionless, silent, expectant, her eyes gazing serenely out the windshield, her ever-kissable cheek poised in my direction as if it had my image printed across it, her cheek waiting patiently for me to do my duty upon it. I kissed her softly again, mumbled my thanks, and began to thumb through the pages of the book.

EVERY summer for as long as I could remember Aunt Willa Mae and I had devoted a large part of our time together to building up a good selection of sea shells. We could start out early in the morning, soon after sunrise, and we would walk up the beach and down the beach, sometimes in the tide waters, sometimes in the dry white sand along the dunes. And sometimes we would walk five, ten miles down the beach, sometimes all the way to Burr's Inlet and back again, always in search of shells to put in Aunt Willa Mae's canvas shopping bag. When the day's search was ended, we would bring our booty back to the cottage and spread it out on the porch floor and examine and classify each shell. Aunt Willa Mae would know so much about the shells—even without the catalogue she would know the Latin as well as the common name of each shell we would come across. And if the day's search had been successful, we would have some new shells to add to the wooden display case that Dad had built into a corner of the living room many years before.

When we reached the cottage Mom and Willa Mae went inside and left me the task of carrying Aunt Willa Mae's belongings in and putting them in her room. When my last trip to the car had been made, Aunt Willa Mae announced that she had to attend to her *toilette*, entered her room, and closed the door behind her.

Every afternoon at four o'clock it was Aunt Willa Mae's custom to drink a tall glass of peppermint tea on the screened porch that looked out across the dunes to the sea. And the day of her arrival in the summer of my fourteenth year, Mom had me to know, was to be no exception. From the kitchen Mom and I could hear Aunt Willa Mae leave her room and walk to the porch.

"Steve," Mom said as she wrapped napkins around the two glasses of tea which lay on the kitchen table and handed them to me, "Willa Mae must surely be dying of thirst by this time. I have to go get some groceries for supper, so you just sit out on the porch and keep her company while I'm gone."

The glasses were filled to the rim, and I had to walk carefully to keep from spilling the tea.

"And Steve," Mom called before I had gotten halfway across the living room, "tell Willa Mae if she wants anymore there's plenty more ice and tea here in the kitchen."

As I approached the door leading to the porch I could hear Aunt Willa Mae singing, but it was a song I had never heard before and I couldn't make out the words. Her voice was so thin and high-pitched that it sounded more like the wind whistling through the palms and around the cottages during a storm than like a human voice. And then I could see her sitting on the divan and rocking back and forth gently as she gazed out across the sea. Now she looked even more like the Aunt Willa Mae I had always known, for she had changed into one of her faded pink cotton dresses that had been starched to the point that was sure she could just step out of it and leave it standing upright on the floor when she went to bed at night. Her skin was almost as pale and lifeless as the dress she wore and, except for some scattered freckles and her dark red hair which was short and straight and pulled back severely in a clasp at the back of her head, it seemed as if the whole of her might have been left to fade through the ages in the sun. As I walked through the door the floorboards creaked and Aunt Willa Mae's song became lost in the breeze as she slowly turned her head from the sea. She smiled as I handed her a glass of tea.

"Thank you, Stephen. It's awfully nice of you to fetch your aunt's peppermint tea in the afternoon and bring it to her."

"You're welcome," I said as I sat down on a chair beside the divan.

"How is your asthma, Stephen?" she asked and then took a sip of the tea. "I haven't heard you cough a single time since I've been here."

"I think it's getting better," I said. "I bothers me mostly just at night now. Dad says I might just outgrow it."

Aunt Willa Mae eyed me sharply.

"Gayelord never outgrew it, Stephen, and there never was a better, a nicer, a kinder, more gentle man on all this earth than Gayelord."

She looked down at her hands which were folded in her lap.

"And don't you ever forget that, Stephen," she said, almost in a whisper.

ped nap which lat them t dying o get some it out while I'm spilling

re I had com, "tel there' kitchen. singin' d before lards. He I that a whistling cottage n voice on the gently as Now sh illa Mae dresse at that if it and or when was al ress sh freckle short and y in cemeen a been lea in. As porboard long be turne ed as lly nice mint te er." at down tea. le time aid. "P sh. Dad en, an kinder h that which

"But Aunt Willa Mae," I protested, "Uncle Gaylord died when he was twenty-two. I want to grow up to be strong like Teddy Roosevelt."

Aunt Willa Mae's head jerked away from me as I spoke and her body became rigid and still. I suddenly realized that I had hurt her by speaking of Uncle Gaylord's death so lightly, and I was sorry, very sorry, for Aunt Willa Mae was about the best friend I had ever had.

"Stephen," she said at last, her teeth clenched, "someday you will know that all the Theodore Roosevelts in this world put together are not worth as much as one Gaylord Willite. And I'll thank you never to speak of your uncle in that way again."

Before long she began to sing faintly again and rock back and forth on the divan and gaze out across the sea. I could only sit there, feeling helpless, not knowing what to do or say. I thought of going over to her and once again kissing her cheek; but it occurred to me that perhaps she did not feel like being kissed by one who had said such a terrible thing. So I just sat there and waited quietly. I waited until the breeze had blown her song away and she had turned once again to me.

"Tomorrow we'll find it, Stephen."

A strange new light was playing in her eyes.

"I know we'll find it."

"Find what, Aunt Willa Mae?" I asked.

"Tomorrow we'll find what we've searched for all these years. Tomorrow we'll find the Junonia."

"But how do you know, Aunt Willa Mae?"

"How do I know? How do I know anything? I just feel it—that's all."

All my life Aunt Willa Mae and I had searched for the Junonia. Though I had never seen one, Aunt Willa Mae had, and she had thought it the most beautiful shell in the world. She had once owned one. Someone had given her and Uncle Gaylord one when they were children, and it had been theirs together. Yet after Uncle Gaylord's death, when she went back to the collection they had built together, it was missing. Nowhere to be found. And she had never found it. But she had never stopped looking for another. As for me, I was ready to give up the search. I was ready to put another shell, perhaps a Queen Conch, in the void marked JUNONIA in the display case.

"Where will we find it, Aunt Willa Mae?"

"Who knows where? But we *shall* find it, Stephen. Perhaps it will lay in the waters that lap the shore up at the inlet. We'll have to be especially careful when we walk there tomorrow. It's a fragile thing and

could be easily broken. Or perhaps it will be in the dunes, buried deep in the sand. We mustn't leave a grain of sand unturned."

"I hope we find it, Aunt Willa Mae."

"We'll start out early in the morning," she continued as if she had not heard me, "as soon as the sun comes up and before other people have a chance to go out on the beach and pick over the shells that have washed up during the night. We'll take the shopping bag and a bottle of water and the guide books, the new one and the old one, and we'll walk clear to the inlet. And I know—I just know we'll find it."

CITY POEM

Potent, erection visible for miles
Diabolical, forcing friends to
enter through your bowels
You bask in cantankerous fumes
spawn dandruff in central park
belch art into the sky;
Opoque people creep out at dusk
Sensual and lusty
While the prosaic hide, waiting
For my city in clear light;
You are out of hand
never charted
ironically even
very lonely.

L.S.

"I hope we do, Aunt Willa Mae, I really hope we do."

After a moment she turned again to the sea and began to sing her little song. And this time I could make out the words.

"I saw a little boy
He said heigh-dee-hoo
I said no-no-no
No! No! No!"

"Aunt Willa Mae," I asked, "what does the song mean?"

She stopped singing, distracted, but continued to gaze out over the sea. When she spoke she sounded far away, as if she were far down the beach calling plaintively against the wind.

"Stephen, when you get as old as I am, you'll know that everything in this world doesn't have to have a meaning. You'll know that when everything has a meaning life can get to be very dull. Now you just be a good boy and don't ask so many questions."

And soon she had begun to sing again.

Later that afternoon the long, steady blast of a car horn sounded in the yard behind the cottage. Aunt Willa Mae turned her head in the direction of the noise.

"It's Dad," I explained. "He always blows the horn when he gets down here on weekends."

I stood up and walked across the porch to the door leading into the house. As I stepped across the creaking floorboard the back door slammed and soon Dad appeared in the kitchen and set a paper sack filled with groceries on the table.

"Hi, Dad," I called.

But he didn't hear me. Aunt Willa Mae had begun to sing softly again on the porch, and Mom had run out of the bathroom and down the hall to the kitchen. Soon Dad was holding her in his arms, holding her so tightly and so close that it seemed he could not help but hurt her. He looked dirty, gluttonous, with heavy drops of sweat rolling down his forehead from his oily hair which had become matted in the wind, with his shirt soaked with perspiration and his sleeves rolled up to the elbows to expose his massive forearms covered with thick black hair. He kissed Mom, gently at first, and then fiercely, as if he were trying to bite her lips and make them bleed, and his hands began to roam in frenzy up and down the sides of her back, making Mom emit small gurgling sounds deep down in her throat like a baby. I began to grow hot and angry and ashamed and confused all over. My hands clenched together for strength at my sides, and I thought I would surely cry. I didn't want to hate Dad, but I couldn't help it. I hated him. I hated him for hurting Mom. I hated his uncleanness, I hated his strength. And I wanted to run away. The high, ethereal tones of Aunt Willa Mae's song seemed to beckon me to the porch, to call me to return to her side. There on the porch, the song seemed to say the world is filled with sunshine and happiness, and life is clean and beautiful. Yes, there on the porch I could talk with Aunt Willa Mae about the shells. I could talk about the great Junonia. And there I would be safe.

But I was trapped. Mom had seen me out of the corner of her eye.

"Al, not in front of Steve," she whispered as she squirmed to get loose. "Later, Al, later."

"Why?" Dad said almost jovially as he loosened his grip on Mom and glanced over at me, "I didn't even see you, Steve."

He walked over to me an ran his knuckles across the top of my head.

"You're getting a good tan on you, Steve," he said as he surveyed me up and down. "And some muscle, too."

He gripped my upper arm and I cringed away from him almost impulsively.

"No sirree," he continued, "there's nothing, absolutely nothing, like getting out in the surf and all this salty air and water to build up this boy of mine and get rid of this asthma. We're just gonna bake it right out of you, aren't we, Steve?"

Continued on Page 21

CARNIVAL









THE SOUND AND THE FURY

SATURDAY IS PRACTICE day preceding the race. Spectators arrive early so as not to miss the color and excitement of the coming event. Officials bustle about arranging details and making preparations.

The cars begin to arrive early. Some are the MGs, the Helys, the Triumphs, and the little Sprites that are driven about town during the week and then transformed into racing cars by the addition of a roll bar, a tune-up, and numbers. More evident than these are the Ferraris, the Elvas, the Bristols, the Porches and the Maseratis: specialized cars built only for racing and only for race tracks. Some of the cars are towed to the track or transported on trailers. And still others arrive in huge vans accompanied by portable machine shops, truck loads of spare parts, tires, and mechanics. Quickly the pit area becomes crowded, as spectators crowd in to watch the preparations. Engines which are prepared for maximum performance spit, sputter, and then scream into life. Mechanics move busily about the cars making last minute adjustments while the drivers, clad in blue, white, or red driving suits, move about languidly, laughing or talking away their tensions.

After the cars are prepared they must pass rigid safety regulations. All cars must have seat belts, fire extinguishers, and rigidly mounted roll bars which protect the driver in the event he should roll over. Headlights are taped to prevent broken glass from scattering if a headlight should be broken. The brakes are checked, suspension and steering inspected, and the engines are examined to insure that they are legal.

After technical inspection the rest of the day is devoted to practice. A few cars at a time are allowed on the track at a time, so that the drivers can learn the course; picking spots to brake, checking tire pressures, experimenting with gear ratios, and learning to get around the course as fast as possible. All afternoon the cars scream around the track, until each driver is satisfied that he and his car are ready for the coming event.

Some men feel worthy to live
only if they feel worthy to die

by Jeff Harrell



Sunday is race day, bringing excitement and anticipation. The moments before the first race are the most terrifying for the drivers. No matter how many races he has driven in, a driver is always tense until after the start. Fifteen to thirty cars are lined up three abreast, six feet apart. The drivers get into their cars and fasten their seat belts, put on their helmets, and receive last minute instruction and advice from their mechanics. The thunder of unmuffled exhausts is deafening as the highly tuned engines scream and bellow. As each driver is ready he raises his left hand. When all hands are up the starter turns and walks away. Suddenly he springs into the air, waving the green flag. Tires smoke and squeal, and exhausts bellow as the cars accelerate away from the starting line, inches apart, nose to tail. The faster cars move out ahead, the slower cars remain bunched together behind, jockeying for position as they enter the first turn. Side by side, sometimes touching, the cars slide through the first turn and disappear from

the spectators' view. Suddenly all is silent. Then in a distance the cars emerge into view as they round a curve and enter a straight area of track. In another minute the leading car completes the first lap, hotly pursued by several other cars. Behind these the smaller cars are strung out singly or in groups of two or three. And so it goes lap after lap, until the race is over.

But there is more to this sport of racing than the spectators can ever see. Road racing requires a variety of skills and swift reflexes. Most race courses are two, three, or four miles in length, with a variety of right and left hand turns and straight stretches of varying lengths. Speed is by no means the sole object; it is as important that the car be able to get through the turns as quickly as possible and then accelerate to the next turn. Braking is also very important, since curves cannot be negotiated at the same speed as the straights. A car approaching a sixty mile per hour curve, at, say a hundred miles per hour, must slow quickly. But if the driver

applies his brakes too soon, others cars will pass him before they begin braking; if he applies his brakes too late, he will approach the curve too fast, spin off the track, hit another car, or flip over.

But drivers do not rely on brakes alone to slow their cars. Sports and racing cars have four or even five speed gearboxes, not only for acceleration, but so that as the driver applies his brakes he can shift to a lower gear and use the compression of his engine to aid his deceleration. This requires reflex and timing, since the driver must simultaneously steer with his left hand, change gears with his right, use the clutch with his left foot, and brake with the heel of his right foot while regulating, with the ball of his foot, the gas. This takes skill and long practice, practice, practice.

Anyone with the strength to push an accelerator to the floor can make a car go fast. But in racing, "fast" may mean speeds in excess of 150 miles an hour. To control a car at this speed while passing, being passed, or following a foot behind another

car requires nerve and exceptional reflexes. A speed-crazed demon would find himself out of place on a race track, nor would he last long.

Sports car racing could never be the sport it is, it could never have such a wide appeal, if it were not for the cars themselves. In America our appreciation of auto-sport, lies in the prestige which they create for their owners. An automobile is judged by its chrome, its size, its air conditioning, and number of headlights. To the Europeans automobiles are strictly functional, and they demand quality; quality of suspension to stand up on poor roads, quality of functional design, both mechanical and external, and economy. European cars, whether family sedans, sports cars, or hybrid racing cars, are designed and engineered not to wear out in one or two years, but to last year after year with a minimum of maintenance and repair.

This demand on the part of European motorists for quality and economy led to a tradition of manufacturing the world's finest automobiles. Racing was an evolution largely due to the grueling tasks to which manufacturers subjected their cars in order to experiment with designs and ideas. As auto racing became a sport, auto manufacturers began preparing cars to compete against rival manufacturers, in order to prove the superiority of their cars. This has led to a European tradition of motor racing, a tradition which the general public has adapted as their own and support enthusiastically. Racing drivers are heroes in Europe, they are national figures, heralded by the public and feted by royalty.

The popularity of the sports car has been relatively recent in America. Following the Second World War, American automobiles became more and more streamlined, with emphasis on external design. Many motorists did not agree with this new American school of automobile design, and reverted to the more classical design, as exemplified by European Cars.

WIDE interest in foreign cars began in America about 1955. Two years previous, in 1953, General Motors, sensing an acceptance of the "little cars," had introduced the Corvette. This first Corvette was a conglomeration of ideas and compromises, resulting in little more than a diminutive Chevrolet, equipped with an underpowered six-cylinder engine and automatic transmission. But it was small in size, rather well designed externally, and comfortable enough to appeal to many. Its success gave the Ford Motor Company the incentive to dust off a few of their prototypes and led to the introduction of the Thunderbird in 1955, a car designed to give the public a single-seater car with all the conveniences of a sedan. But it was the introduction of

a new MG later in the year, that paved the way for the final acceptance of the sports car. Contrasting sharply with the earlier MG's, the "MGA" featured smoother, aerodynamic styling, comfort, and an increase in horsepower.

With the interest created by the Corvette and the MGA, sports and economy cars became more and more in demand. This aroused interest led to the establishment of numerous foreign car agencies, who offered their Jaguars, Mercedes, Porches, and numerous economy cars to the public. And as American cars became larger, gaudier, and more expensive, the appeal of the foreign made economy cars increased. At first the little economy sedans looked strange and were often humorously called "beetles" or "bugs," but their low cost, economy, and reliability quickly demanded their acceptance. It was this trend toward smaller, more economical transportation that has recently led American manufacturers to introduce their "economy" cars.

But as there is a distinct difference between the American automobiles and the sports car, there is also a difference between the "run of the mill" sports car and its racing cousin. This difference lies in the tuning and especially the preparation to which a car must be subjected before it is reliable or safe enough ever to be raced.

Engines must be well prepared and highly tuned, but the car itself, its suspension, brakes, and steering, are just as important, for it is in the turns that a race is usually won or lost. The suspensions of racing cars are often reinforced to prevent failure due to stress. Shock absorbers are usually modified and heavier spring installed, which improve the cornering ability of the car. Steering wheels are usually changed or altered to suit the individual driver, and front suspension aligned for each particular track. It is not unusual for the driver of a slower car to win over a faster car merely because he can negotiate the turns at a higher rate of speed.

As much a part of racing as the drivers themselves are the men who build and maintain the cars. These men are not merely mechanics, they are race mechanics; specialists and perfectionists. They do not merely work on cars, they create and care for them. Before a car is ready to be put on the track, it must be prepared or "set up." Hundreds of hours are often spent on the brakes, suspension, and engines, before the car is safe and capable of winning. Each part must be inspected, cleaned, and working perfectly, for if a single piece fails, it can create a deadly hazard to the driver, or ruin his chances of winning.

The high performance engines in racing cars are some of the most highly specialized of all mechanisms. The man who builds such

an engine is an artist, he loves his work and spares himself no amount of time or effort in creating an engine which will perform to the best of its ability. Each part is polished, balanced, or modified. Each piece is prepared with care and meticulous assembly. An engine must be capable of producing a maximum of horsepower, and run smoothly and reliably through long hours of arduous competition. Each mechanic has his own ideas, his own secrets, as to how an engine should be built, and its performance on the race track is a reflection of his ability.

IT would be hard for most people to realize how much of himself a good mechanic diffuses into an engine which he builds. To him, his craft is an art; and each new engine he builds is a masterpiece. I have seen mechanics standing over an engine that failed with tears in their eyes, and others stare in disbelief when an engine blew up, and then turn savagely on the driver for extending it beyond its limit.

And it is due largely to the effects of the mechanic that a car performs swiftly, reliably, and above all, safely.

The danger in auto racing is sometimes over-stressed. So too is bull fighting dangerous; and also mountain climbing. These are the blood sports. But danger only adds enticement to the sport, drawing a well defined line between the participants and the observers, and lending a certain innate value to the accomplishment. In sports car racing, death and serious injury are rare, and come only as the result of a great failure on the part of the man or the car. Not that it isn't a dangerous sport, for it is, but because every possible safety precaution is taken and because every driver must be qualified, both physically and mentally, before he can compete.

If there are sad figures in connection with motor racing, they are rarely the injured. Nor are they the losers, who come in last only to plan, re-tune their cars, and return to race again; but rather the women who await the checkered flag at the end of the race, which brings their men back to them. And yet, they rarely complain. Perhaps the first time her man goes out into the world of speed she is afraid, but rarely again. After that there is acceptance and an understanding. This acceptance is not the cowed submission of the subservient wife or girl friend, but an unspoken and never defined realization of a man's need to justify his existence. These women understand that some men feel worthy to live only if they feel worthy to die, that the mere fact of living is not enough, but that as some men go down to the sea in ships, others must live by a different code.

And yet, when all is said and done, there will remain one question, "Why?" For these there is but one answer left, that "it takes all kinds to make a world."

... And that's the way it really is

LIVING THEATRE is essentially a new method aimed at the creation of meaningful rapprochement between artist and audience. In line with its new philosophy, almost every aspect of traditional theatre production has been abandoned. Every attempt is made to rid the spectator of his conditioned thoughts about theatre. The plays written for or adapted to Living Theatre production, the method of presentation, the atmosphere created, all aim at banishing the concept of theatre as a "picture of life" or a "representation." The viewer,—because he is made to feel that he is seeing life itself, not a dramatist's conception of life,—does not watch; he participates. The actors accordingly do not act; they live.

This theory and approach may sound worthy but unfeasible. And in fact it is in the mechanics of the presentation that the genius lies. As a newcomer to this method, not fully knowing what to expect, you would encounter the following upon passing through the stark lobby and entering through the huge enamel doors.

You are in a small room, at the head of which is a slightly raised area, similar to a platform. The room will seat less than 100 people; it is dark and quiet. On the right side of the platform there is visible a table, some chairs, and an empty crate; on the left, an old piano; and in the center background there is a couch. On the couch a man lies, his posture suggests exhaustion: There is a lifeless quality about his body, limp and heavy. Seated near him is a young man, his hands deep in the pockets of his trench coat, his head bowed deeply. No words are spoken.

This is theatre; the play is THE CONNECTION.

The men appear to be speaking to one another; you cannot hear. People are still filing in through the doors you have just entered. Then the man who lies upon the couch gets up suddenly with an energy of which he seemed incapable. He pushes the boy aside as this other rises to stop him, and leaves the room. The people finding their seats crowd against the sides of the aisle to make room for him. The boy is left alone and all the people are suddenly silent in anticipation. A few more men come into the room; their conversation is low, inaudible. Soon one of them throws back his head in hearty laughter and you find yourself straining to catch every word. With the final re-entrance of the man who stamped out earlier, Sam rises from his chair, introduces himself and the other men, and tells you that they are waiting for their connection, the man who brings them dope. He

tells you that some "artist guy" who writes plays has paid them to wait here in this theatre; and that since we are seated, evidently in anticipation of something, we can remain. With an instruction to the others to be polite to us, Sam retires to the corner where he curls up and goes to sleep.

Yo meet all the men. They carry on as though you were not there; sometimes they shout out loud that you were not there.

And then, the intermission.

To bring down a curtain and turn on the house lights would of course destroy the reality of the situation. Instead therefore, the room remains dimly lit and the characters file out as the audience. While the audience waits in the lobby, through the murmur of conversation, you notice a small group. Five people are listening attentively and the focus of their attention is Sam. Sam is asking them for money. He says that if they have anything they want him to speak about on stage, he will do so for a small contribution. One young woman says "Voltaire" and her escort hands Sam a quarter. Sam thanks them and scurries away to another group, his eyes watery and keen, as the eyes of a dope addict. When he approaches you, you almost want to tell him what a fine job he's done. How very real it all is. But he silences your thoughts too with the same request.



by Linda Cohen

Intermission is over. The characters file back onto the dim stage and you return to your seat. The men on the platform are already in conversation by the time you have settled down and can hear them.

Suddenly a voice in the audience shouts—"Let Sam tell a story!" and the room is silent. An older man on stage rises slowly and faces the viewers. "Who said that?" And as the speaker rises, every head jerks about, puzzled faces, smiles, frowns. No one is sure. Then the man speaks again. "I gave Sam five dollars during intermission to tell a story. Now he better tell a good one."

Sam, seated in a far corner, stands up suddenly and looks out at the audience. The air is heavy; the audience is confused. And then, within a moment there is delighted laughter and gay sounds as Sam tells his story about the girl and the party and their waterfront apartment. He prances up and down the stage, mimics, gestures, until the whole room is filled with the sound of laughter, then quickly—"Now that's five dollars worth dammit and I'm through." And he falls down into the chair.

The room is finally quiet again. A door on stage opens and the Cowboy enters Silence, and then a scuffle for who will be Silence. First Eugene follows Cowboy into the other room. The door is closed behind them.

Sam and Sal become engaged in a lively argument; a small man plays the piano loudly, raucously. The others wander about, seat themselves, rise again, yell across the room.

And then, so casually that you are not aware it is happening, comes the silence. The pianist wanders to the table where he bows his head in his hand and is still. Sam slouches in a chair, his eyes stare down, blank. The light confusion has been replaced by hot weary despair. They sit on stage, clumped and broken, pieces of men, waiting.

The time is endless, the silence interminable. Someone in the audience becomes restless and shifts position. You move about, cross and recross your legs.

Suddenly a voice breaks through the air; deep and resonant, it comes slowly from the back of the room.

"That's the way it is.

That's the way it *really* is."

And the audience, you, understand; because the purpose of this theatre was to enable you to participate in and live the situation conceived by the dramatist. You feel indeed as though you too have been through it.

AUTUM



AUTUMN



exile

poems of e



exile

poems of estrangement



Robert Sitton



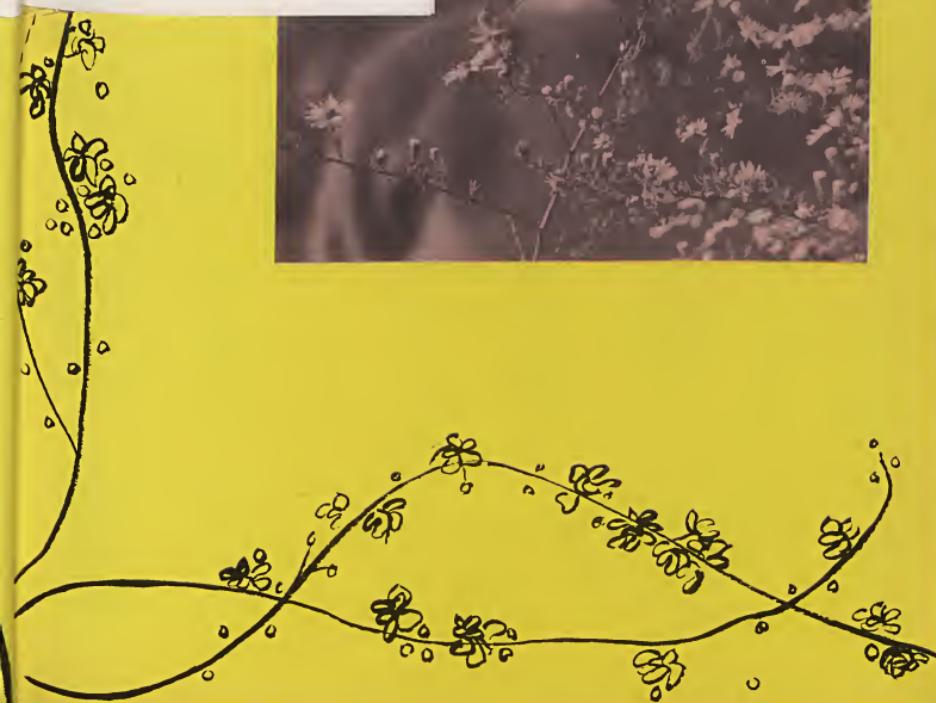


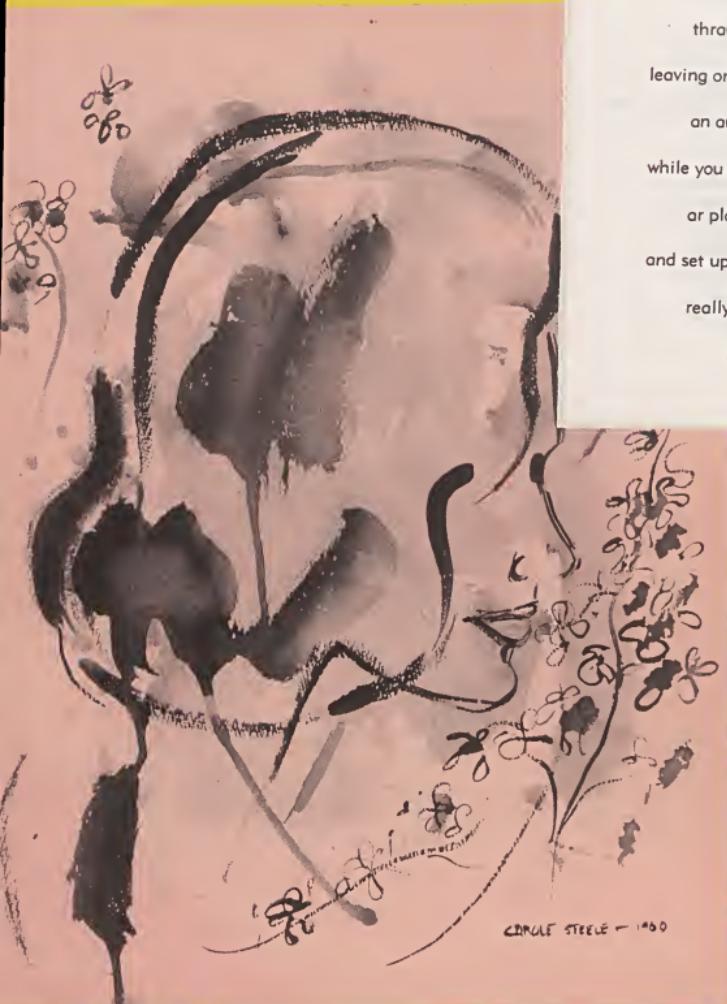
When, on a bleak winter's night
of my childhood, I woke to perceive
the difference between the room
about me and myself, this poetry
began.

R.M.S.



Night like a bed
beats its rhythms to a grocer's sign
and I
too unimaginative to fold my
wings in defeat
(praying that God might
send another moth to cover me)
lie
in the corners of an undreamed room
listening
to my own breath
as a rodent
scratch upon the walls





God

the large foolybear

rides his bicycle

through other universes

leaving only penciltracks

on ours

while you (me too) spin another yarn

or play another play

and set up one more

really final

system

We in our hovels
as sparrows cling to boughs
peer

at this unpremeditated
universe
dully,

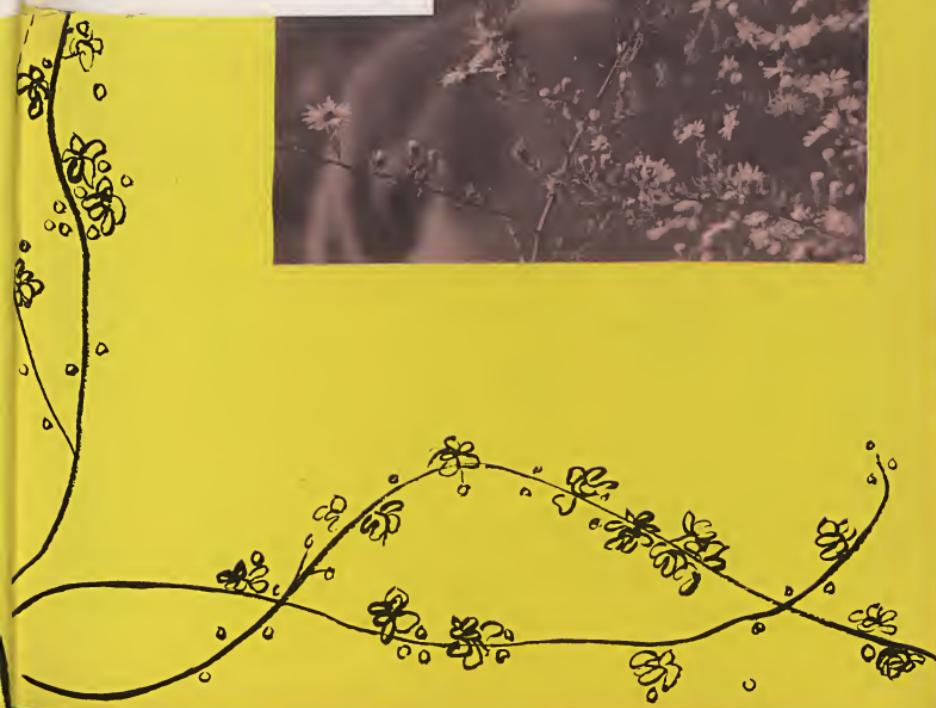
and if we drop a plumb line
into existence
the waves still never part
quite right.

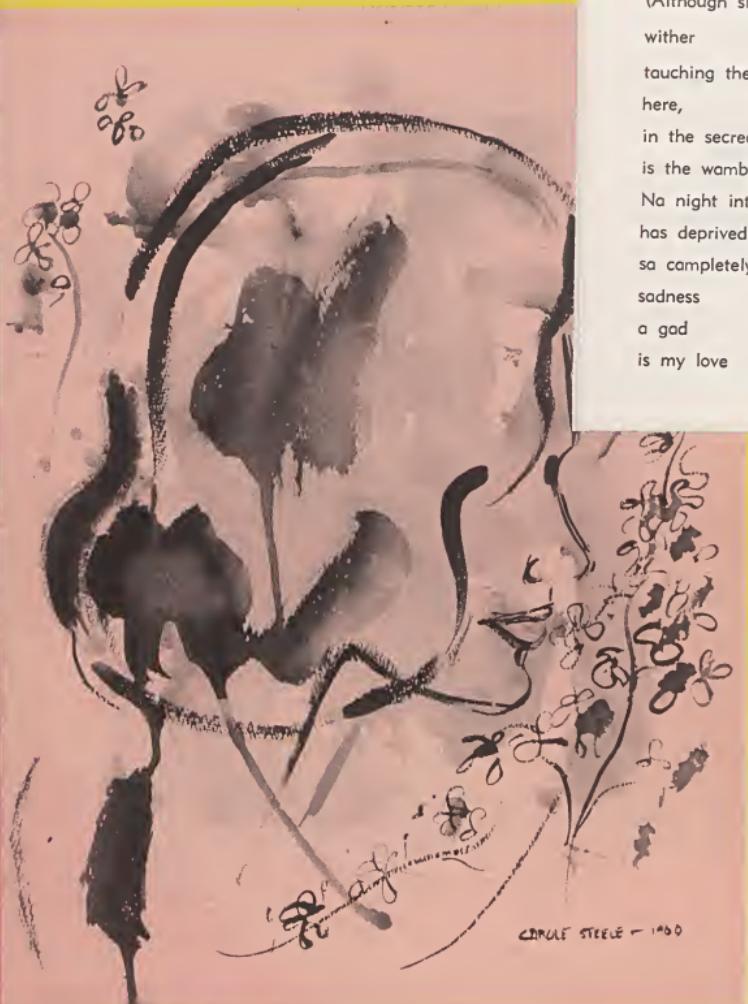
*it's dark inside on the earthen floor
dark,*

you say,

*remember stories our nurses told us?
no, I never had a nurse.
move closer.*

in all the earth
there are no
craftier reptiles
than us

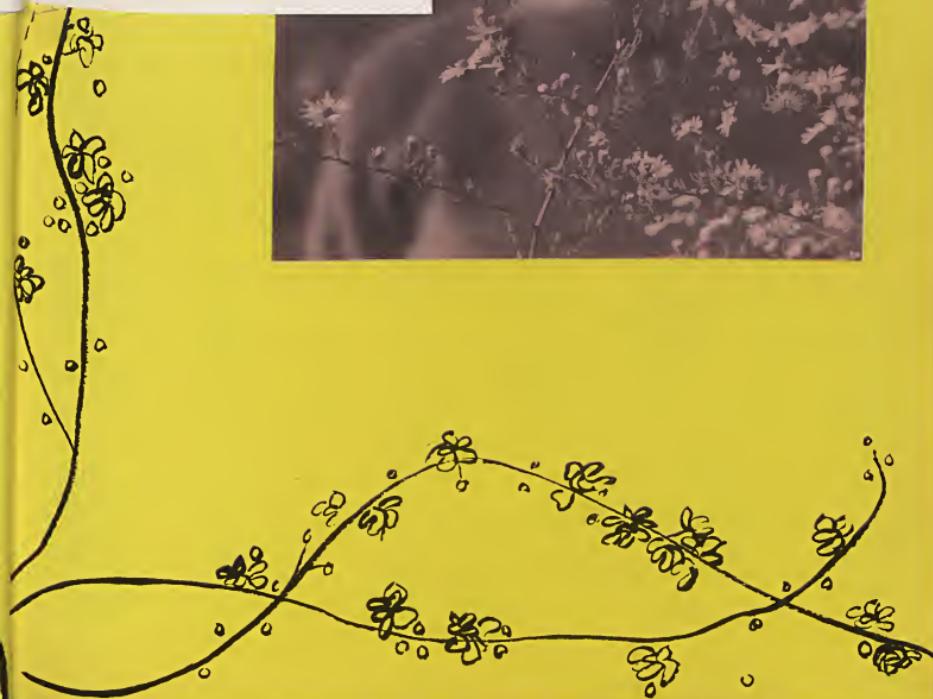
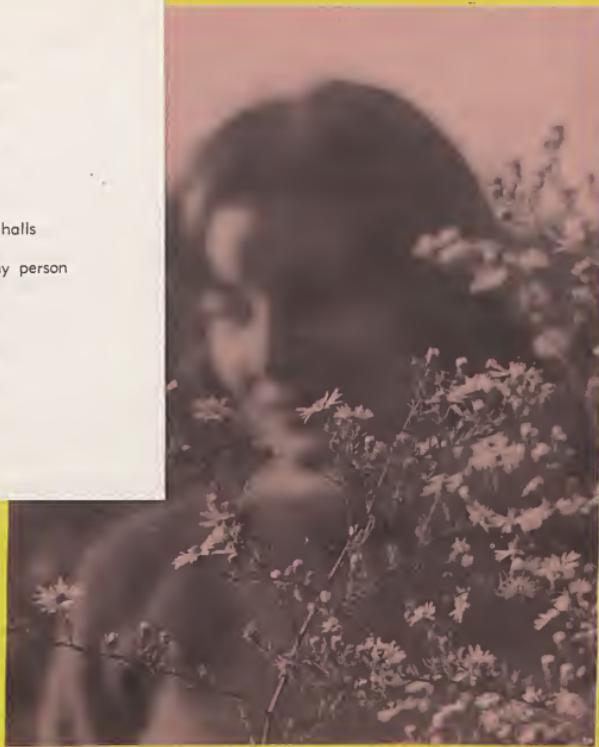




As the year turns
I squat in cold places
and look upon your face
(Although slender bones of starfish
wither
touching the lips of sages,
here,
in the secrecy of our breathing,
is the womb of all fragile things)
No night into which I have enfolded myself
has deprived me of this remembrance
so completely unto wander
sadness
a god
is my love

CIRCLE STEELE - 1960

In summer
winter's dormant hound
lies at 'my door
and echoes through the halls
the still unraveling of my person
by the silken whiteness
of your touch

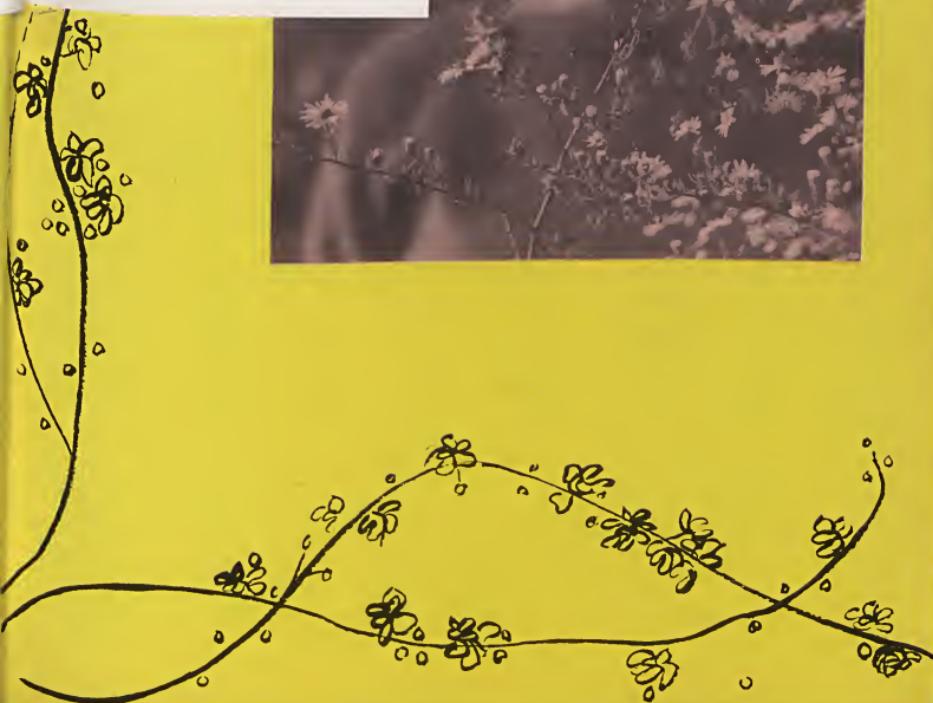
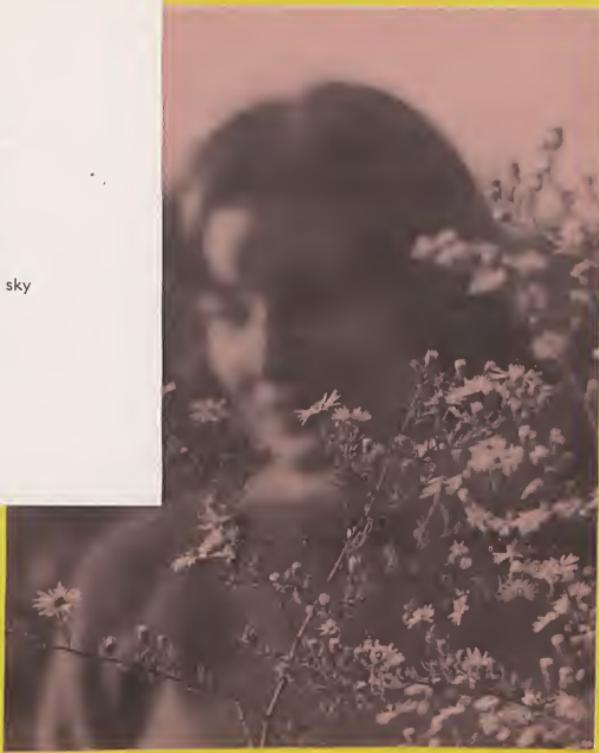


As I recall
this woman,
whose actual being
was not to be found
in all Judah,
was hanged
at a gathering of poets
simply
quietly
amid the din
of their flagellations



CORNEL STEELE - '50

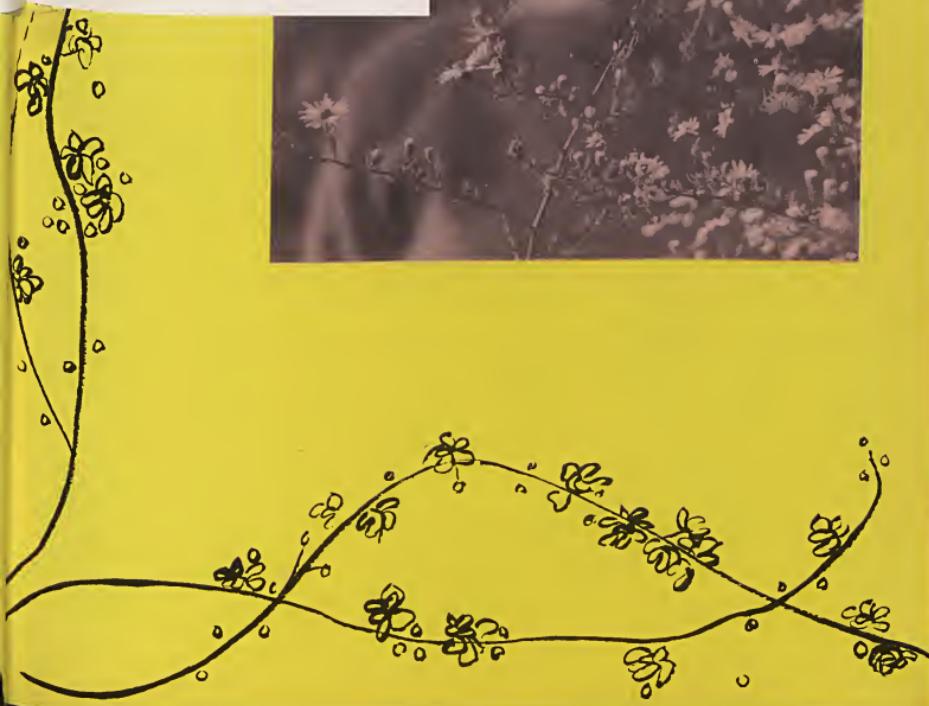
If in a room
where aged negroes
play soft their tears
through borrowed horns
I draw my last breath,
no stillness of the winter sky
shall surpass my own
believing





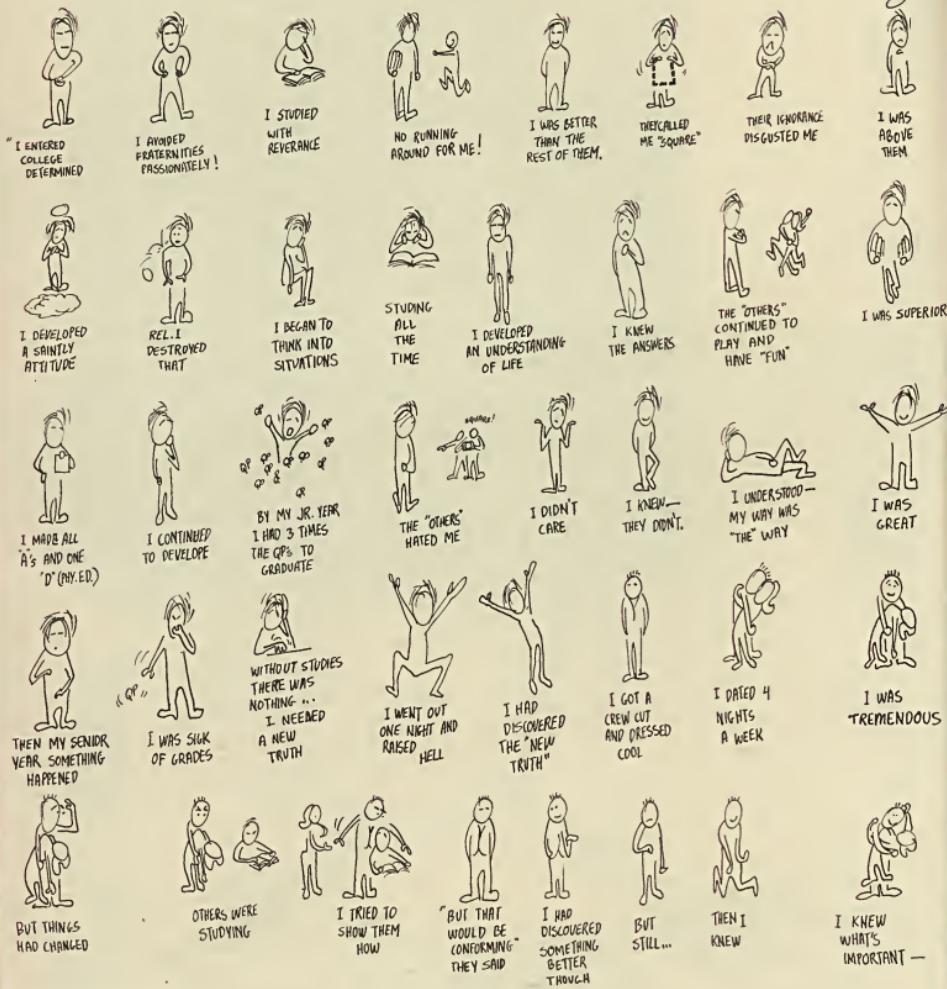
In the womb
dies
the soul-bird
unmarked by the night
curled
into itself
to protect
the stillness





i i i

Joe Kerr



"Yes, sir," I said automatically.

"Just like Teddy Roosevelt," Dad added.

"Just like Teddy Roosevelt," I mumbled.

"Honey," Dad called over his shoulder, "how 'bout fixing some drinks. There's some more bourbon in the sack on the table."

"Sure, Al," Mom said as she began to rummage through the sack.

Dad walked over to the couch and lay down.

"Brother, am I tired! Never seen so many cars on the highway. And the nuts, running stop signs and passing on curves and all such damned foolishness as that. Why, you'd think it were the Fourth of July and here it's only the third week in June."

"Oh, Al," Mom called from the kitchen. "Willa Mae came today. She's out on the porch."

Dad looked up, startled, a mite disgruntled.

"Why, how in hell could I have forgotten that!"

Reluctantly he got up from the couch and walked out to the porch and the by-now-silent Aunt Willa Mae. I followed.

"Well, it's good to see you again, Willa Mae," Dad leaned over to kiss her on the forehead. "Can we fix you a drink?"

Aunt Willa Mae turned to him, a solemn expression on her face.

"Alfred, you know good and well I don't drink. And as many summers as I've been down here, I really don't think your drinking is a good influence on Stephen. Not at all. I think it strange you've never discovered the virtue in peppermint tea."

The same old Willa Mae," Dad said jovially. He sat down on the divan beside Aunt Willa Mae.

"Yes, Alfred, the same old Willa Mae. I'll always be the same old Willa Mae, and thank the Lord for it."

"Well, Willa Mae," Dad said as he took a cigarette from a pack in his shirt pocket and reached for a lighter in his pants, "it's awful good to have you down again."

Before long Mom came with the drinks. She also brought a glass of orange juice for me and another tall glass of peppermint tea for Aunt Willa Mae.

Supper that evening was light and hurried, consumed more out of some unvoiced sense of duty or necessity than out of a sense of pleasure. It seemed that everyone except Aunt Willa Mae and me was anxious to be up and off. Dad had promised his boss, Mr. Coolidge, that he and Mom would go to a party at the Collidge cottage in the swank section of Dixie Beach. And Mike had a date.

When we rose from the table Aunt Willa Mae volunteered to do the dishes so that Mom and Dad could dress for the party. Mike went into our bedroom and closed the door, only to emerge a few moments later

in a terry cloth robe and head for the showers underneath the cottage. And I was left alone in the living room, though not for long. Aunt Willa Mae soon asked be to bring the dishes from the table into the kitchen.

Some time later, as I was drying the dishes that Aunt Willa Mae had placed on the drainboard, I could hear Mike coming back into the house from the showers. Soon he was standing in the kitchen door.

"Steve, could I see you for a minute in the bedroom?" he asked impatiently.

I looked questioningly over at Aunt Willa Mae, who had finished washing the dishes and stood staring blankly at the swirling water as it rushed from the sink into the drain.

"Yes, yes, Stephen," she said with resignation, not looking up from the sink, "if it's all that important, go on. I can finish up."

I laid the dish towel on the cupboard and followed Mike.

"Shut the door," Mike commanded gruffly as we entered the bedroom.

As I reached the door Mike took off the terry cloth robe and threw it over the foot of the bed. He turned to the closet but, halfway there, his eyes caught the reflection of his naked body in the mirror over the dresser. He stopped, took a deep breath to expand his chest, stuck in his stomach until he was almost in pain, and, gripping his left wrist with his right hand just over the navel, began to turn from one angle to another before the mirror.

"What do you think of the form, Steve?" he asked without turning from the mirror.

"Oh, it's all right," I said in confusion, being able to think of nothing else to say.

"What do you mean, 'All right'?" he demanded as he turned around facing me and looked back over his shoulder into the mirror. "Mike baby here has one of the best physiques on Dixie Beach."

I suddenly wished that I had never followed Mike into the room.

A moment later Mike took a clean pair of undershorts from the dresser drawer and put them on. Then he turned abruptly to me.

"Steve, so help me," he threatened, his cold brilliant eyes searching out my own, "if you blab on me tonight, I'll knock the hell out of you tomorrow."

He turned away again, almost as if he were afraid that I could see through the cold brilliance in his eyes to find something that was akin to me. He took a clean shirt from a hanger on the closet door and put it on.

"Blab about what?" I asked.

He stood silent a moment. When at last he turned back to me, a taunting sneer played in the lines of his face.

"I'm going out tonight. And it just might happen that I'll be out all night. And it just might be that Mom and Dad might not



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like it so good if I stay out all night. Understand?"

I could only stare at him as he began to button his shirt.

"Where are you going, Mike?" I asked apprehensively.

"What in hell do you wanna know for?" he countered angrily. "Isn't it enough that I just tell you I'm going? Can't you do what I tell you without asking so many damned questions?"

I began to grow hot and angry, as if I were burning up inside. My eyes darted almost involuntarily from one object to another in the room, but I was unable to focus for long on any of them.

"You're going to the blue house down on the other end of the beach, aren't you?" I blurted out defensively.

"Shut up!" Mike said.

"You're going to see the girls who shouted at you and called your name when we drove by with Mom one day and you pretended you didn't even know them."

"Shut up, Steve! I'm warning you."

"You're going to see the girls we stopped to see one day, the girls who called you stud. Aren't you?"

"Shut up!"

"Aren't you?" I shouted desperately.

"Shut up, I tell you!"

"Aren't you? Aren't you?"

Mike raised his hand threateningly.

"Shut up, bastard. If they hear you talking like that, I swear to God I'll break

every bone in your body, brother or no brother."

Mike's eyes, which had been running me down with their brilliance, became in one awful moment extinguished with fear and he turned away from me. The room suddenly washed in the soft and mellow light of evening, grew strangely silent, as if it had been raging with fire only a moment before and now only the smoking dewsoftened embers remained. Mike turned back to the dresser and picked up a military brush and began to brush his crewcut into place with wax. Through the reflection in the mirror I could see him looking at me. And a smile, a strangely warm, almost fraternal smile, was creeping onto his face.

"And what if I am going to see the girls at the blue house?" he asked softly, the fire having vanished from his voice.

"You're going to sleep with them all night long, aren't you, Mike?"

The silence in the room seemed to soften every word. Mike's smile became more strange, more warm. The fire seemed no longer an alien force designed to wall me out, to burn me up. It seemed to want to close me in.

"Tell me about them, Mike," I pleaded. "Tell me about the girls in the blue house at the end of the beach."

Mike took a pair of khaki pants from a hanger on the closet door and put them on.

"Steve, you're too young to get mixed up with women," he said evasively.

Mike walked over to the bed, sat down, and began to put on his socks and shoes. Soon he looked up at me. His face was calm, almost unearthly, yet his eyes had become possessed with a warm brilliance. The muscles in his jaw flexed rhythmically as he spoke.

"There's nothing like it, Steve. You hold that soft warm heaving flesh in your arms and feel yourself become stronger than you've ever been before. It's what being a man is, Steve. You feel the yearning and the fun and the pleasure building up in your body until it seems like it would almost burst. And then it does burst, only it bursts into something much more wonderful than it has ever been before. For then you know you are a man."

Mike stood up from the bed and looked one last time at his reflection in the mirror.

"You'll know someday, Steve, you'll know."

Mike opened the door, paused for a moment and looked back at me, and then left the room. Outside I could hear Mom and Dad talking and then the sound of the motor of Dad's car.

"Mike," I called, "sometimes, Mike—sometimes I get to feeling like you said."

But he didn't hear me. He didn't hear a single word. The back door slammed and soon I could hear the sound of Mike's car

as he pulled out of the yard into the street. By the time I got to the window and looked out, he had almost disappeared down the street in the direction of the blue house.

Later that evening, when only the dimming gray light remained from a mellow sun which had since passed inland into the earth, Aunt Willa Mae and I left the cottage and walked barefoot across the dunes to the strand. It was almost deserted now. To the south we could see the subdued orange light of a bonfire and a small group of people standing and sitting around it like pagan worshippers, offering supplications to a vengeful god. We began to walk slowly, silently through the cooling sand below the dunes in the direction of the fire. Aunt Willa Mae's eyes roamed nervously over the shadowed sand before her. Before long she paused, her eyes still on the sand, stopped, and picked up a starfish that had been out of the water for a long time and had become hard and brittle. As she straightened back up and gazed mournfully at the starfish in her slightly trembling hands, one of the starfish's points broke off and fell into the sand at her feet.

"C'est triste, n'est-ce pas?" she muttered, seemingly more to herself than for my benefit. But at length she glanced in my direction to ascertain whether or not I had heard what she had said.

"I don't understand," I said quietly.

"It's French, Stephen. It means, 'It's sad, isn't it?' I was talking about the starfish. He

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probably washed up into the edge of the dunes in a storm and couldn't get back out into the sea . . . And so he died."

She gazed forlornly back down at the starfish.

"You really must learn French, Stephen. It's the language of politeness."

She stopped and laid the starfish back on the sand. After gazing at it for a moment, she scooped up a double handful of sand and made a mound over her marine corpse. She gazed at the mound and made the sign of the cross on her breast and then took a cockle shell that was almost buried in the sand near-by and planted it upright on the mound.

"Gayelord and I used to speak French all the time," she said wishfully as she stood up and we began to walk slowly again down the beach. "He said that English was such a vulgar language that it sometimes nauseated him."

She paused and turned her ear to the sea.

"I can hear it now," she continued, "the beautiful blessed sound of Gayelord's voice speaking his French. I studied my French very hard for Gayelord, but I could never really understand all of what Gayelord was saying. But it wasn't necessary. Even Gayelord would tell me that. I would just sit and listen and feel the beauty of it and that was somehow enough. We would sit in the garden in the evenings and sip tall glasses of peppermint tea—it was Gayelord's favorite refreshment, you know. We would sit in the

garden, in the old white lacy wicker chairs, just Gayelord and me, you know, and Gayelord would clap his hands together twice and the darkey would appear, as if from nowhere. Gayelord would ask for the phonograph and the darkey would go back into the house and soon emerge with the phonograph and a case of records in his arms. The darkey would set the phonograph on the wicker table and wind it up and Gayelord would choose a symphony from the case—only some nights, Stephen, he would give me the honor of choosing the symphony—and he would play it. And he would begin to speak his glorious French again. His beautiful, high crystal-clear voice would seem a marvelous solo instrument to make of the symphony a concerto."

She stopped and gazed at the horizon of the sea and the ice-white opaque moon which hung low overhead.

"It was Gayelord's concerto, Stephen, and I can hear it to this day."

She glanced mournfully back over the sand.

"Like the starfish, he's gone," she said tearfully, "but he's not really gone, not really. He said we would always be together. And I said I wanted it that way too. And I believed it. And I have never broken the vow."

Before long she turned back to me and the brilliant yet elusive light once again played in her eyes.

"But tomorrow, Stephen," she said joyously, "tomorrow we shall find the Junonia."

In the tidewaters before us a boy and girl in swim suits were running, the boy chasing the girl. The girl was laughing almost hysterically, but when the boy finally caught her and held her in his arms, he pulled the straps from her shoulders until she stood naked to the waist and kissed her, and the girl's laughter soon became lost in the wind. Aunt Willa Mae turned away like a frightened child and we began to walk back toward the cottage.

Soon after we returned to the cottage Aunt Willa Mae retired to her room for the night and saw to it that I did the same. A good night's sleep, she had insisted, was essential for being alert for the shell hunt in the morning. But I hated to go to bed at night, and especially so early. It seemed that I would scarce lie down before the asthma would swoop down upon me like giant invisible sea birds flying from the darkened corners of the room and in through the rusty window screens to open their fiery beaks and set my lungs on fire; to perch on the bed and shroud me with their wings until I had to gasp for breath; to peck holes in my flesh until my limp writhing body lay in a welter of hot foul-smelling sweat. I lay there awake, miserable, on top of the bed that night for hours, clad only in my undershorts, coughing and perspiring and putting my head to the window in an effort to capture some of the fresh sea breeze in my lungs and make them free. But the freedom I would achieve was elusive and became in time more taunting and

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damnable than the ensuing suffocation. It must have been almost midnight before I heard the back door open and slam shut and then the sound of my father's voice exclaiming as he bumped into the kitchen table. Soon a shaft of light shot under the bottom of my door. I got up from the bed and crept across the room to the door and, after a moment's thought, bent down and peered through the keyhole. Dad was walking unsteadily across the living room with Mom in his arms. One of his hands was wrapped around the cup of her breast. The other was clutched around her thigh. Mom lay listless in his arms, but her breath was heavy and her head was pressed inward into Dad's shoulder. They soon passed out of sight and in a few moments the keyhole was again filled with darkness. I stood upright, more weak and impotently angry and ashamed than I had ever been before, for it had been like watching a peep show at the fair, only the peep show at the fair had been colorfully curious and what I had just witnessed was terrifying, nauseating. I could hear the bedroom door next to mine open and close and soon the creaking sound of my parents' old iron bed.

I walked silently back over to the bed and lay down. The great invisible sea birds again swooped down and all mannered of creeping crawling things from the sea began to infest the room, to pull the walls of darkness in around me and smother me, to gnaw and peck at my trembling flesh, to roll me over and over on the bed. My pillow became hot and hollowed and damp with sweat, as if it were a dead jelly fish that had washed up on the beach. The bed sheet began to wrap around my arms and legs like the arms of a giant octopus, and I desperately fought it off and threw it to the floor. And, even as I lay on the matteress the great bawdy birds perched around me to urinate until the putrid smell forced me to the window again to the fresh but elusive salt sea air. I tried desperately to cough, but the unwieldy phlegm lodged silently in my throat.

Fearfully, uncontrollably, I put my ear to the wall and it suddenly seemed that the world was generated by unseen, heretofore unknown engines. Dad was panting, exultantly, lost. Mom was singing and a strange gurgling sound was coming from her throat, the bed was creaking under their weight in the wind, and all the world was one great cacophony imposed upon the steady abiding roar of the sea. All the world lay on mattresses, in the clover of darkened fields, upon the back seats of cars on lonely, forgotten country roads, expending their strength, performing animalistic rites to a god that I had never known. All the world in the darkness of the chamber of my mind had become one solid mass of tangling, wrangling flesh, fused naked, obscene, strangely exciting, awsome. Flesh fused in

strength and laid upon the alter of God. Flesh fused in heat to form one vast frenzied human Tower of Babel reaching up into the heavens. I could only feel my weakness. The sweat upon my body had turned cold and alien. My tongue hung limp and dry in my throat. My lungs seemed dry and brittle, ready at any moment to crack into a million pieces and pass through my bowels in gray bile to feed an earth that was more strong than I. My flesh grew cold and numb, and only the balm of hot tears flowing freely down my cheeks remained to remind me of my existence.

I plunged my head into my pillow in an effort to forget, in an effort to think of the morning, of walking beside Aunt Willa Mae down the beach in search of the great, the beautiful Junonia. And a mosquito, small and lithe and as free as the wind, was buzzing around above my head. The great sea birds were pecking at the mosquito, trying to catch it in their beaks, and the great creeping crawling things from the sea were making great vulgar sucking noises with their snouts, trying to capture the mosquito in their mouths, but the mosquito was too fast. Soon the mosquito flew out a hole in the rusty window screen, and I followed him through the fresh salt sea air, flying backward in time, holding on to his tail and feeling the great freedom of the air flap against my body and make it clean and new. Yes, we flew backward in time, through infinite bounds of space, to a garden, washed in the soft amber light of evening. And a symphony was playing, and a voice, more strange and beautiful than any I had ever heard before, was rising above it. I looked down and there upon white lacy wicker chairs, sat Aunt Willa Mae, and, yes, it must have been Uncle Gayelord. But he didn't look like any Uncle Gayelord that I had ever imagined. His skin was white and lifeless and his cheeks were rouged and his mouth was covered with bright red lipstick, so bright that my eyes burned when I saw it, and his hands were gesticulating daintily this way and that. And down the front of his shirt were lacy ruffles and on every one of his long bony fingers were several jeweled rings and in his long and curly hair nestled a magnolia blossom. And his body issued forth not the smell of sweat but the vile odor of a cheap perfume. I slowly became more nauseated than I had ever been before, for I had never imagined Uncle Gayelord to look like that, and I became fearful lest the mosquito would pause in its circling around the garden and I should fall and be trapped there forever. I kicked the mosquito in the stomach and entreated him to fly back through time to the safety of my room, for there was no safety in the garden. And the mosquito flew out of the garden faster and faster forward through space, forward through time. And I turned over in

Continued on Page 26

Broken Jug

by Robert Sitton



FELLOW HOMO SAPIENS, we are gathered here in the year of our Lord nineteen and sixty, amid these sacred halls of learning, for the noble purpose of finally getting our fuzzy paws on what men have long called the Truth. To assist us in our quest we are not without an ample supply of sages. Alive and kicking this very day are such intellects as Norman Vincent Peale, Billy Graham, Rhinehold Niebuhr and Father Divine (theologues), Ezra Pound, Tommy Eliot, Earl Stanley Gardner and Jack Kerouac (literati), Bertrand Russell and John Wesley Clay (philosophes), to say nothing of Fidel Castro (statesman). In the midst of the unctuous clamorings of these and other thinkers we stand, humble students, with our thumbs in our mouths and deep in our hearts the question: who is right? Is it Descartes or is it Locke, is it Wesley or Pope John, is it Darwin or William Jennings Bryan? Who, in heaven's name, is the proud possessor of the Truth?

The mere number of attempts to grasp that elusive essence should indicate one thing to us: *nobody* has it, nor is it likely that anyone in the future will have it. There is no Truth, with the impressive "T", there is only truth as defined and described by particular systems. In each system "true" is given a different meaning. To Descartes truth is something derivable from certain indubitable axioms, to Locke it is found in assertions supportable by empirical fact, and to Jesus it is somehow himself. What justification is there, we ask, for accepting one position and rejecting the others?

When you come right down to it, there is no better reason to believe that the

world we perceive is really out there, existing objectively and independent of our perceiving it, than to believe that certain vile demons are turning our brains into oatmeal. Oh we can justify each assertion, all right, saying in the one case that we know the world is out there because we *sense* that it is out there, and in the other that we know that evil demons are at work because God told us so in a dream, but why should we accept either of these sources as indicative of truth? Why should we be empiricists rather than rationalists, Baptists rather than Zen Buddhists, Prohibitionists rather than Beatniks?

There is but one legitimate reason: because we *want* to believe such and such, because our personalities and cultures are so arranged that a particular *Weltanschauung* is best suited to us. This is not "want" in the sense of having a whim or a vague desire; it is a deep seated willingness on our parts to adopt a philosophy or theology which satisfies our needs as human beings. Surely there is a connection between ideologies and personalities. Brother Freud graciously pointed this out. Can you imagine a man with the superego of a Johnathan Edwards being a leftwing hedonist, or a Marquis de Sade joining the Anti-Vice League? We are all different creatures, and there are different ideologies ready to fulfil our divergent, inmost needs. Arguments in support of these systems may be interesting, but the factor of belief must come from the individual. Truth is not there, waiting for us if we could only understand, it is, so to speak, *created* by our willingness to believe in a certain set of doctrines.

A philosophy is a mode of adjustment to the world. There are emotional repercussions within the individual to such notions as underlying substances, sense data, other minds, the existence or non-existence of God. To believe that God exists is a comfort, just as it lends stability to the world to believe that beneath it all is one, immutable, unchangeable substance. We do not know for sure that any of these things really exist, but we are willing to believe in some of them, and at the core of this willingness are our needs as human beings, possessors of inadequate facilities for discovering anything even approaching the Truth.

So why should we kick about Catholicism and Communism, Atheism and N.V. Pealism? Why should we get on our pontifical high horses and say they're *wrong* and we are *right*? To do so presupposes that we have a system ourselves (and an equally dubious one) whereby we evaluate the ideology in question. Can't we be tolerant and say that we believe what we do believe because it is the best way we have found to cope with the problems of living, and can't we say the same about subscribers to other ideologies? If a person is ill-suited to his current beliefs, there is reason for changing them. If he is actually dissatisfied being a footwasher, for instance, present him with doctrines of a higher church and let him take his choice. Only if a person's ideology is a source of harm to others should it forcibly be changed. Otherwise, each of us has the democratic right to go to hell in our own way.

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my bed and saw the mosquito buzzing around gently above my head.

And I became excited and prayed, Oh God of Life, wherever you are, whoever you are, come out of your cave and enter me, Become one with this eaten woe-begone flesh. Make it clean and new and strong. Send these giant sea birds away from me. Banish the creeping crawling things from the sea. Let this urine-soaked mattress dry in the wind. O God of Life, whoever you are, wherever you are . . . wherever you are . . .

The walls seemed to flicker and part and the noise of youth sounded far away. The tears had dried upon my softening cheeks and soon the world became abysmal in its peace.

And I saw the girl from down the beach, the girl who waited on tables at Mrs. Leon's Guest House, and she stood there and winked at me, and I began to feel funny and odd-like, and she raised her skirt a little way and shook her breasts which were large and soft and hot and which seemed to want to jump out of her dress, and I felt helpless, and I walked one step forward and she backed up and I began to feel more funny and odd-like.

"Stephen—"

And she raised her skirt a little more and then a little more still and I could see and oh God my heart was pounding like mad and I was feeling more and more odd-like all over.

"Stephen, wake up—"

And she shook her breasts some more and one of them popped out of her dress and my body was burning up with heat so I could hardly stand it and I bolted forward and grabbed for her and I was shot through with dampness and warmth and I felt kind of funny-like and my body was doubled up fetus-like on the bed and I raised up and it was morning and the sea was still lapping the shore outside and Aunt Willa Mae was standing in one of her starched dresses and a large wide brimmed hat in the doorway only her body and head were turned away from me.

"Stephen, get up! It's a beautiful morning and I thought it would be good if we could get out on the strand before anybody else."

I stared at the immobile form standing in the doorway for a moment and then threw my feet over the edge of the bed and slowly stood up.

"All right, Aunt Willa Mae. I'll be out in a minute, as soon as I can get into my swim trunks."

She stepped out and closed the door. I glanced over at Mike who lay asleep in his undershorts on the other bed. He was holding his pillow tight against his chest.

As Aunt Willa Mae and I walked over the dunes to the strand that morning, the

sun hung close over the sea that reflected the calm fresh blueness of the sky. There was no one else on the beach yet. In the water before us we could see a school of porpoises jumping into the air and back into the water. Down the beach and far out to sea we could see the outlines of two fishing boats trawling on the horizon. The sand had not yet gotten hot under our feet.

Aunt Willa Mae walked on ahead down the strand, and I stopped to wipe the sleep from my eyes. After a moment she turned toward me.

"Stephen, you must not tarry. This morning we shall find the *Junonia*."

Her face became tense, almost rapt, in her anxiety over the search.

"Now, Stephen, it would be best if you search the sand up around the dunes and I walk down by the surf where the tide might have washed the *Junonia* up on the beach during the night."

She glanced apprehensively down the beach.

"Now, let's begin. I have the old guide-book and the canvas shopping bag and the jug of water, and, of course, you have the new guide book; so, if we need anything, we shall always be close together. And if you find anything, Stephen, remember to come and put it in the shopping bag."

"All right, Aunt Willa Mae," I said, trying to suppress a yawn.

Aunt Willa Mae turned abruptly and walked down to the surf and proceeded slowly up the beach. I began to walk slowly through the dry white sand below the dunes.

"Look well, Gayelord," Aunt Willa Mae called across the silent beach, "and be careful you don't step on the *Junonia*, for it's a fragile thing and could be easily broken."

Gayelord? I thought incredulously. No, I'm Stephen. I'm Stephen.

"I'm not Gayelord, Aunt Willa Mae," I called back.

Aunt Willa Mae looked at me blankly.

"Oh, of course, you aren't," she called with evident irritation in her voice, "you're Stephen. Well, anyway, be careful you don't step on the *Junonia*."

She turned away and began to scour the beach with her eyes. I turned and tried to do the same. But I had begun to wish that I had never come with her.

After walking for some time I realized that I had forgotten what the *Junonia* looked like and that I probably wouldn't recognize it if I saw it. I thought of calling to Aunt Willa Mae and asking her, but then I remembered that I had the new guidebook in my hand. I stopped walking and searched for the name *Junonia* in the index. Yes, there it would be, on page 49. I turned to page 49 and there, among a lot of other shells in color plate, was a picture of the shell. I

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turned to the opposite page where each of the shells was described, thumbed down the page to the description of the Junonia, and began to read:

JUNONIA (*Maculopeplum junonia*)

This mollusk is found only on the Florida coast. The beach most famous for this rare and deep-sea mollusk is Sanibel Island, off the coast of Fort Myers, on the Gulf of Mexico . . .

I stopped reading and looked up and down the beach and out over the ocean and began to think. I looked down at the book again and read the passage over.

"Aunt Willa Mae," I called, "Aunt Willa Mae!"

But the breeze was blowing into my face and by that time she had gotten so far down that she could not hear me. I closed the book and began to run toward her.

"Aunt Willa Mae," I called again as I approached her, "wait a minute!"

She stopped walking and turned toward me. "

"Aunt Willa Mae," I panted, "we can't find the Junonia here. We can't find it here at all."

"Don't be ridiculous, Stephen," she snapped, "of course we can find the Junonia here."

"No, no, Aunt Willa Mae, it says right here in the new guide book that we can only find it off the coast of Florida on some island."

"You're making fun of me," she snapped.

She grabbed the new guidebook from my hand and began to read.

"It's all a lie, Stephen," she fretted, throwing the book into the wet sand. "There's not a word of truth in it."

An ugly nervous scowl was playing at the corners of her mouth. I had never seen her so upset before. She jerked open her own guidebook and with trembling fingers turned to the page marked *Junonia*. She scanned the page quickly.

"See here, Stephen," she cried triumphantly, her eyes burning and her eyeballs resembling some strange type of sea shell which wanted to burst from the bondage of their sockets. She pushed the book into my face and began to read aloud. "See here, it says the Junonia is one of the most perfectly formed sea shells in the world. When one owns a Junonia, it says, he can be said to possess one of God's greatest gifts to man. See here, Stephen, that's what it says."

She began to take quick gulps of air, as if there were a limited supply.

"But Aunt Willa Mae," I pleaded, "it doesn't say anything at all about us finding it on the North Carolina coast. And my book, the new book, says that it can only be found off the coast of Florida."

Continued to Page 34

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WHAT DOES MAN GAIN BY ALL THE TOIL AT WHICH
HE TOILS UNDER THE SUN? A GENERATION GOES,
AND A GENERATION COMES, BUT THE EARTH REMAINS FOR EVER.



THE WIND BLOWS TO THE SOUTH, AND GOES ROUND TO THE NORTH



ALL THINGS ARE FULL OF WEARINESS; A MAN CANNOT UTTER IT;

THE EYE IS NOT SATISFIED WITH SEEING, NOR THE EAR FILLED WITH HEARING.



WHAT HAS BEEN IS WHAT WILL BE,

AND WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IS WHAT WILL BE DONE;

AND THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.





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Aunt Willa Mae clutched the book tightly and thrust it against her face. Her head began to shake convulsively.

"It's not true, it's not true," she screamed, "I know it's not true. I wish I had never given you the new guide book. It's all lie, a monstrous, hideous lie. I know it's here."

Her eyes darted in frenzy over the sand and she began to wail, sadly, hysterically, like nothing I had ever heard before. Her whole body was heaving in the wind. With a tremendous burst of energy she kicked the new guidebook into the sea and ran into the edge of the water and stamped it into the sand with her foot. And she began to back away from me.

"I know it's here," she screamed again. "I know it is!"

Her voice suddenly became dainty and refined, and she spoke in little more than a whisper.

"Be careful where you walk, Stephen. It's a fragile thing and could be easily broken."

She grew further and further away.

"Yes, Gayelord and I used to hold it to our eyes in the garden in the cool of the evening; yes, Gayelord and I, and we could hear the sound, the beautiful blessed sound of the sea . . . the beautiful blessed sound of the sea."

And then she suddenly looked as if she had never known me in her life before. Her eyes had grown cold and alien.

"Go, away, stranger," she called. "I don't know you. Go away from me. Leave me alone. I don't know you any longer. Take your lying guidebook and go."

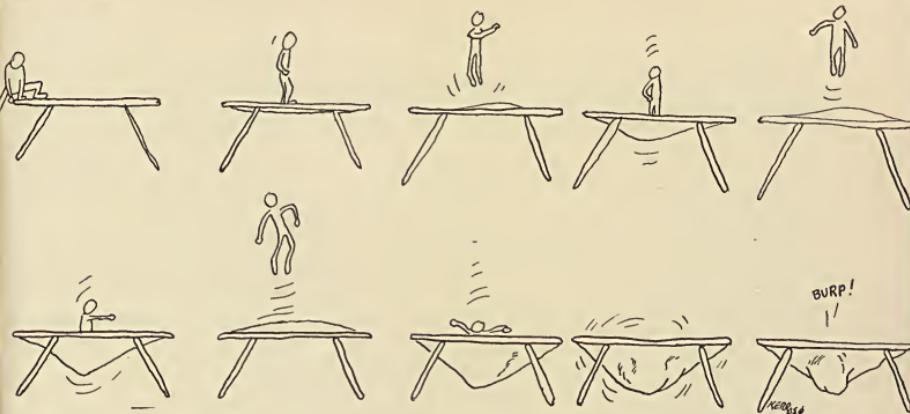
She turned away from me and began to walk down the beach, but after only a few steps she turned back again.

"Au revoir, Stephen, au revoir," she called gaily and waved her hand in the air. "It means 'Good-bye, Stephen, good-bye.' Why, Gayelord told me so himself."

She wandered gaily on down the beach, and I suddenly felt that I had never known my aunt at all, and I gulped in the salt sea morning air, and it tasted fresh and delicious and warm against my tongue, and I began to run away from her, back toward the cottage and Mom and Dad and Mike. But then I remembered that I had forgotten to tell Aunt Willa Mae Good-bye. I turned my head and tried desperately to shout *Au revoir, Aunt Willa Mae, au revoir*. But the words stuck in my throat and I couldn't utter a sound.

The wind still carried her voice to me. She was singing, and it did sound like the wind whistling around the cottage before a storm, and through the palms.

*I saw a little boy
He said heigh-dee-hoo
I said no-no-no
No! No! No!*



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Mom and Dad were still asleep when I got back to the cottage. Mike too. For a long time I just sat in the living room and looked at the big sailfish which hung over the door. Dad had caught it several years before on a deepsea fishing trip.

It must have been two hours before I finally heard someone moving around in Mom and Dad's bedroom. Not long after that the door opened and Mom came out.

"Steve," he said, surprised to see me sitting there, "what are you doing up so early?"

"Aunt Willa Mae and I got up early to go hunt shells," I answered.

"Oh," she said and walked back into the kitchen.

It wasn't long before she came back into the living room.

"Where's Willa Mae?" she asked.

"She's still out hunting shells," I said.

"Oh," said Mom again, and she went back into the kitchen and began to fix breakfast.

In a few minutes Dad came out of the bedroom in his swim trunks.

"Marian," he called, wiping the sleep from his eyes, "is there time for a quick dip before breakfast?"

"Fraid not, Al," Mom said. "It's ready now. I'm just taking the eggs off the stove."

Dad and I went over to the table and sat down. Before long Mom came in with a platter of eggs and bacon.

Before we had finished breakfast, the porch door slammed.

"I guess that's Willa Mae," Mom said and pushed her chair back from the table. "I'll have to go fix some more eggs."

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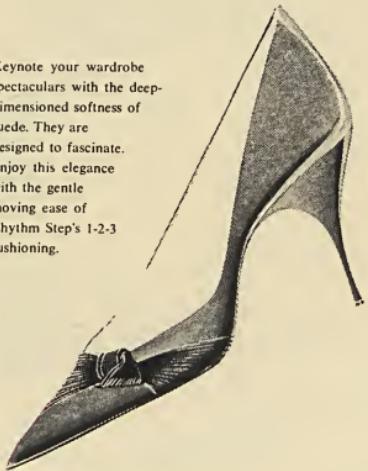
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But before she could rise we all realized that the hurried footsteps on the porch were not Aunt Willa Mae's but those of a man. A member of the beach patrol walked into the living room.

"Mr. Wilhite," he said, "may I see you on the porch for a moment?"

Dad got up from the table and followed the beach patrolman. It was only a moment before he came back into the living room.

"It's Willa Mae, Marian," he blurted out fearfully. "There's been an accident, Marian . . . there's been an accident, and she was drowned. Oh God, Marian!"

Mom's face darkened as she got up from the table and hurried to Dad's side. I ran with them as they followed the beach patrolman out of the cottage and across the dunes to a jeep that was parked on the strand. We got in and rode down the beach a mile or so to a point where a small crowd of people had congregated. We got out of the jeep and pushed our way through the crowd until in terror we saw the lifeless body of Aunt Willa Mae lying on its back in the sand. As I gazed at her I suddenly felt a little lighter, and a little freer, for it seemed almost as if a part of my being lay there lifeless on the sand.

The doctor who was kneeling beside the body stood up and looked Dad gravely in the eyes.

"I'm terribly sorry, Al," he said and let his eyes fall to the ground. "But I got here too late."

"But I seen it, mister," an obese woman with stringy hair and a Yankee accent yelled as she made her way through the crowd, "I seen it all. Here was this woman, clothes and all, going out into the sea. I thought she was searching for something, so I didn't try to stop her. And she was searching for something. A June or Juno or something like that. She kept calling, My Juno, or something like that, where are you? I've searched for you all over the land and I haven't found you. Oh, rise from the sea, my Juno, and come to me. That's what she said, mister, so help me, that's what she said."

"Get this woman out of here," the doctor yelled.

Dad looked down at the sand and pushed some of it together into a mound with his foot.

"I just don't understand it, Doc," he said at last, "I just don't understand it at all."

But I did understand it; and even now, I do.

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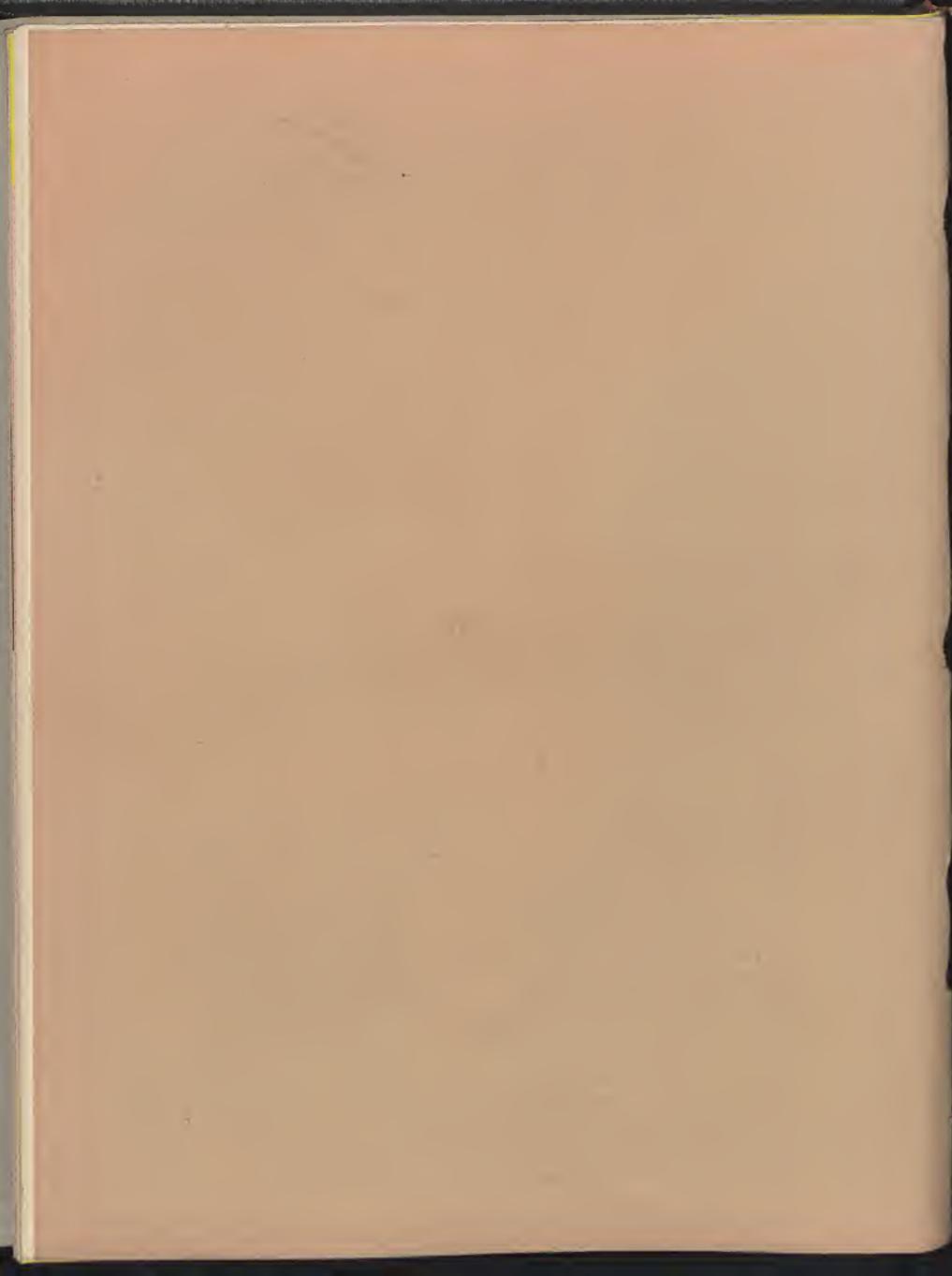
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the student

VOLUME 76 NUMBER 2

DECEMBER, 1960



It's A Christmas Lemur

It occurs to me while sitting here scribbling and scrawling to meet the omnipresent deadline that some of you—students (law students included), faculty, and administration—probably don't deserve a STUDENT for Christmas or any other holiday.

But, to encourage its reception, I have been considering the diplomatic possibility of appointing an acrobatic and agile ambassador, legalized by the law school, administered to by the administration, professed to by the faculty, and applauded for by the students, to ring the library bell and announce this issue's publication.

But this has its disadvantages: how pretentious, how cunning for an appointee to ring and announce only 28 pages of hard work, which bearing close toleration might include a few ideas, when those who make all considerations and declarations while reclined upon holy haunches are expecting a victory summons from Raleigh or some other battlefield of this decade.

Since becoming editor I have received, unsolicited, 3 poems, no articles, no photographs, no essays, 6 cartoons, 1 short story—enough after discrimination for 5 pages. Also I have received an arena full of suggestions, mostly proposing a laughable, less abstract, more entertaining magazine. But we are not in the entertainment business, being neither unionized nor exclusively subsidized by those paralyzed with lemur lethargy who might arise from a narcotic apathy to laugh at something reprinted from an uncopyrighted bathroom wall.

Lemurs are monkeys with long, bushy tails, and they sit up in magnolia trees chattering among themselves, immensely entertained by their own chatter. They believe in everything and do nothing. They believe in an arts building only if it is to be orchestrated by juke boxes, believe in a football stadium so impressive that its empty seats would triple those now seen many Saturday afternoons in our presently inadequate stadium, believe in the new girls' dorm—another contrived monster for posterity, believe that the college theatre should henceforth perform in the East Lounge which is in horizontal walking distance of the snack bar, believe in pre-game prayers said in all seriousness—if Wake Forest wins, but they certainly don't believe in contributing to their magazine and outlet for chattering, THE STUDENT.

—D. L. P. Jr.

VOICES

Editor's Desk

To the Editor:

First, I would like to congratulate you and your staff for putting out what I consider to be a damn good magazine, and offer the hope that you will continue to do so with each succeeding issue; however, this letter is written in response to Bob Sifton's remarks "From the Broken Jug" in the first issue.

We are confronted with something like the paradox of the relativist who becomes an absolutist when saying that everything is relative, an absolute statement. Similarly, Mr. Sifton seems to be saying that the only Truth is that there is no Truth. The main point, then, is how can we be expected to understand, much less accept or reject, the article in question if we have no idea, however vague, of what Truth is, or if we think that it is simply what each of us believe or "want" it to be, or that it is the product rather than the goal of some system? Now, in relation to this point, I would like to contest several statements made in the article.

I agree that no one ever has nor probably ever will have the Truth, but disagree that this is any reason to say that there is no Truth, and I mean it "with the impressive T". Just because a man does not and cannot know everything is no reason to assume that that which he does not know does not exist. (For the benefit of any philosophy majors, I realize that the preceding is epistemologically one hell of a naive thing to say without some qualification, but it is intended only as an analogy, not a quibble-point.) I may want to eat the whole cake, but, besides the fact that I cannot consume it all, I am given only a slice or two.

"Surely there is a connection between ideologies and personalities. Brother Freud graciously pointed this out." To begin with, I was under the impression that it was Cousin Marx who made this connection, indirectly of course, and that Freud was concerned with something quite different from ideology. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to argue with a Freudian or a

Marxist because they so often resort to undermining anything critical that you say by referring to your "unconscious motivations" or "ideological blindness". Try and pull the same thing on them and you become a "hostile neurotic" or "a bourgeois bigot." Mr. Sifton's position can be treated likewise: even if it is true, it is simply what he himself wants or needs to believe, and therefore, since we have the same right, no reason for us to believe it.

"A philosophy is a mode of adjustment to the world." Plato must have turned over twice when he heard this remark, which incidentally, I bet would appeal famously to N. V. Peale. If a philosophy is a mode of adjustment, then why don't philosophers get psychology degrees?

"Only if a person's ideology is a source of harm to others should it forcefully be changed. Otherwise, each of us has the

democratic right to go to hell in our own way." Here, the first statement is an example of the relativist making an absolute value-judgement, of all things. As for the second, I cannot imagine how or why anyone would want a right, democratic or not, to go to hell. I consider this idea somewhat of a curse myself.

I must say, in ending, that Bob Sifton, who is a very good friend of mine, has written quite a thought-provoking article, of which I hope this letter is some evidence; and that in this case he has well succeeded in one of the principal duties, and virtues, of a philosopher, i. e., getting people off their mental glutel maxim. Also, I must add that the article itself is a fine example of the sort of philosophy they over-indulge in at "Dook."

Sam Mauzy
U. N. C.



ROOMS



ROD STEELE '60

THE GREAT GOLDEN CANARY BIRD HUNT

by Dwight Pickard

Author's Note: This story, which is not finished now, nor will ever be finished as long as there is hope for man's survival as man, is dedicated to my mother whose love and understanding and sacrifice have not only encouraged, but many times enabled my Great Golden Canary Bird Hunt.

LITTLE HENSLEY HODGES is a poet with most unpoetical ears, and back before dreamroom magic, before the great golden canary bird hunt, before double-darkness sun glasses, and before the bouncing inspiration of a pogo stick, which bounces only on special occasions, he used to sit around at Sally Simpson's bird bath speculating about his ears and the push-button soul.

"Whata world," he laments one night while sitting cross-legged and pensive, like a child yoga in Sally's bird bath, occasionally re-crossing his legs in the circular silence. "Who wants to grow up to be a plug-in poet in these days of I.B.M. beauty? Who wants to carry around an I.B.M. Soul in his hip pocket so when excited and happy and sad he can find the nearest outlet, plug up his soul, set the dial for poetry, and dial out his belief and wonder without even a misplaced comma?"

Yes, thinks Hensley, his brows pinching into a V, the world is an impossible place for a poet, and if the world isn't enough worry, there are always my ears. "How," he asks remembering that night he and Sally were swinging on Sal's swings, "can I forget them?" His remembrance is of a romantic night, a night for flutes, petal-soft cymbals, and moon-colored grapes—such a romantic night that he was telling Sally about Africa and Watusi Warriors, all the time njanuvering his swing closer and closer into position for a quick kiss. Soaringly, he glided into such dizzy freedom that it wasn't very hard to imagine flying over the green hills of

Africa on a silken oriental carpet, which played tag with the universe. But then, just when the chinese rug had floated him to within an ear's distance of Sally, he did just that—remembered his ears, tried to cover them, and almost fell out of the swing.

"After that," sighs Hensley, now inclined and swaying, "I couldn't have kissed old Sal for all the eggs in China, and it's not that I like eggs that much, it's just a good way of expressing the effects which ears, larger than all day lollipops, have on a poet—somewhere they ought to give somebody about a 91 yard penalty for letting me be born into this world."

And so weary, night after night Hensley returns and climbs apathetically, ears first into the concaved protection of Sally's bird bath. But one night while pondering the world's machinery, it occurs to him that although a bird bath is a good place to sit around in since not even birds come to a bird bath anymore, it is nevertheless like standing on third base deliberating whether or not to steal second. "No one," nods Hensley, "ever found belief by sitting around in his girl friend's birth bath blinding his imagination with ears and almost selling out to push-button inspiration. You just can't sit in the bull pen for ever. They're not giving away rain checks on existence these days."

This depresses Hensley and he slumps into an embryonic curl convinced of the impossibility of ever thinking about Watusis or Kangaroos while hunched, his hands covering his ears like ear muffs, in a bird bath. "From the bird bath," whispers Hensley between his cupped palms, "I see nothing but an ear-making machine. It is producing, exactly on schedule, boxcar after boxcar of the Hensley ear, which is advertised on T.V. and at the movies, and you can even get them in cracker jack boxes along with the

big prize that's never there if you're lucky or have friends on the inside to secretly mark the prize carrying boxes—would you believe it? Little kids running around and spending their ice cream money on cracker jacks when they really want ice cream because they're always expecting the big prize and never ever getting it."

Seeing all these little kids running around and shaking empty cracker jack boxes with paralyzed desperation, as if they were trying to shake belief into empty dreams, increases Hensley's unhappiness so much that thoughts gather like rain clouds, and he climbs out of the bird bath's incubator warmth, weary with the world, convinced that it is now a fourth down situation.

"Fourth down," he says with head-shaking resignation. "Fourth down, two points behind, and only three seconds left."

The ball is snapped and attempting a 92 yard field goal, which is so far away that he doesn't know whether or not he makes it, Hensley kicks the bird bath harder than he ever kicked anything in his life and dances around it in tight, throbbing circles, one hand comforting his big, ballooning toe and one hand beating the air like a frenzied wing. "You had it coming," is his teeth-clenched mutter. "Oh boy, you had it coming. A bird bath kick is one thing you can't buy bottled like instant coffee and then take one or two doses a day. They just don't make spiritual vitamins. Every now and then you've got to go for a 92 yarder."

And now, even as he tells himself that instead of kicking away his big toe on bird baths, it is perhaps just as well to curl up with big ears, he sees it: swimming around in Sally's bird bath with less motion than a whisper's beginning; silently, mysteriously floating around in the bowl full of moonlight is a golden canary bird whose wings are sun-petals. It is the most silently beautiful bird

Hensley has ever seen. It is so distantly wonderful, its eyes reflecting stars, that he forgets about his toe and steps back, his feet floating. It is the kind of bird, thinks Hensley, that can do more back flips than any bird on the block, or even in the universe, and it's the kind of bird little kids would like to find in cracker jack boxes. More than in Watusi Hensley believes in this golden bird.

But then from up above, near the T.V. aerials on Sally's roof, a click-click voice, its clicks geared like wheels and rolling like a circus barker's cigar enthusiasm says, "Listen, kid, there ain't no golden canary birds. It's all, every microscopic bit of it, a fragment of your impracticality. What ya wanna be anyway, a dreamer? You wanna grow into your teens dreaming? Wake up, kid."

The loudspeaker-like voice, flatly round and boisterous, tuns and turns, and slowly the golden bird, using its wings as hands, lifts itself and poises in the moon's direction. "Wake up, kid," cogs the voice, "quit carrying around figments. Play with slide rules, that's the game; bisect the universe and label the formula-fragments. Tell ya what, kid—strap a slide rule on your leg in a holster and see which kid in the neighborhood can draw the fastest cube root. Be a winner, kid, that's my motto. Be a winner."

The gear-voice stops, then progresses in the same turn. "But tell ya what I'm gonna do, kid. If ya want canary birds, I'm gonna give ya canary birds. Keep 'um happy, that's my motto, kid. I've got one of the best canary bird making factories you've ever seen. 51 years of research have gone into the production of this bird, and now we put out birds by the boxcar. Boxcar birds we call them. And listen, kid, as an extra added attraction—a double feature, kid—I'm gonna put one of these birds in every cracker jack box and make all the little kids happy. Keep 'um happy, that's my motto, kid."

The voice gyrates and gyrates in round-about humdrumness and the golden bird stretches upward from its feet, folding its wings into suspended energy. And then it is over: with one telescoping back-flip, which Hensley thinks would have been a school yard first, the golden bird back-flips into flight and spirals toward the moon in a golden arc.

Watching the diminishing disappearing, Hensley winks a few tears which tickle like cool feather tips and even though he's sure that he has just missed a 92 yard field goal by an arm's length, he chuckles: "All right, loudspeaker gear-voice, you're the worse near-sighted umpire I've ever heard. You ought to stand behind the heart and call the play while sealed into a cracker jack box with a real golden canary bird. Then you could even wear banana leafs and call a good play. And all the little kids sitting

way up in the bleachers would whistle and whistle—voice, you've just called a real stinker, the kind of stinker that sends pop bottles flying over center field fence from all the way behind the heart, way up in the bleachers. Little kids don't want artificial canary birds, they want the real thing. And, voice, just between you and me, tell ya what I'm gonna do, I'm going on a double feature hunt—an extra added attraction. Not only for me, but for all the little kids sitting up in the bleachers. I'm going on a great golden canary bird hunt. To hunt a great golden canary bird, that's my motto, voice." And then whispering to himself, "but it's not going to be like going over Niagara Falls in the comforts of a 1960 model barrel."

And now Hensley, bouncing on his toes thoughtfully around, starts for home and his special-occasion room, re-calling ancient days when Hannibal crossed the Alps riding a Christmas-colored elephant, covered with glass bells and sun-shaped shields.

Bouncingly nearing the window sill which opens into his special-occasion room where he goes at times to bounce around in double-darkness trying to forget his ears, which, despite his efforts, will not silence the world, Hensley begins chanting a note to Sally: "Dear Sal, I'm going on a great golden canary bird hunt. I would like to think of you for inspiration because I imagine that hunting a golden canary bird is not nearly so easy as going over Niagara Falls in a 1960 barrel. But I have a confession to make, every time I think about you, I think about my ears which are larger than a Kangaroo's, so I've just got to quit thinking about you or anyone else except the little kids sitting up in the bleachers higher than the green hills of Africa. After all a golden canary bird hunt is probably something that comes only once in a lifetime and, Sal, this bird is more beautiful than kicking a bird bath, more wonderful than the sea shapes of your ears. And I just want to write this letter, because some people called poet hunters are always on the lookout for golden canary bird hunters. So whatever happens remember me, but not my ears, and kick a bird bath every now and then for ole Hensley."

P.S. The bird bath's out in your backyard beside the largest Christmas tree I've ever believed in."

SEVERAL HUNDRED years later, after Hannibal has crossed the Alps, Caesar is riding an ebony stallion through the orchards of Asia, and Hensley, wearing double-darkness sun glasses which extend to his ear tips, is now pogoing toward the moon through a baseball diamond, humming "I've fooled the poet hunters now."

Springing gracefully over second base, he

compliments his innocent agility, "just pogoing along with the greatest of night-time ease, like a bird on a flying trapeze, just pogoing innocently along like a Centurion or a Watusi or a Kangaroo right after the golden bird, pogoing as if I've never heard of a golden canary bird—too bad I'm an honest poet," he hums descending a semi-circle and springing higher than ever, "what a literary criminal I would make, what bouncing inspiration. Not even Sherlock Holmes with three magnifying glasses could track this one down. And, as for poet hunters," he chuckles in the middle of a bounce, "they probably won't expect a pogo expedition camouflaged by sun glasses."

So inspired is Hensley that he performs three springy bounds with his eyes closed and with one hand behind his back. They are circus leaps of such matine greatness that he wishes Sally and all the little kids could see him. "In fact, I can see it now," says Hensley pogoing through three moon-rings.

General Hensley, commander of the Watusi pogo stick cavalry is sitting around in Salina's bird bath brooding about the pygmies, who after 51 years of scientific warfare research are planning to attack the Watusi canary bird dreamroom. For days the general isolates himself behind double-darkness sun glasses and sits, occasionally re-crossing his criss-crossed legs.

Not even Salina, the fairest of all Watusi maidens, can smooth out the pinched V which settles like a rain cloud over his eyes. Nightly she comes to his tent dressed in the colors of grapes to sing of his beautiful ears, but the general only re-crosses his legs.

And then one night after Salina, whose ears are the sea shapes of sea shells, has taken her lute and left, a warrior messenger pogo-barelessly into the general's chambers and so disturbs the general with frenzied pogo leaping as he leaps all over the room that the general re-crosses his legs.

"General!" exclaims the messenger warrior.

The general re-crosses his legs.

The warrior messenger is again leaping all over the room. "General, belief and wonder, indeed civilization is doomed. The pygmies, camouflaged in push-button, artificial banana leafs have just launched a massive banana leaf attack on the canary bird dreamroom, which, as you know, is located in the banana orchard. The pygmies, have so infiltrated the orchard that it's impossible to distinguish them from real banana leafs. It's an impossible situation. The efforts of ten thousand Watusi warriors are spent capturing and killing real banana leafs, which hide no pygmies."

Slowly the general's V relaxes, but then he slumps deeper into the bird bath, attempting to hush the messenger's message

by covering his ears with his hands. But his ears, which are larger than all day cinnamon-circles, cannot be covered.

"Think of all the little kids, general. What will we do without a dreamroom?"

"Messenger, my pogo stick, the golden one of my youth; quickly, man, bring it," exclaims the general who climbs slowly with great weariness out of Salina's bird bath and then, winding up for a 92 yard field goal, kicks it harder than he has ever kicked anything in his life.

When the general arrives at the banana battlefield and pogos around looking over the situation, ten thousand Watusi Warriors, dressed in lion skins, with lemon-colored lion manes covering their heads, are pogoing nervously before the dreamroom's entrance. They are singing their national anthem, "Hurray For The Canary Bird Dreamroom." But in a fourth down situation this isn't helping the dreamroom very much, because every time they pogo bravely, like make-believe lions, out to battle, they return only with real banana leaves.

The general is pogoing around in troubled circles. So sad are his thoughts that he is almost ready to ask for a rain check, when suddenly brass trumpets, sounding like loudspeakers in a Saturday afternoon ballpark, herald the slow-motion arrival of Blackie. Blackie is a caravan master and pogo stick runner whose face is eight ball shaped. His camel caravan of 40 camels winds slowly through the ranks, with Blackie sitting fatty humped on the lead camel, which is rusty all over. He is smoking a big black cigar. And every time he shouts to the warriors that he has a save-the-homeland remedy his cigar waggles.

At last, when the caravan reaches the general, who is still pogoing around in worrying circles, Blackie signals for a halt with the jelly movements of three fingers on his right hand.

"General," says Blackie who is reclined between the camel humps, smiling all over his billboard-looking face as if he had just called the third strike, "They're ain't no golden canary birds. It's all, every childish bit of it, a figment of a lost dream."

The Watusi Warriors upon hearing this—even the ones way out in center field—threaten Blackie with their ivory-tipped spears, but the general calms them, allowing Blackie to continue: "As I was saying, general, before this ungrateful uprising against the means of your salvation, you're standing on third base deliberating whether or not to steal second. You're using 1910 methods in a 1960 dilemma. How can you fight 'em if you can't see 'em? That's my motto, general. But tell you what I'm gonna do, general, even though there certainly ain't no golden canary birds and you're fighting for a cause that never was, I want you—just between you and me—to win this battle. And I've got a guaranteed save-the-



homeland remedy. This caravan I lead, which comes straight from the pogo stick making factory is loaded with enough 1960 model pogo sticks to save the homeland."

The general only nods his head and pogos around in unhappy circles trying to cover his ears, but his sun glasses block every covering attempt.

"General," says Blackie, who leans out of the humps, speaking out of the corner of his mouth and waving his cigar between his doughy fingers, "do I have to spell it out for you? These 1960 models are equipped with banana-leaf scopes which detect and locate artificial banana leafs."

"No!" exclaims the general, suddenly stopping and throwing his sun glasses to the ground. "No! Blackie, it's a gimmick, a modern fraud. The banana scope can't save the dreamroom. Only children, not banana scopes, know the unreal from the real. But the children must stay in the dreamroom with their golden birds, even if Watuskind is to be destroyed."

Blackie's cigar straightens into a pout. "Not buying? Not buying? But, general, you've got to fight progress with progress, that's my motto. Push button banana leafs versus banana scopes."

"Yes, not buying."

"All right, men," shouts Blackie to his camel drivers. "The general's gone stark dreamy. Let's git the sticks outta here before the leaves land." And dropping ashes all over the place Blackie departs.

After Blackie departs, all the Watusi Warriors and the general have almost pogood out of hope for the dreamroom. The pigeons are treeing-in for a long siege, when suddenly from the dreamroom comes the whistling of golden canary birds. From way up high in the bleachers they are whistling "Hurrah For The Canary Bird Dreamroom" as if they were the best whistlers on the block, or even in the universe. And their whistling is more magical than touching all dandelions, for over in the banana tree orchard, unreal banana leafs are dropping out of trees all over everywhere, and even quicker than it takes to push a retreat button, Watusi Warriors surround the wintry-looking leaves, and the general is poguing around blindly in such ball-game-winning happiness that Hensley pogoleaps into a tree.

"Sunglasses do it every time," he says with a limping murmur, his sun glasses hanging from one ear, his legs and arms scrambled into an akimbo constellation. "Can't even keep hidden from poet hunters."

Muttering and tottering slowly upward onto unbalancing feet, Hensley leans against his pogo stick for support, and elbowing his right knee, kicks at the tree, misses and falls jerking to the ground. "And can't even make a 19 yarder," he says with sprawled disgust.

"That's right, kid," clicks the loudspeaker-

ing gear-voice, "the whole world's watching and whata you do? You leap blindfolded into a tree and kick the air. That's my boy, goes for the home run and bounces into a tree. That's right, show your stuff, kid. Spend the rest of your childhood with a bandaged toe and a bruised drem. Remember, a pogo stick leads only to trees, that's my motto. And-as for the little kids, they're probably throwing pop bottles at you now."

The voice no sooner gears and clicks about the little kids, confidentially out of the corner of its loudspeaker, than Hensley slants his now sprained pogo stick against the tree and climbs upon it, knock-kneed and shimming. As he pogos off in limping hops, he thinks about how all the little kids are probably razzing him now for poguing off course and forgetting about the hunt. "They're probably asking for a rain check," he nods, and throws his sun glasses over his left shoulder.

LOOKING everywhere for the golden canary bird, his eyes wobbling each yawning hop, as if they were on crutches, Hensley eventually pogos across a meadow, his eyes sleep-walking over every branch of every tree. But nowhere among the milky branches does he see the golden bird.

"Well, maybe, there isn't any golden canary bird after all," says Hensley, "or maybe it's tired and resting in the meadow coolness now, sleeping in the cool grass and I'll never find it. Anyway they'll probably invent a real golden bird someday, and a real comfortable bird bath wouldn't be so bad after all if it were over in Hal's back yard or up in the 15th row bleachers.

"But maybe, just maybe," sleepily exclaims Hensley remembering the hope of bleachers and poguing now toward Mr. McGregor's Candy Store.

"Mr. McGregor just might have a cracker jack box with a special-occasion prize flying around in it," whistles Hensley, chuckling as he pogos down Main Street so unconcerned about poet hunters that he has forgotten about his double-darkness sun glasses. "Yes, sir, if there's one place a golden bird would fly to, it would be Mr. McGregor's Candy Store. It's just that kind of store."

Having hidden his once-again springy pogo stick in a row of Christmas trees which circle Mr. McGregor's store, Hensley leans on his tiptoes against the candy store door, his nose pressing into a cookie as his eyes skip through the glass and skip all over the store, from candy counter to candy counter looking for a cracker jack box.

"Why hello, Hensley," says a voice from behind the chocolate counter, whistling and speaking at the same time. It's a pleasant voice which comes whistling right through the glass. It's such a pleasant voice that when it whistles again, Hensley presses his nose into a larger cookie. "Sort of figured

you might be coming by some early morning, Hensley. How 'bout a plum-drop? They're fresh made." And holding a plum-drop between his fingers as softly as if the plum-drop were flower colors, Mr. McGregor rises from behind the chocolate counter. His face is the remembrance of all Christmases to Hensley, who opens the door and walks in. "No thank you, Mr. McGregor, but I would like some cracker jacks."

"No a box left," replies Mr. McGregor arranging his candy trays. "You're a week late, my boy; last Saturday morning my little friends ate up every last box."

Hensley fidgets about on his tiptoes. "Mr. McGregor, have? have? I'll bet you've never seen a real golden canary bird?"

"Let's see, let me recollect a minute—"

"But it's the most beautiful bird in all the world, and I just thought you might have seen ne—"

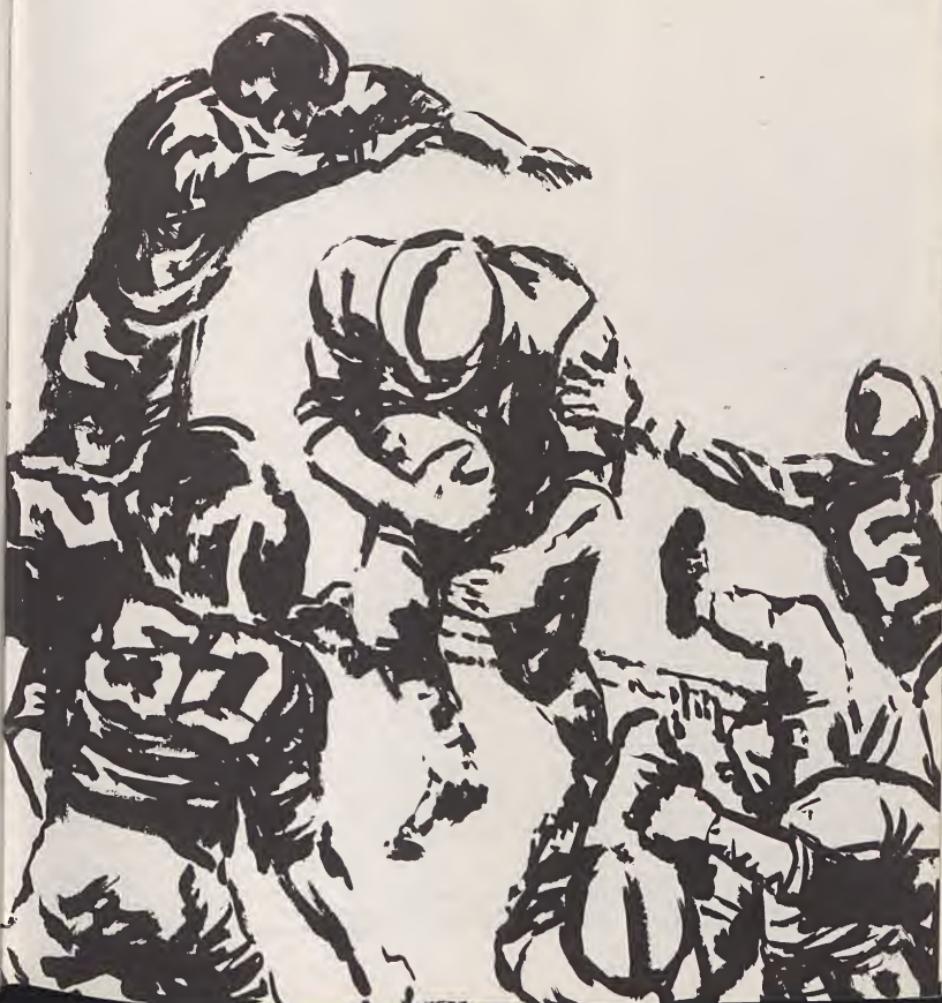
"Come to think of it, Hensley, I believe I have seen one, yes, and you're right, it's the most beautiful bird in all the world—sure you won't have a plum-drop, they're fresh made, made them especially for Christmas."

"But, Mr. McGregor, it's not Christmas; it's not even close to Christmas." And then Hensley, embarrassed and ashamed of his disbelief, remembers that every Saturday is Christmas to Mr. McGregor, because that's when all the little kids come in and sit around eating their cracker jacks; so he tiptoes softly out so as not to disturb Mr. McGregor's night before Christmas. "No, thank you, Mr. McGregor, not tonight. I've got a dreamroom somewhere."

POGOING through the everlasting Christmas trees which circle Mr. McGregor's Candy Store, poguing through the green hills of Africa and whistling "Hurrah For The Canary Bird Dreamroom," Hensley pogos right into the Canary Bird Dreamroom. It is a crystal cavern roofed by the wind and circled by waterfalls which flow through perfumed orchards endlessly to the sea. Icicles, coated with cinnamon and sugar, drip deliciously from the wind; and all the little children, their fingers closing like petals around all-day cinnamon-cicles, wander aimlessly through fields of dandelions, their toes discovering every sun-burning flower. The wind rearranges dandelion colors, and butterflies feel for the wind's direction and glide across the dandelion field to Sally's back yard where all the little children are now sitting around and eating cracker jacks under the biggest Christmas tree Hensley has ever believed in. It's the kind of tree Mr. McGregor would like to have. And right up in the top of the tree is the most beautiful bird in all this world, which after many flowers, is reached for by hands trembling like wings.

FOOTBALL:

A Postseason Appraisal



Football In The Wake Forest Community

by Ken Garitano

EACH FALL with the turning of the leaves the excitement of college football runs through all parts of the country. Few of our larger colleges remain untouched by the pounding throb of its spirit. Games are won or lost; students cheer or cry. Alumni come back for the big weekends. Tension builds up from little trickles on Mondays to raging torrents on Saturdays. Even to the casual observer it is evident that football occupies a position of importance in most American colleges. Recently, however, in some academic circles, the merit of placing so great an emphasis on inter-collegiate football has come under attack. Simultaneously bigtime football has been staunchly defended in other quarters. Exponents of each view glare hostilely at each other, determined to wage a war of extinction.

Chicago University was a Waterloo for bigtime football, once a powerhouse of the Big Ten Conference, Chicago now has completely abandoned the game. At one Atlantic Coast Conference school the coach has gone to the other extreme and run rampant over the school's academic community. Both of the above cases are examples of extremist victories. One school has denied the place of inter-collegiate football on the college campus; while at the other, football has been exalted until it even dwarfs the main purpose of college, the pursuit of knowledge.

The trend in colleges after World War II has been to play a more professional brand of football. In football, as in so many other phases of contemporary life, specialization has become the key. What has this specialization involved? On the gridiron it has meant the elimination of the well-rounded football player who could play both offense and defense. In his place has appeared a horde of specialists, who march on and off the field in a never ending procession. The post-war era was an era of great football machines. A school whose football team operated on a low budget could not hope to compete against these monsters, recruited by vast sums of money. Consequently, different groups sought to remedy the situation. The National Collegiate Athletic Association, the executive body of college football, passed restrictions on how players were to be recruited. The Ivy League schools de-emphasized their football programs. They stiffened their academic requirements for athletes and abolished spring football practice. Individual schools also took action. Washington and Lee dropped

out of the Southern Conference to play schools whose emphasis on football was similar to its own.

Yet many schools did not place checks on their football programs, and as a result there have appeared wide discrepancies in the caliber of football played by institutions with an equal number of students.

Wake Forest is a prime example of the little school physically that competes in a league of much larger institutions, some of whom place considerably more emphasis on football. Wake Forest, according to a 1960 issue of Sport Magazine, is the little school that defeats the football giants.

However, despite the glowing picture of Wake Forest football painted by Sport Magazine, there are rumblings of discontent around the campus and among the alumni, though a different sort among the latter. "Putifuly," say the anti-footballers, "most of the alumni seem upset because we don't win more football games than Duke or State, not because they are afraid football may compromise Wake Forest's academic standards. One member of the administration asked the following question: 'If Wake Forest offered Duke's coach, Bill Murray, a large sum of money to come to Wake Forest, wouldn't there be a terrific cry of indignation among Duke's alumni?' But, if Wake Forest stole away Duke's leading history professor hardly an alumnus would know about it, or even care."

A student, who is consistently on the dean's list and very active on the campus, questioned football on the grounds that, as it is played at Wake Forest, the game is devoid of student participation. The football coaches say this is the fault of the students. They point out that any student who comes out for the team is given equipment and a chance to compete. The students reply that they have no chance to compete with a boy imported exclusively to play football.

Some students, teachers, and administrative officers of the school think we should drop intercollegiate football completely and concentrate on developing a top-flight intramural program in which every student could have a place. They point to the \$200,000 deficit the school suffered in 1957. This financial argument is quite fallacious. To have a well developed intramural program the school would have to put out more money than it presently does. Most alumni, who freely donate funds to the athletic department while Wake Forest plays big-

time football, would most likely refuse to support any intramural program. Therefore, the \$100,000 or more it would take to operate a good intramural program would have to be paid for by the college.

In truth, whether the anti-footballers like it or not, they must face the facts of what the complete loss of big-time football would mean at Wake Forest. The first fact is that it would mean a loss of prestige. "Oh," protest some, "in whose opinion will we lose stature?" This can be answered quite frankly: according to those who work in the admissions office many of the outstanding high school seniors are very interested in Wake's football team. Though ideally football shouldn't be a prime factor in a student's selection of a school, realistically, one cannot deny that it does play an important part.

Others, who think football is played on too professional a scale don't urge the complete abolition of the game, though they do want it kept in its "proper" place in relation to the other activities on the campus. Instead of putting forth all the different plans for de-emphasizing football, it is better to first try and look briefly at the actual status of football at Wake Forest. This is extremely important, for many people, who are crying over the professionalism of the college's football team, have not carefully examined the situation.

One of the first complaints leveled against football at Wake Forest is that the players have it academically easy. It is true that some players make it a point to try and get the very few professors who show athletes particular favoritism. Yet, at the same time many of the players are carrying normal academic loads and taking their subjects from demanding professors. That some athletes take "crip" courses from powder-puff professors is regrettable, but the fact that most other students at the college also seek easy courses from "soft" teachers is just as sickening. Admissions standards for athletes are also the same as for all other male students. Last year a high school senior who was a first team All-American athlete was turned down because he failed to meet the school's entrance requirements.

Another complaint brought against football is that since the entrance into the A.C.C. the team has not had a really successful season. It is the belief of many that unless the school allots more money and more

scholarships Wake Forest will never be able to put a winning team on the football field. To allot more funds for football, others say, would put an unfair strain on the resources of a school of Wake Forest's size. This money could be better devoted to academic scholarships, which, by the way, are not exceptionally numerous at Wake Forest.

Thus comes the question: What would happen if football at Wake Forest were de-emphasized? Certainly we would no longer be able to play in the Atlantic Coast Conference! At the present time Wake Forest's coach, Billy Hildebrand, is in the uncomfortable position of having to operate with thirty football scholarships a year. Yet, he is expected to field a team that will hold its own with Clemson, where eighty football scholarships are given out. All the other Atlantic Coast Conference schools also give out more football scholarships than Wake.

Therefore, a de-emphasized Deacon squad would have to drop its traditional rivalries with the other members of the Big Four, or expect to face terrible lacings.

The question may now be asked: Do the college's rivalries mean anything? A particular student who has visited in Europe and attended college there, remarked that European students have no close spirited ties with their schools. She added that certainly football was one of the activities that brought together the student body and



helped create school spirit.

When the Ivy League schools de-emphasized, it was a group action. Consequently, they did not have to break off their traditional rivalries. Ideally the Atlantic Coast Conference could de-emphasize football and attract players in other ways than by offering them scholarships. Then it would

be possible to have football teams made up in some degree by players, who would come to their respective schools primarily as students.

However at some Atlantic Coast Conference schools, football is already nearly out of the hands of the faculty and administration. The alumni and even the general public — people not at all directly connected with the schools — pressure the administrations into hiring and firing coaches. To many students the game of football is played for "old grads" and a public who is interested only in a winning team. "Why," they ask, "should Wake Forest College cater to these people?" What they need is their own professional team, which could be called the Winston-Salem Blankety-Blanks!

What then, is the future role of football to be at Wake Forest? Obviously, the answer is not a simple one. The problem is complex, and there are no "black" or "white" answers. Football must not grow bigger than the administration. But still it is not something to be dismissed entirely.

The school must examine football in the light of academic values. When these values are infringed upon, then it is time for de-emphasis! At the present time though, football at Wake Forest complies with the standards of the school and contributes to making many fall afternoons more enjoyable.

Football In The Wake Forest Community Reconsidered

by Kelly Griffith

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, to avoid becoming more and more embroiled in the unpleasant big-time-athletic stigma, must abandon big time athletics and the Atlantic Coast Conference.

Wake Forest became a charter member of the Atlantic Coast Conference in 1953. In the seven years of its existence, the Conference has grown immensely. Most of the top teams have received national recognition for their athletic prowess. The Conference, with its powerhouse schools, has outrun the once satisfactory athletic program of Wake Forest College. Wake Forest, today, is faced with a serious problem: it must increase its expenditures for athletics in order to compete successfully in the Conference. It has been said that Wake Forest "doesn't have a chance to win the Atlantic Coast Conference football championship under our present program." The reason is that Wake Forest does not "give enough

scholarships." Coach Hildebrand gives about 30 scholarships a year compared to the much larger number given by ACC "powers;" Clemson, for example, gives 80 football scholarships a year.

In view of these facts, then, the obvious question is, why try to compete in the Atlantic Coast Conference if we cannot and do not win? The intelligent observer can easily see that if we are going to stay in the ACC we must increase expenditures; otherwise, it is ridiculous to remain in a conference in which we cannot effectively compete.

Since Wake Forest has reached a crisis in her football program, since the Atlantic Coast Conference has gotten "too big" for Wake Forest, I raise the simple question: Why remain in the Atlantic Coast Conference? What have we to gain by playing big time athletics? Many astute observers believe that what there is to be gained from

a big time athletic program can be gained from a lesser program in which the danger of over-emphasis is not large. One thing is certain, however: the risk of falling into the pit of over-emphasis is great if Wake Forest goes any further with its present program.

Already in the Atlantic Coast Conference, there exist schools which violate academic and scholastic principles to achieve athletic success. One ACC school is practically run by the head football coach. He feels that the school should revolve around his football team and acts accordingly. The athletic department owns and operates the book store and snack shop, among others. If at any time the coach should want more money for athletic scholarships, he simply raises the price of books and the students indirectly pay for new recruits. Football players at this and another ACC school

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are excused from normal academic requirements.

Another stigma Wake Forest must face in the ACC is the attitude adopted by some of the schools toward competition. The idea that victory is the most important thing in a contest is dominant in the Atlantic Coast Conference, to say nothing of the rest of the country. The theory of a large body of people in the United States is that everything should be subordinated to winning the game. Unfortunately, we have the same philosophy embedded in some Atlantic Coast Conference schools. Evidence of this is seen in a speech given by the late football coach of North Carolina University, Jim Tatum, to a group of new recruits. Tatum said that winning "is not the most important thing but the ONLY thing." Such an attitude toward winning is strikingly dangerous and just the thought of possibly having it seep into Wake Forest College should make College supporters cringe in disgust.

With schools in the Atlantic Coast Conference who allow the athletic program to govern the academic life of the colleges, and with teams which adopt the attitude that winning is the "only" thing, Wake Forest must go all the way in its effort to win. But in going all the way, Wake Forest runs a huge risk of becoming replicas of those schools against whom it competes. With this risk looming high on the ACC horizon, I ask again, Why compete in the ACC?

Let us consider one of the most important phases of big time athletics, the athletic scholarship. Now, let me make it clear that I have nothing against athletic scholarships as such; Other students, good in other fields, are given scholarships; Why shouldn't the athlete be given a scholarship? After all, athletics is part of our curriculum. However, it is the nature of the athletic scholarship program that is objectionable. It seems to me that the normal scholarship program would have the student achieve his scholarship because of his academic ability; then, once a part of our "family," he could choose a major—athletics, maybe. As it is now, we have one set of scholarships for athletes who show promise in football or what-have-you and another set, few in number, for academically promising people.

John Usher Monroe, Dean of Harvard College, was quoted in a recent issue of Newsweek magazine as saying: "It does not matter how bad the high school, how poor the family, how dull the mind—the gifted athlete gets to college. We have to mobilize everybody for miles around to do it—coaches, schools, parents, neighbors, alumni, boosters' clubs, special tutors—no effort is too much for us. Indeed there is apt to be renumeration; the athlete expects it; it is part of his All-American birthright. The colleges have learned to care about athletes, and to hunt them down, and treat them well . . . the contrast between our success with

athletes and our failure with merely able minds is a fantastic irony and a thoroughly unpleasant truth about American colleges and universities."

Those who argue in favor of the athletic scholarship give the absurd idea that some intelligent people could not have come to college if they had not obtained an athletic scholarship. But, if they were intelligent, why did they need athletic scholarships? Why could they not have gone to college on an academic scholarship if they were so smart? Another argument is that the person of "average" ability who might not be smart enough to get an academic scholarship can get a college education by way of his superior athletic ability. This is noble indeed, but it is not the way our scholarship program is set up. If we are to make allowances for the athlete, we must make allowances for others. The modified scholarship program would have to include people who are good in history, music, business, or whatever you are but are mediocre in other things. Our scholarship program is not this way and there seems to be no reason to make allowances for the excellent athlete-moderate student. The athletic scholarship as we have it now, then, under an ideal college program is not necessary. Many schools have gotten rid of the athletic scholarship yet still have effective football teams. Princeton, for example, has a thriving athletic program, has superb "school spirit," yet gives no athletic scholarships. The Army, Navy and Air Force have no athletic scholarships as such; everyone gets a scholarship and to achieve one of these scholarships, every student must pass the rigid academic requirements which each academy requires. No athlete is excluded from academic requirements.

Another consideration which some people overlook is that of school spirit. A scholarship program stops students who have no scholarships from wanting to play football. One student remarked to me, "Well, what's the use of going out for the squad when the scholarship boys get all the breaks." School spirit is talked about so much as being bad at football games, but has anybody considered that many Wake Forest students believe that the team is nothing short of a professional team; all the members get paid and nearly all the members are out of state people who would probably have never come to Wake Forest or even heard of it unless they were offered a scholarship.

We have disposed of the problem of scholarships; let's now look at some arguments for staying in big time athletics. They are as follows: 1. Big time athletics will make money for Wake Forest. 2. The alumni will have something to brag about. 3. College personal relationships will be made better. 4. Athletic renown will attract good students to the College. 5. College spirit will be helped.

Let's look at each argument objectively. Argument one is correct. Big Time athletics will make money for the College. In fact, it costs less to have a big time athletic program than it would cost to have a non-profit amateur program. It has been estimated that an amateur program would cost a minimum of 100,000 dollars. The present program costs nothing and usually makes some-

reasonably good football team, or a Norman Snead or a Billy Ray Barnes, alumni and contributors give money to new science buildings or girls' dormitories which they would not give otherwise. Also, good students come to Wake Forest because of a good football or basketball team. Number five is true also; when a school has a football team constantly in the spotlight, the students seem to pick up the spirit of the team and carry it into their school life.

All of these points are undeniably true, but they are points which apply to any other level of collegiate football as well as to big time football. Unless Wake Forest College feels that it is under the obligation to take on the biggest and toughest teams in the country, it could very easily have all of the above advantages in a program with lesser dimensions. Take the Ivy League, for example. They have de-emphasized. They do not give athletic scholarships, but they have excellent school spirit, they have paying crowds of up to 70,000 people, and they attract the best students.

Let me say again that the danger in big time athletics is over-emphasis. Why should Wake Forest take the risk of becoming like ACC schools? We are already following that trend by giving more athletic scholarships than academic scholarships, and to stay in competition with top ACC teams, Wake Forest must increase its number of athletic scholarships.

The existing state of the affairs in the Conference can be attributed to the nature of the Conference and the Conference itself. The Atlantic Coast Conference is made up of a conglomeration of odds and evens. Some schools, such as Maryland and North Carolina, have 8,000 or so students; whereas, Wake Forest has only 2,000 students. Some schools such as Clemson and Carolina offer a maximum of athletic scholarships; whereas Wake Forest and Virginia offer nowhere near a maximum. The Atlantic Coast Conference is easily to blame for most of the over-emphasis problems and attitudes towards winning that exist in some of its members. Some action should be taken by the Conference to even things out, but no action is being taken and the problem gets worse.

To conclude, the only way for Wake Forest to compete in the Atlantic Coast Conference is to increase its already too large athletic program and run a great risk of over-emphasizing athletics. I ask, Why run the risk when we can have all the benefits of a big athletic program in a smaller league? One solution to the problem is to get out of the ACC. Whether we could achieve the completely ideal program by doing this is not certain, but getting out seems logical and safe.



thing; thus, when our present program breaks even or goes in the hole, the College saves thousands of dollars by having a big time program instead of an amateur program.

Argument number two is obvious. The alumni certainly will have something to talk about if Wake Forest wins. Argument three is true. Because Wake Forest has a



a girl

a vase









The way to experience Jazz

is to be there when it's happening

by John Hopkins

IN RECENT YEARS, since serious music critics have begun to take a real interest in jazz as an art form, dozens of books have been written analyzing jazz as some form of combination of the blue tonalities and syncopated rhythms of the African heritage and the harmonic and melodic ideas of the European cultures. Each of these books has found the birth of jazz somewhere in the byways of New Orleans and has traced its development through the riverboat trip up the Mississippi to Chicago and from there to New York and recognition. Various authors have devised "schools" of jazz which they divide

wise but foolish. There obviously are some wide divergences between some men in jazz and close relationships among others. My point is that the real greats in the history of jazz have always been able to reach beyond the obvious, external techniques and stylistic aspects of a "school" or "movement" to those things which have real meaning for them and best express the things they have to say. It is always the hangers-on and imitators who pick up and copy the characteristics of the great without having the accompanying depth of feeling. The true genius in any field of art uses techniques and styles, he is not a slave to them.

love or hate, the beauty or ugliness of the essential man cuts straight through to touch one's mind and emotions without the constricting bonds of the written note. The struggle and search of each man for truth, and the partly or fully exposed answers stand out in stark relief against the background of the ubiquitous rhythm section as the soloist carves away with his instrument at the folds of darkness that surround him.

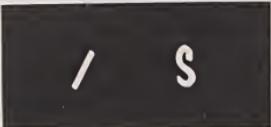
Good jazz comes from many different places at many different times. It can be well thought-out and planned or almost entirely spontaneous, and very few rules can be established for what should or should not be included. Almost a year ago a professor of mine tried to wring a coherent definition of jazz from me and I found myself forced to equivocate and hedge. Since that time, I have tried to formulate some sort of personal criterion for what is and is not jazz. Each time I seem to be reaching some sort of a decision, however, I hear

and analyze to my distraction. They speak of the New Orleans school, the Chicago school, the New York school, of the Dixieland, Swing, bop, cool, funky, and the Modern styles. My head swims sometimes trying to distinguish between East Coast and West Coast jazz. It has always seemed to me to be more than a little silly and futile to make these distinctions to infinity, when so few of them are valid and most of them lead more to confusion than clarification. Jazz, by its very nature, is an intensely personal music and, as such, is better classified according to the man rather than the school or style. Each jazz musician of truly great stature has a style and a manner that is all his own, and many of them can play with men of several of the jazz scholar's "schools" equally well without sacrificing his own style and ideas. The essential "self" of a true jazz great comes through in his music whether he is blowing "Frankie and Johnny" with Louis Armstrong or "Night in Tunisia" with Dizzy Gillespie.

The jazzman, like any other artist, tries to express in his music those things which are of the most importance to him. To say that there are no divisions at all in jazz and that jazz is jazz is jazz would be not only un-

My great love for jazz stems from several things about it, not the least of which is the fact that, more than any other form of music, jazz is intensely personal and stridently dynamic. When listening to a really great performance by a man, regardless, I get the feeling that here is a man bearing his soul and mind and feelings as they really were that day. He is opening up himself to the very core for all to see. In jazz we see the inner artist as we are never quite able to see him if his soul is obscured in the effort to express the work of a composer either long dead or living. The pain or the joy, the

something new that totally wrecks my theory. I find it rather easy to say whether or not a particular piece is jazz, but any essential definition continues to elude me. Jazz comes from all corners of the world and many different kinds of people. There are certain elements that are necessary in part to jazz, but a piece may exclude any one or



J A Z Z

more of them and still remain jazz. Critics of much greater stature than myself have tried to define jazz and failed. I will leave the search to them and just sit back and enjoy. The nearest I can come to telling anyone what jazz is is to say that it is strongly personal and mostly improvised.

Regardless of what jazz technically is, I feel that recordings are a singularly poor way to reach any real appreciation of it. Because it is so personal, jazz depends on a very close rapport between musician and audience to create the excitement and emotional response that is the very soul of its worth. The way to experience jazz is to be there when it is happening. There is no substitute for the electric ecstasy that flashes through an audience when a soloist or a group reaches a truly great point in a performance. Concerts and night clubs are the best place that the layman can find this experience; but they, alas, are tainted to a large degree by that omnipresent bugbear of contemporary American culture, commercialism. The best place to hear real jazz is in the after-hours gatherings of musicians where they play solely to please themselves. It is in these sessions that the great, near-great, and not-so-great gather with but one purpose in mind, to make the music that is their life. The session may be in some musician's basement, in a closed studio, or a hip club-owner's place. Usually the host observes a bring-your-own refreshments policy, but sometimes, especially if it is at his house, he will provide beer and pretzels. About a half-hour after all the

clubs close for the night, everyone will start to wander in, the first ones bringing their own instruments, the later ones often borrowing someone else's. It is customary that the first man who brings his own instrument is the one to start off the evening in that capacity, although most of the other men in that category will sit in before the session is over. Especially in the rhythm section the first instrument brought is often the one used all night. Among the horn men there is much more adamant particularity as to type and style of instrument, with many of this group refusing to play on any but their own horns. Often, before the session is too far under way, a man will come in who is one of the acknowledged kings of his instrument and he usually takes over for the remainder of the evening. It is a rare upstart who would challenge one of these giants to relinquish his seat for even one piece. Sometimes, there will happen to be two men at a session who are almost equally renowned on their particular instrument. Such a situation is liable to produce a "cutting session," in which the two men try to outdo each other by trading choruses or shorter phrases. Some sessions of this time, such as the one between Lester Young and Chu Berry, two of the greatest tenor sax men of the swing band days, have virtually become legend, something every jazzman dreams of having seen. These monumental epic battles are very rare, however, since most of the musicians are quite respectful of one another and also a little frightened of losing such a battle. Usually a session will be honored by the

presence of one man who holds a god-like place in the esteem of his fellows and he will be encouraged to take charge and mold the movement along lines of his own preference with numerous sidemen "sitting in," thrilled at the opportunity to play with the great man. It takes much less time to warm up than usual at a session since most everyone has been playing earlier that night and is already in shape to play. When everything is set up, one of the men will suggest some tune to start out with, usually a standard pop or jazz piece, the rhythm section will start it off in a leisurely manner, with the soloist picking it up after the first eight bars. The first chorus is usually played pretty "straight," that is close to the melody, and the solos start on the second chorus. When the solos begin, the drummer lightens up and moves into an easy swinging pattern and the rest of the rhythm section moves into a suggestive but not constricting pattern of chords that guides the soloist, and then the man steps forth, lost in his inner world of sounds that must be released. Head bent slightly, eyes closed he pours out his soul through a silver or golden tube twisted in several strange ways. The notes cut across the room in an oblique, slicing into your nerves, scalpel-like, causing the tension of intense excitement to leap forth, or they float languidly, lulling and soothing. At the end, you feel limp or warm as the case may be, and then, suddenly, you say to yourself, "This is it. This is jazz."



"Jimmy wants a fire engine, Mary wants a doll, Tommy wants a wagon, Herman wants..."

Broken Jug

by Robert Sitton



"The poem is not the critic's own and not the author's (it is detached from the author at birth and goes about the world beyond his power to intend about it or control it)."

—W. K. Wimsatt and Monroe C. Beardsley, "The Intentional Fallacy", *Sewanee Review*, 1946.

MANY CONTEMPORARY ART critics are fond of talking about "the work itself," "explication of the text," and so forth. Of major import in this trend toward textual analysis are two positions tacitly assumed by all so-called New Critics: (1) that the artist's intention is either unknowable or irrelevant to the evaluation of his work, and (2) that subjective responses on the part of the viewer of an art work are more descriptions of his psychological state than of the objective merits of the work. These tenets have been christened "the intentional fallacy" and "the affective fallacy," respectively. Neither, I believe, are fallacious, and both are of vital importance to sensible art criticism. Space permits dealing with only part of the former at this time, i.e. whether or not an artist's intention in creating a work can be known.

Although it may be true that I intend to get up at six tomorrow morning, it is not confirmed until I do so. Acts, and not promises, confirm intentions. On this point the textual analysts are correct. It is not what an artist says he has done or will do in a

work that counts, it is what he actually does. Creative activity culminates in products, works of art. With regard to intentions, then, it is the work itself that should concern the critic, not statements of intention found exterior to the work in diaries, letters, interviews, etc. Literature, like hell, is paved with good intentions. But because criticism must limit itself to the scope of the work itself, it does not follow that no notion whatsoever of the artist's intention is available to the critic.

When we seek to discover what someone's intention was in performing an act, we are looking for an answer of a certain type to the question "Why?" an answer which, if relevant, reveals a reason which is also a cause of the act. If we ask, "Why did he do that?", and the answer is "Out of habit," we have a cause but no reason. A cause which serves as a reason is an elected cause, i.e. one which is voluntarily chosen as sufficient grounds for acting by an individual. This is not a "cause," in the traditional sense of whenever there is A (cause) there is B (effect), because there is no systematic connection between those forces which we allow to direct our behavior and our behavior per se. Thus it can be seen that intentional, as opposed to non-intentional acts, are those to which the question "Why?" is applicable, the answer being something like "In order to alleviate my discomfort," "To insure that we have enough fuel for the winter," etc. These reveal decisions that could have been otherwise, but were so chosen by a free

exercise of will on the agent's part. There is a rationale in these answers which is absent in answers which reveal habitual or other non-intentional acts.

Creation of a work of art is also an act. As such it can be intentional and usually is an act of arranging humanly devised symbols into a communicative pattern. It thus makes sense to speak of a creative act as a communicative act, an act of language usage (taking "language" in its broadest sense to mean any symbol system, however esoteric it might be). In ordinary cases of language usage we deduce that those are intentional to which the question "Why?" is applicable and reveals a reason that is also a cause. For example, "Why did Edna say 'Woe to the offender'?" "In order to warn that those who disregard a person's rights will be dealt with severely." The answer, by indicating a goal which could not be achieved by an unconscious or fortuitous use of language, thereby indicates that the language usage was intentional, and that the intention was to achieve that goal.

We understand what a person is trying to do (intending) in using a bit of language by examining what he says in the light of the conventional meanings attached to the words used. If a man says "Please pass the salt," we know by the conventional meanings of "please," "pass," "the" and "salt" that his intention in using that bit of language is to have us pass the salt to him. Convention, then, is the arbiter of intention in ordinary

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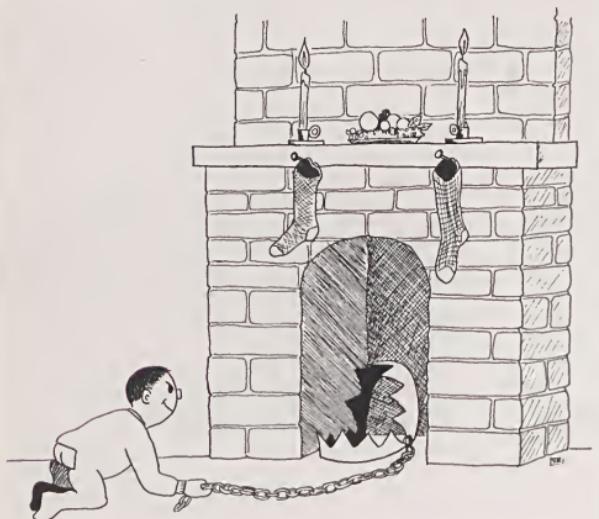
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usage of language. What about the symbolic elements that comprise the language of the arts? The same will and must apply if we are to make sense of the notion of discovering an artist's intention. If we are to "understand," in any sense of the term, a work of art, we must to some extent hold a perspective in common with the artist as to the meanings to be attached to the symbols he used in his artifact. A perspective need not be shared by all people in order to be called a convention; indeed, it is not absurd to say that a totally private set of symbols may comprise a convention, if we hold that the conditions for a symbol convention is that the symbols used do not radically change in meaning from one time to another. "Accidental" art, dadaist poetry, etc., would thereby elude explication, but an internally consistent set of symbols such as found in some of E. E. Cummings's more esoteric work, although wreaking havoc upon generally held conventions, would still be said to follow its own conventions and level itself to meaningful explication.

Now, what is the method for disclosing an artist's intention in creating a particular work, or part of a work? I suggest that we ask of the work or part in question, "Why is this here?", or "Why was this work created?" In answering this question we must see the work in the light of conventional meanings attached to the symbols used within it. If the answer reveals a reason which is also a cause (in the sense set forth above), we may conclude that the intention was intentionally produced, and that the intention was to express the meaning indicated by explication by means of conventions. Let me offer two trivial examples of the types of questions and answers that would reveal intentions: (1) "Why is that figure clutching a moneybag?" "To indicate that he is Judas, a man who places high value upon material things." (2) "Why was this work created?" "To justify the ways of God to man." This process is so simple that it is remarkable that the question of whether or not an artist's intention can be known should ever have arisen.

A work of art is not a detached entity floating about in the world. It is an intimate part of the artist and viewer alike, because of the common significance placed upon the symbols used. Textual analysis does not demand that the critic become impersonal, that he try to see the work in clinical isolation. This attitude smacks strongly of arrogant scientism. It is not as though we must place the work under a microscope in a sterilized environment in order to see its real worth. Value is not found in things deprived of their human origin. The human factor must be preserved in the arts. This demands seeing works of art as products of human invention which affect our emotions as well as our minds.

FOUR VIGNETTES

by Brent Filson

1

THE WAITRESS inside the cafe looked pretty good to me and my buddy. We were standing under the light of a street lamp and looking at her through the picture window of the cafe. Her back was turned and she was bent over wiping something off a table.

Me and my buddy had hitch hiked all day without anything to eat. My buddy said we ought to go in and check her out. The place looked like it didn't have any cockroaches in it and I said O.K.

We walked in. No one was in the cafe but her and a cook who was in the back. She turned around and looked at us when we walked in the cafe. My buddy wanted to go back and start hitch hiking right then. Boy was she ugly. But I showed him a sign on the wall which read hamburgers cost 20¢ and you could get some kind of special hamburger with french fries and everything for 35¢. He said he would stay. Don't think I'm cheap. I didn't care what the hamburgers cost, even though that was a pretty good deal. I just didn't feel like hunting around for a place to eat just because the waitress in that joint was a pig. My buddy is funny about that stuff. He only likes to eat in places with sexy waitresses. But he never says anything to them. He just sits and looks.

Me and my buddy sat down at the counter so we didn't have to pay the waitress a tip. Cracker crumbs and split water were slopped on the table and I was brushing the cracker crumbs away trying not to get them stuck in the water when this drunk looking old man opened the door and walked in. He was wearing a coat and tie and he looked at us as he walked in and sat on the stool next to me.

The waitress came over and asked us what we would like. My buddy said he wanted that special hamburger with everything on it, onions too. I said I wanted a hamburger steak with french fries and spinach and iced tea to drink. My buddy said he wanted water to drink. The old drunk looking guy said he wanted country steak (the home cooked style), mashed potatoes with butter, and spinach. He wanted coffee

to drink. My buddy said he wanted our two orders put on two separate tickets.

The waitress looked a little mad because she had put me and my buddy's and the old guy's orders on the same ticket. She gave the orders to this sleepy looking cook.

The old drunk-looking guy was pretty ugly. He wore glasses, and he had drooping sacks under his eyes. The skin under his chin was loose and flabby. It bulged over his shirt collar like the rubber tubing that swells from a torn football.

The old guy turned and looked at me. I heard my buddy's special hamburger start to crackle on the frier when the old guy asked me if I wanted to see something. I said O.K., and he pulled up his leg and pushed down his loose fitting, smelly looking brown sock. My buddy looked over. His ankle had a swelling on it. The swelling was colored blue. It made me kind of sick to see the swelling, and I wished I hadn't ordered spinach. Spinach is all right, but if I think about spit on the sidewalks or vomit or something before I eat it, it makes it tough going down. Seeing the old guy's swelling I knew the spinach I ordered would be tough going down. My buddy didn't look too good either.

The old guy put his leg down and said the doctors didn't know what it was. I said I didn't know either. My buddy said he didn't know. I was trying to think of something to say to my buddy. I didn't want to talk to the old guy. I thought he might show us something else like a skin disease or his fillings or something.

The old guy looked through the tops of his glasses and said he had never been sick until he got that swelling on his ankle. The fat under his chin bobbed as he spoke. He said he would give anything if he could be as young as me and my buddy. I thought the guy might be an evangelist and start in on Christ and us looking to him in our youth. I still couldn't think of anything to say to my buddy. My buddy didn't help any.

The old guy said he was lonely and said he lived in a room by himself. All he had to look at, he said, was four walls and a T.V. set. My buddy said later that he didn't

see what was bad about that. He said they had some pretty good T.V. programs on those days. Of course that was the summer and a lot of shows were being re-run. But my buddy guessed he could have stayed in a room with T.V. the rest of his life and not become too lonely.

I wanted to eat and go on the highway and start hitch hiking again. I didn't want to listen to the crazy stuff the old guy was saying. I started talking to my buddy about how long it would take us to get to Denver. My buddy said he didn't know. I expected that and didn't know what else to say. The old guy asked if we knew some sort of song and said he didn't think we did, but hoped we might. He said it came out during World War I. Everyone used to sing it when he was our age. Me and my buddy said we never heard of the song. The old man sang it. It wasn't a bad song. My buddy didn't like it. He told me later.

The old guy by this time was getting pretty bad. He looked like he was going to cry. The whole thing was getting to my nerves. The food came and I ate quickly, the spinach too. I said nothing to the old guy. Even when he asked me questions about guys I had never heard of who fought during World War I, I said nothing. My buddy said later, he knew the name of one guy the old guy had mentioned. It was Sergeant York. He said he saw a movie on T.V. last year with this Sergeant York killing a bunch of Germans during World War I.

A dessert came with my meal. It was free, but I didn't take it. I asked the waitress to bring the check, my buddy reminded her to put the meals on separate bills. We paid for the meals and walked out of the cafe. I saw the old guy looking at us through his glasses as we walked past the cafe's picture window. We walked from under the street light and went down beside the dark highway. We walked a while beside the highway in the dark, then stopped under a street light and waited for the cars. I felt glad to get away from the old guy as me and my buddy waited under the street light looking down the dark highway.



2

THE BIG MAN sat two bar stools down from Dan crushing peanuts on the bar with the edge of his beer mug. Dan looked at him through the dusty mirror in front of them, and he heard the peanuts crunch and the glass click on the porcelain. They were alone in the bar except for the bartender.

Dan wore a short sleeve shirt. A wet wind had caught him on the pier after the sun went down, and he came in the bar to get warm. He still had goose bumps on his arms.

The big man crunching the peanuts wore a heavy car coat. His shoulders were broad even through his car coat. Dan guessed he was about 50 years old, although it was hard for him to tell looking in the dusty mirror.

Dan sipped his beer, wishing it was hot chocolate. This was his only night in Seattle. He didn't want the coldness to spoil it. Tomorrow he was to start back to North Carolina to enter college. He wanted to cram everything into one night. No one knew him in Seattle.

It took a little while to ask the big man.

"What do you do in this town for fun?" he asked the big man. Without the mirror he looked about 60 years old.

The big man glanced in the mirror. He turned and looked at Dan. "What are ya looking for?" he said.

"A place to have some fun."

"What do ya mean fun?" the big man said.

"Girls and dancing and that stuff," Dan said.

The big man put a peanut on the porcelain, pressed down with his beer mug and smashed it. "If ya want that, ya go to the Checker Board. It's rough. Ya might not want it. The Cat's Eye isn't as rough. That might be better for ya. It's got girls too."

"How do you get to the Checker Board?" Dan asked.

The big man readied another peanut. He looked Dan hard in the eye. "Where ya from, kid?"

"North Carolina," said Dan feeling confident. He had hitch hiked all the way.

"The same old story," he said. "The college kid traveling around, seeing the under side of life."

"What? Hell I'm not going to college." Suddenly embarrassed, he was lying. "I used to go, but quit. Didn't do me any good. I joined the army instead."

"I'll tell ya what to do," the big man said crushing the peanut. "Go to the Debonair or the Starlight Club. The Debonair is on Pike Street. A few blocks from here. Go up this street three blocks, turn right and it's down Pike a block. Ya can see all you want there. The Starlight is one block farther up from Pike. Go on go to those places—you can have em all."

"What do you mean have em all?" Dan said.

"I'm sick of it," the big man said. "I've been dealing with those places and the common people that go there for thirty

years. I hate common people. Only deal with them when I'm working."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a doorman, bouncer and general butt kicker for the Red Rose; it's five blocks from here and it's near the water front. Tonight's my night off. So what do ya think, -kid? That answer good enough for ya?"

Dan said nothing.

"Go on to the Debonair or one of those on Pike. All ya want's there." The big man scooped the crushed nuts from the porcelain and dumped them into his empty beer mug. He swung his broad shoulders around and stood up and zipped up his heavy car coat.

"Where you going?" Dan asked.

"The Pigalle."

"What's that? A good place?"

"It's a joint. That's what it is. Go to the places I told you. A punk college kid can see all that common stuff."

"Hey how come you're like this?" Dan said. "How come I just ask a question and you're like this?"

The big man smiled for the first time. "I hate humanity," he said. He started to walk out.

"Let me go with you," Dan urged.

"You buy the drinks."

"You crazy?"

"So long then," the big man said. He walked into the street.

Dan sat rubbing his prickly feeling forearms. He decided to go back to his hotel room and to bed. He was going to start for home early in the morning and try to catch a long ride quickly.

3

THE POOL LIGHTS blinked out then on again, and Dan and Rick jumped off their guard stands. Dan pulled on his white tee shirt. His face was burnt red and was taut from the sun. The hairs on his legs were bleached. Today he was 16.

Rick walked over to Dan's guard stand and put his sun tan lotion, towels, helmet, and whistle inside the cabinet under the seat. He slid off his wedding ring and put it under the helmet.

"Let's go birthday boy," Rick said.

"You think it'll break up?" Dan asked.

"Naw, it'll last until they have to leave. Then they'll go somewhere else," said Rick.

They climbed the stairs to the room at the top of the bath house and stopped outside the door and looked at the men and women fast-dancing. The room was large and lighted by a yellow bulb hanging by a cord from the ceiling.

A woman, her hair blowy and her blouse half tucked into her Bermuda shorts, walked up the stairs towards the boys. She held on to the rail—careful with each step.

"Well, I'll be. It's the life guards," she said. "What are you boys doing out here, for chrisake. Come in and get a beer." She took Dan's hand and led him into the room. He felt awkward. Rick walked to a tub full of ice and cans of beer and drew out a dripping can.

"Whew, that's cold," he said shaking his hand. Dan glanced at the faint white identification on Rick's finger. "That's damn cold," he said pleasantly. The woman walked away from them and Rick gulped his beer. He reached in the tub and drew out two more cans, opened them both and handed Dan one.

"A birthday present," Rick said.

The first cold swallow soaked into Dan's dryness and ached his forehead. Outside he was hot, but inside the beer turned him wet and cool.

A man walked over to the boys, introduced himself and started talking of how hard life-guarding must be at night with the water so dark. He told the boys that he was an alternate for the 400 meter run in the 1936 Olympics. Dan stood by the door listening.

A short man stood in front of Dan and Rick looking at them. Dan didn't notice him walk up. Dan said hello. The short man said nothing but continued to look at them. Dan felt strange with the short man looking at both Rick at him, and he turned to the other man. The man was showing Rick his trick knee.

"I can take any of you guys," said the short man quietly. Dan laughed and would have offered the man a beer, but it wasn't his beer. He started to talk to Rick. Rick was looking at the dance floor and listening

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to the man talking of the football game in which he got his trick knee.

"I'm not kidding," the short man said louder. He widened his legs and moved his hands from his hips. His eyes narrowed at Dan. They were flat from drinking. Dan thought that if it started, he would go for the short man's stomach. He would move in quickly and swing fast and get it over.

A man in a red sport shirt walked over. He was short and stocky and his left fist was clenched. Dan wanted a good fight.

"The guy wants to fight," he said to the man in the red shirt. "He says he can lick anybody."

"I'll talk to him," said the man in the red shirt. He pushed his way over to the little man. "What's your act, buddy?" he said. "You think you're tough?" The little man's eyes cleared and he brought his feet together. "You think you're tough standing there?" The little man smiled and started to say something. The man in the red shirt stiff armed him on the shoulder. "What's the matter? You tough?" He started to stiff arm the little man again, and the little man knocked his arm down. The little man was smiling. His eyes looked worried.

The man in the red shirt swung with his shoulder and hit the little man in the chest, bouncing him back. The little man quit smiling and looked surprised. He dropped his hands. The man in the red shirt leaped in and banged him on the side of the head and in the chest before the little man toppled backwards onto the floor and put his arm straight out and winced as the man in the red shirt jumped on him swinging.

Some men rushed over and struggled the man in the red shirt off. "Hold it Sam," they said. "Hold it Sam! What's the matter with you? What's the matter?"

The little man sat up with blood webbing down his face. His fingers quivered and he looked as if he was going to cry. No one needed to hold him back.

"What's the matter with you two?" someone said.

"It serves him right," another said. "He's been cutting in on everyone's wife and stealing beer."

"That doesn't make any difference, how did this thing start?" someone else said. Everyone began to talk loud.

Dan looked at his beer. "Let's get out of here, Rick," he said quietly.

"You go," Rick said louder. "I'm staying." "Let's get out, come on."

"Go on, get out."

"You're crazy if you stay here. Look what's happened," said Dan.

"Look," Rick said. "There're some pretty drunk women here. I'm staying."

Dan turned and walked out the door and down the steps. He decided to take the short cut through his golf course. A breeze rose through the pines and struck him sharp on his burning skin. He began to trot. His mother had made him a cake.



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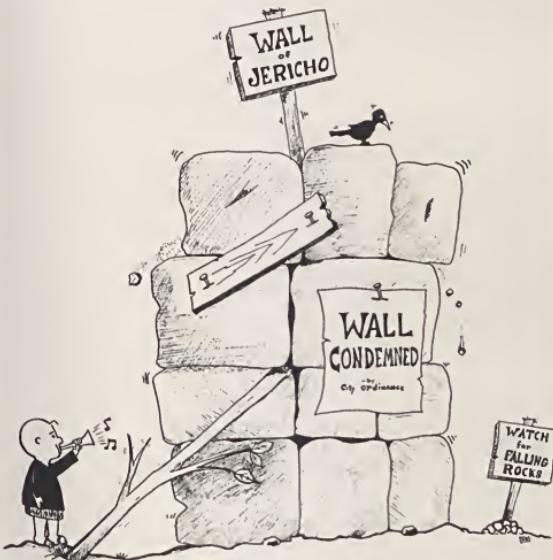




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4

I REMEMBER HITCH-HIKING on the highway outside of Helena, Montana. The highway was wet, and I stood well onto the gravel shoulder. It was afternoon; I had been going good since morning, and I felt damn sure of myself.

But it had been rough getting out of Seattle the day before. I had partied several days in Seattle and was leaving with a hangover and hitch-hiking east through the tall pine and blue lake country, picking up slow rides in the irrigation region of the Grand Coulee Dam where the land flattens and the trees thin out. It rained on me as I lay in my leaky sleeping bag that night. I curled tight in the soggy sleeping bag and felt sorry for myself.

I awoke to the pestering of the rain dripping through the leaves of the tree, and through the dripping leaves, I saw storm clouds moving low and fast across the sky. The eastern horizon was orange. I gathered my gear and walked through the wet weeds with my socks damp and loose and began hitch-hiking on the highway.

I remember thinking the men who gave me rides that morning were weirdos. But they gave me good rides and that was all that mattered then. As I climbed into the Montana bulettes, I saw the sunny part of the sky grow larger and larger. I knew I was beating the rain.

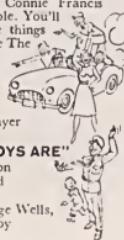
A trucker picked me up and started teasing me. I got smart alecky about it, and we almost got into a fight. He dropped me off outside of Helena.

Standing again on the highway, I saw the clouds, from where I had come, rolling over the tops of the bulettes. The wind pushed against prairie grass and blew against my



IHAVE ALWAYS HAD AN abiding hatred for the bottom crust of rye bread. There is no particular reason for making this point, except that whenever I think of Fort Lauderdale, I think of rye bread. There is no particular reason for that either, but I have been thinking of Fort Lauderdale. Fort Lauderdale is "where the boys are." Right now, that is. Most of the time, serenity reigns in Fort Lauderdale. (The Chamber of Commerce will hate me; they say it never rains in Fort Lauderdale.) But, for two weeks, twenty thousand collegians descend on this peaceful community and take it apart, peace by peace. They call it Spring Vacation, but it's more like amateur night at Cape Canaveral. They capture Florida and throw the Keys away. But I shouldn't joke—not while people are holding mass prayer meetings for an early hurricane season.

This is "where the boys are." And girls, too. Such girls, it makes you dizzy to look at them. If you look long enough, you reach an advanced stage of dizziness called aphro-dizzier. It's like being in love. That's what happened to me, and it will happen to you, too. Everywhere you turn—beaches full of them, cars full of them, motels and hotels full of them, ears full of them, pools full of them, bathing suits full of them. Ah, bathing suits . . . when the man said, "It's the little things in life that count," he must have been thinking of bathing suits. But mostly, it's the girls. Girls in love, girls in trouble, bright girls with a future, not-so-bright girls with a past, rich girls in the lap of luxury, poor girls in any lap that'll have them, girls of every size and discretion. It isn't any wonder that this is "where the boys are." And the things that happen are wacky and wild and wicked and warmly wonderful "where the boys are." Someone should make a movie about it. Hey, someone did! M-G-M calls it "Where The Boys Are," starring Dolores Hart, George Hamilton, Yvette Mimieux, Jim Hutton, Barbara Nichols, Paula Prentiss, with Frank Gorshin and introducing popular recording star Connie Francis in her first screen role. You'll want to see all the things that happen "Where The Boys Are."



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ears. But I didn't care—back then. The sky in the east was blue and the clouds made strange moving patterns on the fields where the highway dropped into the flat wheat land and ran as far as the eye could see.

I needed only what I carried—my sleeping bag, suit case, money and my rain coat. I felt good standing with the gravel lumped under my moccasins needing nothing else.

Cars bore toward me, throwing spray under their chassis; their wind-shield wipers slapping. Each time I put out my thumb, the cars swerved out and whoosed past me, the drivers looking back through their rear view mirrors. I gave them all dirty looks when they passed me, especially the rich bastards, but standing outside of Helena, I didn't care what they did. I felt the wind press my trousers against my legs and saw the shadows moving on the wheat land. It felt good standing like that.

I sat on my sleeping bag and smoked my last cigarette. I had just taken up smoking. And I smoked the cigarette down far enough to burn my fingers. Cars came and I put out my thumb like I didn't care if they stopped.

I was there for an hour. And when I looked at the sky, I could see the storm clouds had come upon me. It was misty and rainy in the buttes. I moved over to the edge of the highway, and stood for another hour pushing my thumb way out as cars sprayed past. Suddenly the rain from the buttes swept down the highway and poured hard on me. I began to feel sorry for myself and was mad about getting smart to the truck driver. I could have been far away from the rain if I hadn't become smart.

A farmer in a pick-up truck stopped for me. He said he was only going four miles, but I said to myself "what the hell" and jumped in.

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VOLUME 76 NUMBER 3

FEBRUARY 1963



THE STUDENT, with apologies to Christianity, endorses compulsory religious chapel and proposes two correctives to insure the perpetuity of its diversions.

If the administrative brotherhood considers chapel to be a compact, family-size, mission field, a spiritual prescription, a one hundred per cent worsted, hallelujah harangue, or even a place where creative worship might be experienced, they are quite wrong. It is a pleasurable featherbed, as needed as Road Runner Cartoons. A deviation from academic discipline and drudgery, an assembly for sociable relaxation, an opportunity to disengage the intellect and imagination — these are the benefits which recommend our advocacy of compulsory religion.

To hurrah the school with deacon yelps, to peruse the headlines, to get a good conduct certificate, to speculate as to how much longer the prayer will crick your neck, to gossip, to write a letter, to explode bubble gum — these are chapel activities, moments of earned insouciance, a thirty-five minute break. Mentality deserves this no less than the body deserves sleep.

However there are several incongruities which tend to dissuade the contribution of chapel. Occasionally someone disturbs the cliche and delivers a provocative message, which taking all the sweetness and sugar and puppy dog tails out of platitudes, commands our attention, diverting our diversions. This is intolerable. Have you ever read St. Paul while jump-jumping or putt-putting?

The first suggestion, therefore, advises total pulpit mediocrity: more hymn-singing, fist-pounding preachers who carry notebooks from God in their pockets and who agitate only the windowpanes with their loud enthusiasm, and do not molest our pastimes.

The second criticism is that chapel is lacking in family unity. Because of the availability of ten o'clock coffee and conversation, some of the academic elders of the Wake Forest family are neglecting their Thursday morning devotionals. We urge these chit-chat professors to consider the repudiation, "coffee get thee behind me," and assemble in chapel. This, we feel, will enhance the temporal solidarity of Wake Forest.

A more conscientious selection of speakers and improved faculty participation will rest God's house on firmer foundations.

—D. L. P. Jr.

the

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A warmly told narrative of the greatest man who ever lived is presented with a new right in A Life of Jesus. The story which has been written, told, and read for nearly ten thousand years is again told by a New Testament Scholar, Rev. J. Goodspeed, but with a new significance and merit.

Among the noteworthy attributes of this religious biography are its clarity and conciseness; its historical background used as an aid in relating the story of Jesus; its chronological order in the course of Jesus' life; its Biblical application and interpretation; its beautiful description of such a man's life and works; its ease of narration; and its illuminating narration of Jesus' life. The author has used his skill to present the story, legibly, related in such a manner that all readers, whether scholars, lay theologians, or laymen may profit from the simple presentation of the life of Christ. J. Goodspeed's faith perpetuates his work and ascends into the spirit of all readers.

The language used in this book is that of clarity and conciseness. The style is simple; is neither too lofty for the layman nor too refined for the scholar. It mediates between the two extremes to present a clear account of Jesus' life. The complete scope of the meaning of his life is not simple; but because his life, itself, was one of utter simplicity and humility, Rev. J. Goodspeed's style effectively conveys

HONOR AND CULTURE

A Timely Analysis

by Kelly Griffith

ONE OF THE most important questions facing the so-called modern man was presented briefly but poignantly this summer in the *New York Times Magazine*. The question was basically this: Is twentieth century man, the Hydrogen Age man, a dignified creature?

Such a question has been a valid one ever since Machiavelli presented his thesis that a ruling prince, perhaps a business man, etc. may employ any means, however unscrupulous, to maintain strength and order; but never before has the question become so pertinent as to cause men to fear and tremble for their self-hood than it has in our own mechanized, atomic age. If man is "moving to nothing," if man is as a recent summary of existentialism puts it, "standing forlorn in a cold, hostile universe, wracked by anxiety, his basic emotions those of dread before the unknown, of suffering and guilt, or despair in the face of death," if evil is the positive element rather than the negative, if man is pigeonholed into a tour-walled office of some giant corporation, if man is all this, what is he as an individual? What happens to his dignity? The question, needless to say, remains unanswered, but the basic trend in art, literature, business, in fact, the trend in the entire modern world seems to be an acceptance of man as a creature stripped of all forms of dignity.

Mary Mannes, a noted drama critic, wrote a plea in the May 29 issue of the *New York Times Magazine* for a less degrading, less mundane American theatre than had appeared last season. Her disgust for the smutty characters, plots and themes of the 1959-1960 theatre was in no way held back from the reader. She immediately lashed out at Tennessee Williams, Lillian Hellman and their school. "Our two most gifted playwrights, Williams and Lillian Hellman, have chosen to explore snake pits, or, rather to open the basket and pipe the tune that would draw the reptiles out into the gaze of a repelled but hypnotized public." She asks why the American theatre has to be so one-sided in the presentation of "life." The degrading side cannot, must not, be

the only side, she says. In referring to Shakespeare's *Richard III* to back up her belief, she says that in this play "evil and horror . . . are balanced by opposing virtues, making a statement of the human conditions which is nonetheless real for permitting some faith in man (italics mine)." The modern theatre, she says, makes "the implicit assumption that man, stripped of his pretensions, is a jerk." To sum up her case, Miss Mannes makes the statement that some area of the human condition exists between the extremes of violence and deceit on one hand, and love, nobility and honor on the other. She asks a final, heart-searching question: "Is this belief in the fundamental corruption or sickness of man now a widely held tenet? 'We're all rats,' 'We're all sick,' 'Every man has his price'—are these slogans of abdication from personal responsibility the roots or reflections of growing social corruption?"

Williams, who promptly answered Miss Mannes' queries in the June 12 issue of the *Times Magazine*, presented his POV (point of view) with telling frankness. Quite different from what many critics think, Miss Mannes included (he named others—Dorothy Kilgallen, Hedda Hopper), says Williams, he does not dip into the "sewers" but into the "mainstream" of life for his characters.

Man, as he sees him, is not a dignified creature. "People," he says, "are humble and frightened and guilty at heart, all of us, no matter how desperately we may try to appear otherwise. We have very little conviction of our essential dignity nor even of our essential decency." Williams argues that man as a dignified creature has no place in art if man does not act or think himself dignified; in other words, man does not act like a dignified individual; why should the artist depict him as such? Man today has floated all form of honor. He has become an animal, a machine, a computer. He is no longer dignified. Thus Williams sees the "simple will to endure" as the "only kind of essential human dignity and decency, to which in modern times, he can subscribe."

The question is posed not only in our country. Williams, as many other artists, and philosophers, sees man as a low creature not responsible for his actions, not directed toward any goal, not living by any standards, therefore not dignified. The question of the dignity of man is one of the most important our culture faces. To microscope the question, let's bring it down to the college level. The decadence of all forms of honor, decency and morals on the college campus has become obvious.

One of the elements that has turned people into "organization men," and "machines" has been that of disrespect for the individual, himself. The individual has been lost in the crowd of the mass man and individual honor has become an obscurity of the past. This trend applies to the college campus today.

Is the college student then, a part of the mixed up society that Williams insists is the "mainstream" of life? A quick look at reports on typical American Colleges would indicate that he is. Some college students are as mixed up as many modern stage character appears to be. The number of students under psychiatric care would startle the average citizen. Statistics concerning mental sickness among the educated people of the country are alarming. Experts estimate that if the present trend continues, one out of twenty-five young people of this generation will go completely insane and one out of eight will have to spend at least some time in a mental institution. And why is this true? Psychiatrists attribute most students' mental troubles to "lack of moral direction" or, even, "lack of something to live for." The dignity of the college student is in serious danger if the evidence is correct. But to be complete, let's ask another question. Is Wake Forest College becoming a part of the trend toward the "mainstream" of lunacy and lack of moral direction? Since one of the chief upholders of a man's dignity is a moral code or a concept of honor, the best place to start would be with the Honor System, a not so invulnerable Wake Forest

tradition. The honor system at Wake Forest College has had a long life. It became, soon after its insertion into the Student Constitution, an important and respected College tradition. About one or two years before the move to the new campus, however, there were some serious rumblings as to whether the honor system was valid, whether a proctor system would not be better, whether the honor system could take any more student cynicism if it was to be effective. A forum appeared in the 1954 *Student* with the title "What is Happening to Our Honor System." Students and officials rushed to defend the code. The president of the Woman's Government Association, Miss Notie Vay White, defined the honor code. "An honor system," she said, "is a plan by which every student is put on his honor to display the excellence of character and the integrity within him at all times, in all places where he represents the college." President Harold Tribble stated three reasons for having an honor code. (1) The code provides for the "moral development of the students." (2) It makes college education an "experience in responsible citizenship." (3) It "stimulates co-operation between students and faculty." With a working definition and reasons for the existence of an honor code, the undesirability of a proctor system was stated. Dr. J. E. Parker of the French department said: "I cannot conceive of a proctor system at Wake Forest. The forced adoption of such a system would be a complete denial of all our principles and tradition."

To summarize, in 1955, all seemed well for the honor system; although there were some misgivings among students. A review of the following year, uncovers some interesting changes in attitude. Evidences of cheating and violations of the honor code increased to such an extent that outright condemnations of the code appeared in editorials of the *Old Gold and Black*. One editorial (Feb. 6, 1956) said that because cheating *does* go on at Wake Forest and "because that cheating continues unhampered or unknown—the honor system is not working as it should." Wake Forest students faced for the second time the question: "What is happening to our honor system?" Editors of the *Old Gold* could not answer the question, but they said "that if the present honor system is to be continued with any degree of effectiveness, those involved in the system will have to re-evaluate it and re-examine their own recognition of it." A "re-examination" resulted. The chairman of the men's and women's respective honor councils, Bill Starling and Notie Vay White, appointed a committee to look into the problem of "strengthening the honor system at Wake Forest." As a result of the investigation, one freshman was convicted March 5, 1956. An editorial in the next paper asserted that the council now had

proven it had "backbone" and could possibly be successful, after all.

The honor code after 1956 traveled a level path of mediocrity. Although the honor council had some "backbone," cheating and stealing continued. To skip a few years, we come to 1959-1960, last year.

The violation of the honor code last year was disgusting to the point that John Alford, editor of the *Old Gold and Black*, in an editorial entitled "Honor . . . Hah!" dismissed the whole business of honor at Wake Forest with an obstreperous sneer. The editorial appeared as a result of the publications of losses incurred from newspapers stolen out of news boxes on the campus. News carries estimated the overall loss for all papers stolen in one year as \$1,716. "Does anyone," Alford said, "who has read the figures on the number of papers stolen each week still think that the Honor System works?" After a few weeks consideration and the suspension of two sophomore men for cheating, Alford said that perhaps the system could work if a "get tough policy" were followed by the honor council. A week later, another student was suspended and the council and system said Alford seemed again on the way to achieving some effectiveness.

THIS YEAR, 1960-1961, the honor council has maintained its strength by taking strong action against offenders. This year's council is not a "weak" one. However, this year, the honor council and honor system in general received one of the hardest blows of its career—the deletion of the drinking clause. In November, 1960, the Student Legislature, under the leadership of the student body treasurer, George Williamson, repealed the clause in the Student Constitution which held students honor bound to report any drinking or possession of alcohol on the campus. The no-drinking-no-possession law remains on the record; it is against College regulations to drink or possess alcohol on the campus, but, as Williamson pointed out, "the students will no longer have the responsibility of reporting drinking on campus. It would be left up to the faculty." Williamson also cited the reason for getting rid of the clause: "The students quite apparently do not want to have it in the code since no student has turned in another for drinking." Going back to the above mentioned 1955 issue of the *Student*, we find that the honor system was a system by which students were bound by their honor to the rules and regulations of the College. The workability of the system depended on the honor of each student. If the students violated the code, as some people seemed to think they were doing, another alternative, the proctor or monitor system could be employed. The monitor system,

was a last resort in case the honor system failed; however, the Student Legislature has taken the first step in introducing such a system into our College rules system. The drinking law, which students are no longer "on their honor" to uphold, has become the responsibility of the administration to enforce. Thus, one segment of our laws system has become a monitor, not of an honor system. Williamson said it, himself: "What we are simply doing is transferring the jurisdiction of regulating drinking from students to the faculty and administration." Williamson and the Legislature overlooked one thing, though. Students "not wanting" the drinking clause was entirely beside the point. The majority of students may not *want* the cheating clause or the larceny clause in the honor code. Does that mean that the clauses must be removed? My point is if the Legislature plans to remove one segment of the honor code, it must remove the rest, else what is left will not be worth the time it will take to ignore it. Whatever the arguments, the fact remains that part of our honor code is now not in effect because of the desire and action of a so-called "majority" of students. We can assume, then, that the rest of the code is in the same danger of deletion and thus considerably weakened.

In summary Wake Forest Honor Code has been at times a subject of controversy or ridicule because of its apparent ineffectiveness. Today, although our Honor Council has a chance of becoming one of the strongest in our history, the Honor Code itself has been weakened by the deletion of one of its parts and as a result stands in danger of being entirely obliterated if a sufficient number of students should decide to.

The case for the decadence of our Honor Code is strong. A keen observer could assume, then, that disrespect for the Honor Code does indicate that our students are losing their "dignity," if we apply Williams' standards.

The honor code is one among many examples. The fact is that one college student is slowly, surely losing his self-hood. The trend toward reducing the student-individual to a cog in the educational wheel is gathering more steam, and Wake Forest is seemingly going along with it.

Going back to the *Times* article, Miss Mannes makes a strong statement. "The comedy of manners," she says, "does not exist today for the simpler reason that we have no manners. They are a fading residue of a class society and, as such, inapplicable to life in this Hydrogen Age. By the same token it is more 'honest' to be rude and violent and dirty than to be polite and gentle and clean." Is this true of the college campus? and if so, where does it leave the student? What becomes of his dignity. The questions is a moot one and frightfully real.

The Gentleman's 'C'

By John Hopkins

THERE ARE A number of terms and concepts tossed around continually by college students. Everyone uses them, but some really don't know what they mean. Everyone who has been in college for any length of time has heard "the gentleman's 'C'" mentioned, usually criticized as one of the major blights of our small sub-culture, the academic world. Just what is "the gentleman's 'C,'" what causes the phenomenon, and who are the people bound up in it? These are the questions that this piece will try to answer.

First, we must recognize that our subject has been much more prevalent at the Northern colleges and the larger Southern universities than at small private schools like our own, especially in the past. It appears, however, that this concept is one that is being abandoned by the students in the schools where it started and is moving into Wake Forest and other schools of its kind more rapidly everyday. The idea of "the gentleman's 'C'" is one that seems to be unique to America and to this century, arising more from the universality of higher education in the country today and the idea that everyone who is anyone has a college education. It is also tied in rather directly with those two omnipresent apparitions in our culture, the materialism and apathy of youth.

When a young man, or woman, comes to college for some other reason than that of getting education in the traditional sense, it is the beginning of the road to "the gentleman's 'C'" for them. More and more students are enrolled in colleges nowadays, because they want to get married, stay out of the army, keep from going to work, get a diploma with as little work as possible, Mom and Dad wanted them to, or any one of myriad other reasons besides the thirst for knowledge. These students have no desire whatever to be the best in their class. Indeed, they want only to get by with as little work as is necessary to stay in school until their goals are accomplished or they can manage to graduate. They study the absolute minimum and party as much as possible. The perfect end product to all this is graduating with a straight 'C' average without having done any work or learned a thing. In earlier days, the scions of wealthy families were the only ones who could afford to waste four years in this manner, hence "the gentleman's 'C'."

Why, we may ask, does such a phenomenon occur? Why are these thousands of students in our nation's colleges who have no real interest in the things they have to offer? The answers are complex and entangled. Perhaps one of the most prominent reasons is the apathy of youth in general



Kerr

in our nation today. Students live entirely in a world hung precariously over the brink of destruction. Why try? they ask. Men have searched for truth and knowledge for many centuries. This world is what it has brought us all to; it is the end product of science and philosophy. A bomb stands ready to end it all. Who gives a damn about Chaucer and Milton when we may not live another five years. We want only to enjoy ourselves as much as possible before we are blasted to oblivion. To the youth of today, college is sometimes a place he goes because he doesn't know of anywhere else he wants to go. Why should he try to amass knowledge if he will not live to use it?

The materialism and anti-intellectualism of American culture have much to do with this attitude among students also. We are concerned with the number of material things we can amass, not the enlightenment we can gain. Students look at the professor and see him struggling to make ends meet, working for a quarter of what men with comparative education in other fields make. What good does all this knowledge do us? they want to know. Will it buy a new sports-car or a stereo? They want to get through as quickly as possible, get a "good job" and live the "good life." These are the people who should never be in college in

the first place. They want to work in business or some other field and make good money, not to learn or to know. One of the great paradoxes of American life forces them into college, however. In our country one cannot get a "good job" unless one has a college education, but we should not be gung-ho; one should not *want* to know; one should not have too much knowledge or he will become an "egghead." Therefore, they flock into schools to get a degree, not an education.

The paradox above brings up the problem of anti-intellectualism in America. Our culture is an intensely practical one, concerned with results of a material scale. Deep thoughts are of no great use, because they don't produce anything. They may enlighten, spiritualize, and improve, but they don't give up the thing we want. Besides, everyone knows that all "eggheads" are either smart-alec critics or absentminded professors. Our minds are becoming more and more conditioned to the mass media entertainment of the purely passive type. Why struggle through Shakespeare when we can watch "Wagon Train" and "Truth or Consequences"? Students come to college with a built-in disdain for all the things which will confront them while they are there. Everything is either "too hard" or a

"bunch of bull" to them. Is this conducive to the pursuit of knowledge?

This brings us to the last question on our list. Who are the people bound up in this thing? The saddest element of all, perhaps, is that everyone from all walks of life is subject to this sort of attitude. No longer is "the gentleman's 'C'" the exclusive property of the gentleman. Joe Doakes from Coon Corner, N. C., is likely to have the same idea of his life as Jim wan der Pelt from Westchester County. Students from all walks and areas of life are falling into the same category. The poor struggling student working his way through college and studying all the time is rapidly dying out. Within six months he is raising hell with the rest of them.

In the final analysis, it seems evident that this phenomenon is not an isolated part of our life that has developed into a problem. It is intrinsically bound up with the whole tone of American culture at this time. It is a product of our values and institutions as they exist today. There is no way that the problem can be cured at any one college or in all the colleges. The changes must be in the basic structure of the society that produces this problem or "the gentleman's 'C'" is likely to be with us a long time.



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The Cult: An Observation in Dialogue

By Larry Schwartz

JUST LAST WEEK I received a letter from Bernard—a letter containing a conversation that he had listened to late one evening in his apartment. He explained to me (and I read between the lines a joyous attempt at fiction), "If your last name is either Jones or Brown you have a perfect right to use any first name that you can dream up in naming your children." This was a liberty that he had taken with his protagonists: Caesar Brown and Mercedes Jones. What wonderful names! But let me quote Bernard: "imagine Caesar as a young man of medium height; he walks with a smooth stride and tends, in conservation, to listen and to observe, not to contribute. He is slender. Now Mercedes is the same age but heavier in stature. Mercedes may be sloppy in dress, but has moods of gaiety and exuberance. He secretly admires his name, feeling it adds a bit of British air to his character. This conservation occurred on a college campus.

Mercedes: I should like to propose a method or measuring device for our college.

Caesar: What are you going to measure?

Mercedes: The intellectual climate.

Caesar: Be serious.

Mercedes: I am serious.

Caesar: So?

Mercedes: My device is to note the absence or presence of cultic societies.

Mercedes: Gimme a definition then.

Caesar: A cult is a group or clique that has an object of devotion, rites, symbols, etc.

Mercedes: Is that all?

Caesar: No, the object is a temporal subject.

Mercedes: Like Kerouac?

Caesar: Or James Dean, Pat Boone, or if you really want to stretch it, Sweet Daddy.

Mercedes: That's all right.

Caesar: Have you decided if cults are good or bad?

Mercedes: They are both good and bad.

Caesar: Forget the double talk; you sound like a New Critic.

Mercedes: THEY ARE GOOD!

Caesar: Fine, Why?

Mercedes: Because the cult can lead to better perceptions, values, or even to scholarship.

Caesar: What about the Beat Generation?

Mercedes: They make me sick. But, obviously, they have stolen some of the comic book trade.

Caesar: I'll concede that point. You favor the dilettante in any situation?

Mercedes: The dilettante is always better than the philistine.

Caesar: But what about cults on this campus?

Mercedes: There ain't any.

Caesar: Conclusion: a dull place.

Mercedes: Yes, dull; but, important, or should I say, a better adjective would be sterile.

Caesar: That may be. (He opens his notebook) I think I'll take some of this down. Might develop into a good essay; I've got to do something for class.

Mercedes: Here's your lead sentence. (He takes a deep breath.) Any cult, be it human cannibalism in Africa or spiritual cannibalism in Greenwich Village, is associated with bad connotations.

Caesar: Sounds good. Better if you explore further—like human cannibalism serves a useful purpose (pause) for the cannibals.

Mercedes: Any more suggestions?

Caesar: How about this as a swinging preface: (He takes a tremendous breath.) This essay is for college kids, yet a professor may read it; and if one should and he should notice or look for sentence fragments, it is, I should like to emphatically state, my secretary's fault and not mine. I did not use any punctuation at all; and when I gave it to her to type, I said, "Hey, man." (She's really a chick, but you know what I mean), so like I was saying, I said, "Hey, Man" and something about this thing is for a college deal, perhaps you better punctuate it, but please don't stifle the meaning. So she looked at me and said: "Why don't you put in a footnote about Faulkner foxing Freshman English?" She really is sharp, but I reported somebody would think I was subly slamming the English department, but she interrupted me with some jazz about an intentional fallacy; so I yelled 'Gerty Gerty' at her three times and typed the thing myself.

Mercedes: Very good for two breaths.

Caesar: Let's get back to your cult analysis.

Mercedes: What more is there?

Caesar: You said there is an absence. Got any suggestions? Henry Miller?

Mercedes: He's too good, and it wouldn't be fair—he's been taken advantage of too much. And his major books are banned.

Caesar: Who then? E. Presley?

Mercedes: Try Norman Mailer.

Caesar: He's an ass.

Mercedes: Obviously. But he just stabbed his wife.

Caesar: Great. Now you can stab a coed and be the most hip guy around. But what if you are a married student?

Mercedes: Then you're a member of the biggest cult ever ever possible.

Caesar: Marlon Brando may be our answer.

Mercedes: I don't think so. He may cause infatuation, but only when he is allowed the isolation of a theatre or cinema.

Caesar: Why not form a pseudo-intellectual cult.

Mercedes: And call everyone phonies and read Salinger by candle.

Caesar: We aren't getting anywhere. There is not a cult around, and we can't even form one.

Mercedes: When did you get that jacket?

Caesar: This London Fog? Yesterday.

Mercedes: I think I'll buy one.

Caesar: You'll like it.

Mercedes: Are your sneakers comfortable?

Caesar: Very.

Mercedes: I like that cardigan.

Caesar: It's virgin wool.

Mercedes: Mine too.

Caesar: This conversation has run its course.

Mercedes: Agreed."

Bernard ended his letter by apologizing for the fragments in the conversation and how he could not pad for effect . . . Mercedes and Caesar spoke over coffee late that evening; and as I listened, I hoped to catch their concern as well as their humor in teasing each other. Mercedes, I have known him as a student, had been studying theology. He did not, as the conversation may show, favor cults. On pressing him he explained to me the meaning of idolatrous religion in the light of ultimate concern as the definition of religion. I became bogged down, but he quoted Tillich freely. Caesar too, had read Tillich. I can hear him now, 'an individual must associate with any group, any time, any place, any time he feels attracted. Only after actively participating in a group, can a judgment be made; and, who in the hell wants to judge anyhow?' Caesar told me about living in Greenwich Village one summer, growing a beard, and hanging around coffee shops. I actually laughed at him. He lost his temper: 'Only I can say if that was a good or bad experience.' But he quickly cooled and added with a wink of the eye, 'It was a good one!'

Campus Courtship

By Carolyn Young

IN THE GOOD old days when a man's complexity was not apparent to himself—a gentleman calling on a young lady declared his intentions right off. He did not scoff at the Honor System. But as the psychological stream of consciousness has drenched modern man, the stream of conscience seems to be dammed. The resulting floundering becomes the dilemma dressed in muted tones and shouted from the house tops—**THE SEX PROBLEM—THE MODERN SEX PROBLEM.**

With today's segmentalization of personality, individuals often travel the well worn paths of dating in search of those fragments of themselves that seem to have escaped into infinite nothingness. As Nora Johnson has said, "Ever since Gertrude Stein made her remark about the Lost Generation, every decade has wanted a tag, a concise explanation of its own behavior. In our complicated world, any simplification of the events around us is welcome and, in fact, almost necessary. We need to feel our place in history; it helps in our constant search for self-identity. But while the Beatniks travel about the country on the backs of trucks, the rest of us are going to college and then plunging—with puzzling eagerness—into marriage and parenthood."

As a prerequisite to this "plunge of puzzling eagerness" is the social phenomenon called dating—about which Wake Forest students have quite divergent opinions. Strangely enough, this high pitch of individualism has led to less individual consideration in dating choices. Social pressure exerts a great influence; dating partners are often chosen solely because of prestige, physique—or sheer desperation. Yet many of both sexes admittedly like to date someone who is "different"—which has several definitions, not bordering on the eccentric, but almost the exact opposite. Perhaps the normal is always considered abnormal. However, many students object strenuously to this idea and declare that their choices or acceptances of dates are always on a strictly personal basis, and that their criteria for selection is primarily that of choosing a life partner.

Perhaps this freer selection of dates has led to the alleged decline in morality in dat-

ing behavior. Or perhaps it is merely indicative of the general downward trend of America morals as seen in payola, pre-quizzed quiz contestants, ghostwritten theses and papers, fraudulent insurance claims, and the eternal evasion of income taxes. And Honest Abe becomes a subject for ridicule. The statement has been made that "One of the most outstanding characteristics of American young people is their conviction that anything is all right unless there is a good reason for objecting." The few objections are not very strenuous. And this is deemed tolerance. Americanism has become a bland acceptance of "Whatever is right"—and if it isn't, it really doesn't matter; it won't affect me and my little world; I mean, after all, what am I supposed to do? And since I can't do anything, why worry? Today's college student is often looked upon as the perverted Epicurean who eats (and complains about the food), drinks (and flouts it), and makes merry with promiscuity. Religion becomes a declining influence on dating behavior—or any behavior.

On this subject some very violent objections were issued by the Wake Forest students interviewed. The majority do not think that the moral standards of the present day are any lower than those of preceding eras. "Things are just more open; we're just freer with our discussions and ideas about things," said one boy. Says another, "These things happen in every age—all of it. There have always been shotgun weddings."

"I do not think that you could say that religion is a declining influence on dating behavior. It depends on how you define religion. The religion of today is different. It is more a personal relationship between a man and his God—unlike the Hebrew God of Wrath. There is plenty of room for skepticism—and many can't see beyond this."

"Christianity is following the trend toward socialism. Man is becoming the center—and the humanistic is always a step down according to the strictest standards. However, I do not consider this as an indication that religion is a declining factor. On the contrary, it is an indication of its new broadness."





"Today's morals have been kicked so much, people don't think anything is expected of them. They're just trying to live up to the reputation of the age."

"I think most of us are caught in the middle between the old emotionalism of our fathers and the cold intellectual approach to religion that almost stifles us with analysis. I think the majority of us are shocked by the stories of flagrant immorality. But this is an age of the 'informed public' and the love of a good juicy scandal. Everywhere we look we are hit in the face with it. We have to take it with a shrug eventually—and convince ourselves that it isn't all this way."

"Today is an age of awareness; we are no longer isolated in Puritanism. Perhaps today's so-called low in morals is merely a natural reaction to the preceding puritanical age and its hush-hush-ism."

"Sex is glorified in America; Kinsey opened the floodgates to an endless discussion. This openness is a good thing."

All students interviewed seem to agree that dating is for the purpose of "having a good time" and not for any more serious involvement. When asked to define "romantic love," many said they believed in it, but couldn't say what it was; a majority rejected it on the grounds that it was too idealistic and supposedly adhered to what someone termed "a realistic version of romantic love that kicks out this All-For-Love bit and leaves room for economic, social, and intellectual factors." Many students decline to become deeply involved in love affairs because of serious career ambitions—or claim such ambitions because of failure in love. Opinion was divided on this point. "There aren't many truly dedicated, career-minded students any more—not to the exclusion of the opposite sex. Most of us have in the back of our minds that we will find someone in college with intelligence and similar interests that we might consider spending the rest of our lives with. This is especially true of women."

"There are a few self-made men who don't want to clutter up their ambitions by becoming involved in deeper relationships—but these are few."

"A girl would have to be terribly unattractive or terribly intelligent to posit such serious ambitions."

"All women use college as a marriage bureau," comments one male.

This brings up another question—Do women on the college level become the aggressors? Most of the girls carefully avoided the shop-worn jokes about Senior Panic and shouted forth an emphatic NO.

"Today's woman may be considered bold by yesterday's standards, but this is merely the progression of the new woman that began with Ibsen's *Nora*."

"College women are not shrinking vi-

lets—nor are they exclusively man-hunters." Some statements by the male set seem to swing in the opposite direction. Others, out of manly pride declared that women could never play the dominant role in picking and choosing. One fellow said in evident confusion, "These girls make a game of it, ya know. Like a man chases a girl until she catches him sort of thing."

Today's woman is a Sriseyde in leotards—skittering about it fascinating vacillation. And the question of *The Troilus* remains—is she merely an innocent betrayed by the wiles of men, or is she a schemer, well aware of the rules of the game? This is the timeless secret of "lady-type characters." It would seem that today we are returning to the code of Courtly Love (more than slightly maled, to be sure). Woman is eternal, and the male ego has not suffered from the weight of centuries. Courtly love was not Platonic. And we of the post-Kinsey world and the age of subjective realism would certainly not subscribe to the fallacy of Platonism. One of the unwritten laws of courtly love was that it was to be found only outside of marriage. It was to be kept secret. The woman was superior and as cold as ice; but it was her duty to give encouragement and to yield if at all possible. There was no question of right or wrong, no painful twings of morality. This was the code. Fate was dominant in this code; the present drive for security leads few moderns to buck Fate. Man, in all his individualism, seems bounded by the conventions of society. And Fate and Society become synonymous. However, courtly love demanded constancy—a virtue which seems to be lost in the inconsistencies and indecisions of modernism. The Frank Lloyd Wright-ism of soul succumbs to the four room structure of Manners, Tradition, Custom, and Conventionality. And modern man has lost his ability to sigh after Beauty.

No code of dating behavior on the Wake Forest campus could be established. To any boy-girl, man-woman relationship, this statement by Chekhov applies. "Hitherto, only uncontroversial truth has been stated about love, to wit: 'This thing is a great secret', and everything else which has been written or spoken . . . has been, not solution, but only a statement of questions which have simply remained unsolved."



A STATEMENT ON JOHN UPDIKE

THERE IS SO much that is good in John Updike's writing that it comes as no small surprise to realize he is not a good writer. His writing is clear, strict, precise in the poetical sense, and, above all, controlled. In fact Updike is endowed with an extraordinary gift for succinct language the likes of which are rare indeed. He has shown his skill in numerous short-stories, a much praised short novel, *The Poorhouse Fair*, and most recently in an equally heralded novel entitled *Rabbit, Run*. In each of these works it is language that captures the reader's attention and language that holds the reader a captive. It is not often that a reader is captured by mere words, for it is not often that writing is good enough or careful enough to do this. More often readers in most present-day writing must find other things to interest them. They must be prepared to wade through whole swamps of jargon and emotional exclaiming in order to reach plot structure, character dilatation, and, finally, message or, not to offend, "what the book is saying."

The necessity of wading is a sorry comment on the maluse of language and Mr. Updike's writing in comparison can be seen in all the rosier light. Still the reader does wade through and sometimes he is rewarded for his effort with some new insight which, in simplest terms, is why he was reading in the first place. Updike's writing is good, praiseworthy; Updike the writer is not good, not worthy of praise. Despite new criticism (and unlike everyone else I am not prepared to argue its validity) an excellent form in the novel does not necessarily imply an excellence of content. Updike writes what he has to tell and writes well. The problem is he does not have enough to tell. His view is through the microscope and it is no more a whole view than that through the telescope. The astronomer leaves his telescope to make notations and observations, relates his own planet with the dim specks he has observed. Likewise, the biologist leaves the microscope and is increasingly concerned with higher and more complicated developments. Up-

dike's eye stays glued to the microscope and his specimens have the dangerous habit of dying, of drying up from being so long exposed to a penetrating little light. He is left with a clean slide and, oh yes, the clear light of his writing.

The short story is not a novel and the novel is not *A History of Everything*. A dozen characters are seldom if ever better than two or three. It is not breadth of which I speak but of complexity. Most good writers realize they must be content and are wise to be content with a very small segment of life. The recognition of the particular as a manifestation of whatever universal there may be is no vain philosophical statement but rather the writer's proper and only job of work. Updike fails to do his job simply because his characters and situations are not complex enough to allow him. His insight is only a negative one and always the same one: the people about whom he writes are too limited to come to any understanding of themselves, the people around them, or the situations in which they are involved. Updike repeats and repeats this one insight and if his repetition is almost always a good one, it is a stifling one.

Rabbit, Run tells the story of Rabbit Angstrom, a demonstrator of MagiPeel peelers and a former high school basketball star. On an impulse he leaves his pregnant, Old Fashion-swilling wife and his name job and goes off to search for... to search for what? Rabbit does not know. He leaves because he feels compelled to leave and compulsion is not to be articulated and never to be in any way understood. It is a biological compulsion, perhaps; he certainly might feel some need to leave his whiney, repulsive wife.

Or it is a psychological compulsion, perhaps; he gives evidence that he might have some hidden sensitivity due to the fact he once was an athlete. He has many adventures, although the setting and the mundane happenings make the word "adventures" too grand a term to use in describing what happens to Rabbit. His affair with the near prostitute Ruth gives some indication of a desire for tenderness and understanding in a relationship with a woman, but his painful questioning of her, his ruthless investigation of her private life reveals nothing more than an overwhelming, and yet unsurprising, everyday-type of male ego. Finally, there is only "Run. He runs. Run, run." There is nothing else Rabbit can do, for he may never gain any knowledge. Ah! If only Updike would care to consider those who may be running, but who are running towards or, at least, from something.

Jay Sebastian



CLUB BANQUET?



THEATER PARTY?



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THE UNIVERSE



M. Pickard

OF HORATIO SALAMAS

By F. Bruce Bach

HORATIO SALAMAS was such a normal man to be so different. Despite the rank stench of this run down little cafe, he frequented during these periods of insanity which came as regularly as everything else in his very regular life, and despite the general disorder of his clothes, his unkept hair and unshaved face, even the most casual observer could readily see that Horatio Salamas was a man of means and that these were only circumstances of the moment, for he was now in a world that would have disgusted him only days before.

The small Greek who owned the cafe liked Horatio, though they had never exchanged a word or even a glance, and he was sorry that he had called Horatio's wife to come for him; and the Greek was even sorrier that he had accepted the five dollars that the all too proud woman had given him for betraying the last asylum of this sad, conquered man whom he thought of as a friend.

"Horatio, are you coming home with me or must there be a scene?" Horatio heard her voice and he wondered who this was that dared to penetrate his private world. He placed the half empty bottle of cheap port on the dirty tablecloth and soon forgot this all too familiar voice, for its return was inevitable. Very carefully, with hands that he thought to be quite steady, he slid the bottle across the table until it touched its already empty mate. "There, it's done, I have performed the most significant act of my life. I have created a thing of lasting beauty." His mind was once again playing in that wonderfully hazy universe of Horatio Salamas. He began wondering why he had put the bottle down when once again that same penetrating voice came, but this time it shook his very existence and he struggled to see who this was, to be fully aware of someone's presence in the universe other than his own; but inwardly he hoped that he would be unable to break the wonder-

ful spell of complete aloneness that wine gave to him.

Quickly, very quickly, he began to rush headlong through this fog between the intruder and himself, mile after mile until finally he broke through to the other side of the dirty tablecloth that was his sea, separating *Velhalla* from the terrible battle of his life.

Across the table from Horatio was his wife. She was a heavy set woman, about his age with noticeably perfect teeth, a thick nose, and very coarse hair that was yellow, not blond but a very ugly yellow, or so Horatio thought. He hated her and had always hated her for as far back as he could remember.

Horatio just sat there, aware that a body was in the chair where his wife was directing her harangue, but he was not at all sure that it was his body. This realization bothered him for a moment, but he soon shrugged it off, for it didn't really matter anyway. Horatio heard what his wife was saying, but he also heard the noisy traffic playing its game outside while dashing in and out of the rain, he heard happy laughter somewhere in the cafe; and he even thought that he heard the steam hissing through the uncovered pipes overhead. Horatio also saw his wife, but his vision was blocked by his cheeks for he could always see his cheeks when he drank too much wine, and he could also see the cockroach running and stopping and running and stopping on the wall across the room. For a few brief moments the cockroach occupied most of his attention, but his fat wife's relentless bitching soon distracted him once again.

He wondered why he had married this insensitive monster called society who knew no love. It must have been her perfect teeth. For a brief instant he considered destroying those cursed teeth with the wine

bottle in front of him, as he had momentarily destroyed her image with the same bottle. Then he decided that he wouldn't, for he feared discovering that the lifeless arm connecting the lifeless body was not his after all, and Horatio Salamas began to wonder why he hated this woman so much. Maybe it was because she insisted on having two cars when they really needed only one. Maybe it was because she wanted no children, when he thought that to be the primary reason for marriage. Maybe it was because she was always preaching to him about God and sin, when she hadn't the slightest conception of what God really was and didn't care to know except that she was sure that HE was probably much like herself, or maybe Horatio hated her just because she was fat. He was not sure but it didn't matter anyway because now he knew that outside in the rain, far away from her, was salvation; and he was going to find it. Away, far away from it all, that was where he would have to look, but the body he wasn't sure he possessed would not move. It was too well trained. He no longer had a body of his own, it was hers now, she had a right to bitch at it, but his mind still belonged to him, and it was forever wandering between the salvation that he yearned for and the damnation that was his.

Horatio Salamas carefully put the bottle to his lips once again and felt warmth that the wine gave his body and the clearness that it brought to his mind. He slowly drifted back across the tablecloth, mile after mile, back through the fog, and once again he could hear only the steam hissing thru the pipes and the universe belonged only to himself and the pitiful cockroach running and stopping and running again across the wall and Horatio Salamas wondered why.



AS THE BOY watched his friend slide out of his vision with that typical back-shoulder twist which seems to insinuate the I-am-stronger-than-you attitude, he felt a lonely feeling begin in his depths and spread upward in his body, somewhat like a guy feels when he has been snubbed by a girl, any girl, but just that feeling. He thought quietly that he was alone, that no one was anywhere around him except that guy in front, and that he better put a step

on it if he didn't want to be left out here.

The woods were pretty, but he laughed when he thought of how ugly they seemed at this moment. The trees were dappling the leave-littered path with little yellow dots, so little that one almost would think the dots were on one's eyes and not on the path. The marks of the other hikers were on the path: leaves that had rested for days were now overturned, and boot indentations had left their mark in the soggy ground.

There seemed to be a noise coming from the boy as he walked, and even he thought that, but then he realized that the buzz-grind was encircling the air as though an electric rope had lassoed something and hung on, limply, its current making the sound. It was the flies. They were all over, only he didn't notice them until he connected the thought of brushing one off his sweaty hand and hearing the noise, the buzz-grind. Flies! My companions on the

THE BOY

path, he thought. But the pack was aching and as he manipulated his shoulder so as to make the pack fit the right contour of his back, the thought of flies passed away.

He trudged along, burdened-down, seeing himself in a green oriental jungle with a whole troop of men in front and in back of him, trudging, maybe singing. They would all be tired and thinking of a place to lie down, some even picturing their homes and beds, feather-stuffed pillows, and anything else that could be called symbols of comfort. But he was in the Adirondacks, not the Himalayas, and he better get a move on it if he wanted to be close to the other boys, at least near enough to feel their warmth, comrade-ry, anything that means them.

What if his girl could see him now, at least know what he was doing, not necessarily knowing that he was last in line and had originally started out first. She would almost think of him as a woodman, something like that. He pictured himself, big, dirty, a beard that was woody and brown, appearing as though it had been rubbed against bark or some other manly thing. White teeth and an earth-brown face completed the picture. That's what he was. But no, he had to be himself and his girl couldn't see him and he was behind the other boys so he better get a move on it.

The buzz-grind began again and the flies seemed to be getting angry at him, walking, as though it was their land and nobody better trespass. He thought of that word, Trespass. Maybe something to do with the different denominations, in some churches they said two amens at the end of the Lord's Prayer, and in others the congregation only said one. Well, who cares anyway. So he walked, trudging, not really thinking anything now, just walking in a vacuum, not even aware of the buzz-grind.

And then he tripped on some lousy root or something and fell bruising his knee, feeling the blood trickle out of the bruise-cut and stick to his dirt-stiff pants simultaneously. He cried. It was as though, when he fell, he was watching himself with cool observation, then coming back in himself to see the tree-green blur as he went down on the knee, then focusing his eyes on the dirt and leaves and then just crying. He cried and cried and the sobs racked his chest while throughout he felt a certain intimacy and stability with the very near ground. It was so big and he was so small, insignificant.

When his tears were through, the boy struggled to his feet, shook his pack around till it felt right and proceeded with his journey to catch up with the other guys. His hands felt grimy and dirt-swept. He clenched his hands until he felt the right feeling filling him up, then he ceased

clenching and felt his whole body go prickly with that dirty feeling which he hated right now more than anything else in the whole, stinking world. Why God? Why this stinking, dirty, lousy, damn feeling! Oh God no, here we go again, blaming God for everything that bugged him, and then feeling contrite immediately, just as he was beginning to feel now, contrite. He thought fleetingly of the time he had rammed his big toe into the bottom of the sink right after he got through with a shower and was throwing his sister's bathing cap on the hook of the door, taking set-shots from the half-way mark, feeling deadly, wishing he was outside on the court doing the same thing with a ball and net, when he turned around for a jump-shot and smashed that lousy toe into the sink-leg, not feeling anything for a moment, even smiling with awareness of what he would feel in an instant, and then cursing God for letting it occur when the pain rushed in. Damn it! That lousy, dirty feeling. Well God, if you're there, what the hell are you letting me feel this way for? Boy, if there is a heaven and a hell, this cat is gonna burn! Oh the hell with it, he thought, and moved on, thinking something intensely, something that was filling him up with dread and fear, and yet not knowing what it was.

As he walked, the sun started to imprison itself in the trees, pecking through the limbs with an orange, dying eye, making the spots on the ground turn guazy instead of solid and giving an impression of reality vanishing. The sun, sinking as it was, seemed to give an idea that it was capable of making noise, for everything increased in volume, the leafy trees and their shudders and the flies with their buzz-grinds. It was still humid and the boy still trudged along, uncomfortable with the dirt-swept feeling all over him and the pack poking his back. He hated everything at this moment, everything being a symbol for things outside of his life, and things inside him which he didn't know were there, or at least couldn't pinpoint. He just hated everything.

Then the thought that was running wild in his brain connected with something else that joined some other thought and the tragic result became fear. He was alone in the woods, with all its million smells and animals which couldn't bother him in the daylight, but which could attack him unmercifully at night, the night holding no restriction for anything. He was completely alone for he saw Austin pass him a long time ago; he knew the other guys were in front of Austin since he had counted them as they went by, and he knew that both staffs were on ahead, try-

ing to beat the boys to camp in their childish way, and he was here, alone. The night is a lousy friend, he thought avidly, and I don't want to be here, God, so get me out, if You are there.

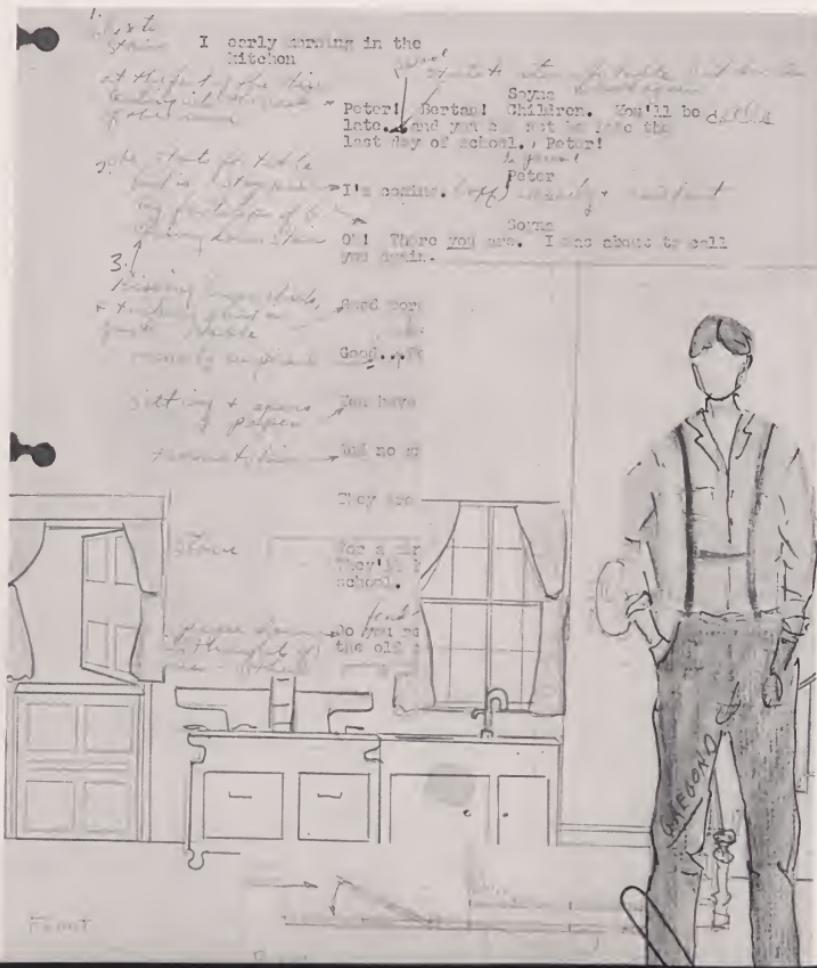
He stopped, tired, with no feeling of contrition, his mind whirling in a maelstrom of thoughts, thoughts that were spinning so rapidly down and up that it was impossible to think of that body and mind functioning together at all. He was alone! Night was falling, animals live in the damn woods, snakes which slither and can't be seen, bees, anything which hurts lives in the woods, and he was there, alone, unable to do anything but cry. The dry sobs convulsed his body, so lonely and hoarse and yet so insignificant that the body seemed to be a paste-board cut-out, laid against a rock with a tape recorder behind it, making moans; the scene was unreal in the dusk, not making sense. The sobs, as though being transformed into words, found vacant echoes coming back, mingling with the buzz-grind, hovering interminably, and sinking into the earth. Nothing was real to the boy; he should be home, with his mother sitting on the white, soft bed, smiling upon him, her eyes the symbols of anything that is good. What was he doing here in these woods! Oh God, if You love me as You're supposed to, what am I doing here? Please God! Please God! O' GOD, COD, GOD!! Please, I swear I will honor and do anything else you want me to. I'll never curse again, I swear, oh God, I'll do anything you want Just Get Me Out Of These Woods, and his voice sobbed out to nothing and the boy fell on his knees, praying, their to the ground, his face in the dirt and his body quivering.

For a few minutes his mind ceased movement as his body did, and was swimming in a black, warm river, a river about as warm as the muck-soft dirt next to his cheek had become. His breathing became gentle after the last twisted sob had extinguished itself in his choked throat; and he rested, unaware that he was resting, as peaceful as a fallen log. When he became aware of the muck-soft dirt seeping in his hiking shirt, he shook warily hoping to shake it off, and, realizing he couldn't, he made his inevitable effort to rise, not succeeding at first but making it on the second try. He slumped on a log not feeling or aware of anything except his actual being there, on a log in the Adirondacks. He felt light and ethereal when he noticed his pack sprawled on the ground, a few of his clothes scattered around it. He was alone still, but he didn't care. Not at all. The others probably took a side-trail and forgot about him, and if they came back looking for him, he won't even care. So that's that. One damn life shot to hell.

WHEN WE WAKE

THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW

by Sam Allen



Here in Norway, as well as all over the world, children leave home. This is especially true and hurtful in small towns which must depend on the succeeding generations for livelihood. But the children don't just leave the house, the town, or the country; they leave the past and the present—they grow up. So whether they move across the street or the world, they someday must break away; and parents must accept these truths.

But it is hard for Soyna, an over-loving and demanding mother of nervous turmoil to accept this easily. Her husband, Gregord, recognizes the problem because he is a rational and deep thinker; but like the pieces of a puzzle, the pieces of youth and age are not always easily comparable in understanding. Not until Alee, Gregord's weak friend, brings him the realization in Gregord's remembered picture of his son at love, does Gregord understand and know why there must be acceptance.

Peter, the new generation of this century, and a quiet boy who cannot touch the other generation, knows he must leave to achieve what he wants. He is pushed by the girl he loves in body only, Marca, to leave regardless of responsibilities or ties; but Gregord's wisdom has rooted deeply into Peter, until he sees he must not hurt others in his flight into life and self-finding.

Anna is the "having happened before" and the "will happen again" of "Children grow up." And she accepts this, though she doesn't care or know why.

The play has no stage directions to limit the reader's seeing these characters, indeed their own selves and families, in their actions. As a play should be in writing, the reader is left to interpret with his own imagination what he, as director, might put upon the stage.

I

early morning

Soyna: Peter! Bertan! Children. You'll be late . . . and you can not be late the last day of school. Peter!

Peter: I'm coming.

Soyna: Oh! There you are. I was about to call you again.

Gregord: Good morning.

Soyna: Good . . . Peter! Bertan!

Gregord: You have called before . . .
Soyna: And no answer.

Gregord: They are up.
Soyna: For a minute. Then back they go to sleep. They'll be late. And on the last day of school.

Gregord: Do you remember our last day? The party the old schoolmaster gave us. Do you remember?

Soyna: Yes. I will have to go up . . .

Gregord: Mr. Wizzler. We called him old Mr. Wizzler. The man who had always been old.

Soyna: And he died.

Gregord: Sonya. What does that mean? A bitter morning . . . a bitter day.

Soyna: Nothing . . . It's just I don't feel that well this morning.

Gregord: You're not sick?

Soyna: No. No. Those children . . . their breakfast will be . . . I will go up . . .

Peter: Good morning, Mother.

Soyna: Ohaya. Peter. You give me a start.

Peter: What a beautiful morning. Though I could have slept all day, and missed it. Papa.

Soyna: Your sister. Bertan!

Peter: She is slow, as usual, but coming.

Soyna: She too will be late. Say hello this morning to your father.

Peter: Good morning, Papa.

Gregord: Good morning.

Peter: Think of it, Papa, think . . . after today, no more books, and no more school. I could have slept this day out of my life.

Gregord: And have missed it later.

Peter: Papa?

Soyna: Eat your cereal. It is good and hot.

Peter: Hot cereal, not this morning. Oh, please Mamma. For eighteen years

it's been hot cereal. This morning is too beautiful to spoil with hot, sticky, and smelly . . .

Soyna: Eat it. It sticks to your ribs.

Peter: But I have had it sticking to my ribs for eighteen years. It hasn't done any good. Heavens knows, it hasn't stuck . . .

Gregord: Haaa, haa, ha.

Soyna: What is so funny?

Gregord: Peter, for forty years, it has stuck to my ribs, and has it done me any good?

Peter: You see?

Soyna: Both of you. Agh! Both. Bertan!

Bertan: I'm coming. Mother, I can't find my blue ribbon. Have you seen it?

Soyna: Yes . . . your slow sister . . . it is right where you left it . . . here in the kitchen.

Peter: I don't think I want to walk with her today to school. And I'm not hungry, Mother. May I leave now?

Soyna: Indeed not. You will do as you usually do. Bertan! Your brother is threatening to leave without you . . .

Bertan: Yes, yes. Peter. You wouldn't dare.

Peter: Papa, the only reason she wants to walk with me is because she feels flattered to have a fine handsome man at her side . . .

Bertan: Why . . .

Peter: But she doesn't realize all the boys at school laugh at this.

Soyna: So you think you are a fine handsome young man. That is the hot cereal.

Gregord: Haaaaa, haa.

Soyna: Well. Sit and eat, all of you.

Gregord: Haaaaa, haaaa.

Peter: You are laughing at me.

Bertan: Well, no wonder.

Gregord: No. No. Hot cereal anyone?

Soyna: Go ahead, all of you, make fun, make fun and jokes over my cereal. But if it isn't the best of its kind in the village, and if it hasn't raised a fine husband, and two healthy children . . .

Gregord: Yes, yes, to that I toast you, toast you with your own sweet nectar. My Children, to the maker of the best hot cereal in the village.

Bertan: Mother, are all brothers stupid and vain so much as mine?

Soyna: Yes, Yes.

Peter: And all sisters as foolish and frivolous?

Soyna: Eat, eat, or you'll be late. And on the last day.

Bertan: The last day of school is sad. Was it sad for you?

Peter: Sad? A dumb wit, father, a real ninny wit.

Soyna: Peter!

Peter: You see. Freedom at last. We poor creatures are at last given our free-

dom, to live and breathe, and she calls this sad.

Gregord: Isn't it sad?

Peter: Then side with her then.

Gregord: On the contrary. But freedom?

Soyna: Who poisons who around here? The old are feeble; the young, foolish.

Gregord: And you the rock. Ahhhh ha. Soyna, you remind me of that rock in the town. So big, the fathers, even in their strength of youth could not move it. And now no one dare move it. It is the rock of this village, and though to cross the street, or visit the town from one side to the other, one has to detour around it, it will not be moved. It kind of keeps this town going straight, while it makes it go crooked.

Soyna: You see, foolish and feeble a philosopher this early in the morning.

Gregord: Haaa, ha. Ha.

Soyna: Laugh, then, but eat. Eat.

Gregord: It is good.

Soyna: I win.

Peter: I've finished. I'm off.

Soyna: Your milk.

Peter: Mother.

Soyna: Drink . . . and don't forget your lunch. Oh, merciful . . . the bell. You are both late, quickly . . . quickly. And on the last day.

Bertan: Hurry. We'll have to run.

Peter: One more day . . .

Soyna: Your lunch. And your coat.

Peter: Not today. It's too warm.

Soyna: Hurry.

Bertan: Good-by, mama, papa.

Gregord: Be good.

Peter: Good by. Good-by Mother, Papa. Good-by school, this life, this horrible old town. Freedom . . .

Bertan: Hurry, silly . . .

Soyna: Gregord?

II

early that afternoon

Anna: Soyna! Soyna. Is anybody home?

Soyna: Yes. Yes, come in.

Anna: Here, brought you some coffee cake. I just finished this minute . . . Soyna?

Soyna: Sit down. I'll make some coffee.

Anna: I wasn't going to walk it . . . but, oh, such a beautiful day, almost summer . . . why, I couldn't resist. I've been up since dawn. Yes. Up and working. Cleaned the whole cottage, top to bottom. Baked, and even washed. All this morning. Just so I might have the afternoon to enjoy! Enjoy, enjoy.

Soyna: I have not done a single thing today.

Anna: Oh?

Soyna: But sit here, drink coffee, and fiddle my time away.

Anna: It's been a good morning . . .

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Soyna: It's been a bad morning . . .

Anna: I got a letter, even. A letter from Elen in Oslo.

Soyna: And how is Elen?

Anna: Oh, good. Good. She has a fine job. Very fine. And she loves the city. You know she is living with Mrs. Olta's girl. I sometimes worry a little about her, but I guess she is no longer a baby. She can take care of . . .

Soyna: Shut up, Anna.

Anna: Why, Soyna. Is that any way to talk to . . .

Soyna: Oh, forgive me. Anna, I'm sorry.

Soyna: Just because . . .

Anna: What has been a good morning for you, has been a foul one for me. Nothing has gone well.

Soyna: Things go only as well as you make them.

Soyna: Is there anything wrong with hot cereal?

Anna: Hot cereal . . . ? What in the world has that got to do . . .

Soyna: Everything.

Anna: Of course not.

Soyna: I had hot cereal every morning . . . my mother . . . my whole family did. There has always been hot cereal on our breakfast table. And there is no reason to change that now.

Anna: Soyna, I believe you're actually angry about hot cereal.

Soyna: This morning Peter claims he hates my hot cereal. Bertan smears at it. Gregord complains.

Anna: This morning was bad for them. Oh, and speaking of Peter, Elen asks about him. Always she asks about him . . .

Soyna: I don't understand . . .

Anna: Why, it's simple. I still think she loves him. She asks, 'Mother, who have you seen Peter out with. How is Peter . . . by the way, tell Peter he knows how to write, and give him my address.'

Soyna: Peter is no longer interested in Elen.

Anna: Yes, I know. But how do you tell

Elen? I don't know.

Soyna: So Elen loves Oslo.

Anna: Yes, adores it. Just adores . . .

Soyna: Soyna, you're even shaking.

Anna: Nerves.

Anna: Did you know Hans is sick? Yes. Near death so the new postman says. Everyone is nearing that, though. Ahh, ha, ha. We are all growing older so fast. Only yesterday Elen was just a small child. To think. To think. Where does it all go? Where does it go?

Soyna: I fear Peter is leaving.

Anna: Oh well, I guess this is life. So, so, so.

Soyna: You didn't hear me.

Anna: No. What?

Soyna: I said Peter is leaving.

Anna: When . . . for where?

Soyna: I don't know . . . he's just leaving.

Anna: Hasn't made up his mind yet? With Elen there was no doubt . . . Oslo . . .

Soyna: He has said nothing. Nothing till this morning. But I've seen it for long months now. I've seen that look.

Anna: Well, well . . . well, he will be out of school, and must find his place in this world. We all must give him credit for that. Elen did.

Soyna: Oh, Anna, go home. Go home. I don't want to talk any more. Just sit. And think the same thoughts over and over. I'm sorry. But please. Thank you for the cake. It's just that . . .

Anna: Yes, I . . . I have more work to do. I'm really never done . . . I just pretend so. I hope you feel better . . . Good-bye. The cake is rich . . . not too much at a time.

Soyna: Good-bye.

Anna: I'll see you soon . . . oh, Soyna, you make very good hot cereal. Heavens knows I wish I could do as well. Au revoir.

III
afternoon

Marca: Peter! Peter . . . wait up. Peter, where did you go? Peter?! Stop playing. Peter, I'm going. Good-bye. . . . Peter?

Peter: What.

Marca: Peter. Oh, Peter.

Peter: I feel free. Think of it, Marca. No more school. No more. I could climb a tree. I can fly.

Marca: Haaa, ha, ha. Peter, come down. Come down from there.

Peter: Here I come. Haa, ha, ha . . .

Marca: No . . . haaaaha, no no . . . haaa . . . Peter.

Peter: Haaa . . . let's sit. Just sit, and feel this freedom.

Marca: Yes, oh, yes. Peter, do you feel kind of lonely, and scared?

Peter: Yes . . . and no. I feel good. I feel good watching the trees, and the sky. Feeling the moss, and the dirt. And you . . . listening to you breathe.

Marca: Yes. It's quiet.

Peter: Except for our breathing . . . and the birds . . .

Marca: Peter?

Peter: What?

Marca: What will we do?

Peter: Why?

Marca: What will we do now, now that I love you, and you love me? There's no more school. What will we do? Marry?

Peter: Yes.

Marca: When?

Peter: I don't know.

Marca: Suddenly, today, I'm so impatient.

I can't really wait. We will go away, won't we?

Peter: Yes.

Marca: You don't want to, do you?

Peter: Yes. Yes.

Marca: I want to. I want to very much.

Peter: Right now, I wonder if we'll ever be more beautiful.

Marca: Peter, there's the future. You can't do anything here. I don't want you to. I don't want you to be an old man when we wake the day after tomorrow. And I don't want to be an old woman, I don't like it.

Peter: I know, Marca.

Marca: But it will be sad, to go away . . . to step out of eighteen years, as if, as if . . .

Peter: I haven't mentioned it to father or or mother yet. Nothing.

Marca: Oh?

Peter: It's going to hurt them . . . especially father. He counts on me.

Marca: They'll have your sister.

Peter: For how long?

Marca: Peter?

Peter: Till she marries a young man who moves her off to the city . . . to Oslo . . . Then whom do they have?

Marca: We have to think of ourselves. Don't we? They had to once.

Peter: It's going to be so hard . . . and I'm scared.

Marca: When did you first notice me?

Peter: Haaa, ha.

Marca: When, Peter? When?

Peter: It's amusing.

Marca: When? I'll tell you when I saw you first. You were walking up the hill to school. It was just before Christmas, and you had just come out of the woods. Bertan was in behind you. You were so tall above the snow and you were red in the cheeks. Your breath was steaming



out into the hard air. You were all wrapped up, carrying a lunch under your arm. I didn't even know who you were . . . It was like I had never seen you before. Never in the seventeen years. You were so beautiful . . .

Peter:

Haa, ha. The bet is, I was so cold, and so aggravated with Bertan, I was the devil.

Marca:

What was I like?

Peter:

You? You were in the birch tree in the woods, down by the bend in the stream. Spring. I thought you had been dropped there by the wind. I tried not to notice you . . . but you fell out, right into the water . . . I had to notice you.

Marca:

I was waiting for Ollie to come by. And you came instead. I was so frightened you'd see me, I fell.

Peter:

You wouldn't even notice me. Never at school. I even flirted with Elen Hanson, and even then. You were so stuck up.

Marca:

IP? Haaa, ha, ha.

Peter:

Yes.

Marca:

Peter . . . I want to leave with you. Now, tomorrow, Peter, I don't want to stay here any longer. I love you too much for that.

Peter:

I will tell mother and father tonight.

Marca:

I wish I could be there. To convince them.

Peter:

Marca, I have a confession to make.

Marca:

Peter?

Peter:

I haven't even told them of us. No. I haven't. I didn't want them to spoil it. So I just didn't.

Marca:

Oh, Peter.

Peter:

They have to know.

Marca:

Yes. Oh, Peter, don't worry about that. Don't worry. They know; they have guessed, surely. I'm so confused and scared.

Peter:

Why couldn't we stay here?

Marca:

Peter. We promised. Not here. Not among all these old, dying people. Not in this useless town. Some-

K & W

CAFETERIA

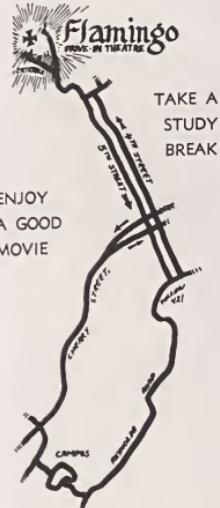
422 N. Cherry St.

and

New K & W in Parkway Plaza

K & W-

where
the
boys
all
eat!



where we can start ourselves. In Oslo there are thousands of jobs, just waiting. Opportunities, money. You've earned enough money to start. And with what I have saved . . . Peter.

Peter:

Yes. Yes. Marca, I love you. I love you.

Marca:

My tall man in the snow.

Peter:

I used to think that it was only because it had been the first time for both of us.

Marca:

You made me a woman.

Peter:

And you, me a man.

Marca:

Yes, oh yes.

Peter:

Remember that morning when we skipped school, and lay out in the field. When the wet grass made your hair smell like hay, fresh and clean. I would undress us for you again, and again, and again . . .

IV

late afternoon

Sonya:

Peter? Is that you?

Bertan:

No, Mama. It's me.

Sonya:

Oh, Bertan. How was school?

Bertan:

Terribly sad, Mama.

Sonya:

Oh? Something to eat?

Bertan:

I'd love some. Whose cake?

Sonya:

Anna brought it over this afternoon. Where's Peter.

Peter:

I don't know. Right after school, he left.

Sonya:

Oh. What did you do today?

Bertan:

Not much. We had a party. A going away party, really is what it was.

Sonya:

And who is going away?

Bertan:

Most of the seniors. Most of them are leaving for Oslo, or somewhere else this week.

Sonya:

I wish Peter were home.

Bertan:

I got excellent in everything . . . but mathematics. Isn't that good?

Sonya:

You always do well. Did Peter say

FOLLY, FOLLY MONUMENT

Soon after Robert Taft's death a great movement was made by many of those whose opposition was the source of a growing disillusionment and disappointment to this statesman. This movement culminated in the erection of a monument to the statesman. As I reflected upon the almost tragic indifference of the people who had builded a monument the following thoughts grew:

Folly, folly monument
Monumental folly
Scattered blithely through the place
Shimmering white, polished bronze,
Inlaid, encrusted, bas relief
Stairs-gutted, fountain-flowered
Flower-bedded, five-story
Speeches-plastered, dome ignited,
Closely-guarded, pigeon-pocked.
Folly, folly monument.
How spills the sperm of seminol saints
From marble phollis stretching?
How free we here the martyred minds
Whose names emblozed there are seen
How choose we to compare the gods
Which flows through pipes to burn forever
To the impulsive thoughts of one
Which had they been ejaculated
Would light the very souls of men
And not alone the air about them?
Folly, folly monument
Monumental folly.
Ironically in naive gesture
They stand more often than admitted
The monument to hardened hearts
To blinded eyes and deafened eor
Which, with the mosses,
Thronged the vio doloroso
With a man whose heart and wisdom
Sought audience of thinking men
The message of salvation to import
And found in their steed
Men who gosped, and gosped, and cried
'Let him be dead! That we may build a monument.'
Folly, folly monument
Monumental folly.

Bob Gay

where he was going? He is always late, even on the days he doesn't work. Do you know where he goes?

Bertan: No, Mama.

Soyna: God knows it isn't to the tavern. I've asked. Some coffee?

Bertan: No.

Soyna: Bertan, does Peter seem restless lately? Have you noticed anything about him?

Bertan: Peter, Mama?

Soyna: Yes. Has he spoken to you about being unhappy . . . or . . . wanting to leave Tandah?

Bertan: No. Why?

Soyna: Nothing . . . I just was worried.

Bertan: About Peter? Oh, heavens, Mama. It's silly to worry about him so.

Soyna: I don't know. He never talks to me. Or to your father.

Bertan: Mama?

Soyna: No, never. Never a word, where he's going . . . what he is doing. Never. Anna says Elen is in love with him . . . 'still.' What does she mean by 'still'? Is he in love with her? You see, I don't even know anything.

Bertan: Mama.

Soyna: What?

Bertan: Don't worry . . . don't worry so

Soyna: I look at you children, and it worries me. I wish, Bertan, you would make me feel young, not old.

Bertan: You're not so old, mama . . . You are younger than most people your age . . .

Soyna: I wish you believed that. Oyah I've had a . . . yes . . . a better day. I've felt funny all day. Like something was wrong. Maybe I'm just growing old . . . and I don't like it. Bertan . . . next year, next year, you won't leave, will you?

Bertan: Me, mama?

Soyna: Yes. Promise me you won't. Promise me, Bertan.

Bertan: Mama. Mama, stop it.

Soyna: Will you promise me? Please?

Bertan: Why are you so upset?

Soyna: For your father. He counts on Peter's staying here. He counts on it with everything he has in him. And I count on you.

Bertan: Mama, you worry too much.

Soyna: You haven't promised. Bertan?

Bertan: I . . . I . . . Mama???

V

that evening

Soyna: Gregord? Gregord! Bertan, go into the shop and call your father.

Bertan: Yes, Mama.

Soyna: Bertan?

Bertan: Mama?

Soyna: I'm worried about Peter. Gregord?

Bertan: I'm going, Mama.

Soyna: I'll skin him. That boy. Staying out all hours, late for supper. Bertan?

Bertan: Mama?

Soyna: Hurry, we'll eat without him. He'll just go hungry.

Peter: Hello, mama. Sorry I'm late.

Soyna: You. You're lucky, that's what. We were just going to begin. Without you.

Peter: Kiss?

Soyna: You don't deserve it. Where have you been? Peter, your clothes are a mess.

Peter: In the woods.

Soyna: And what in the world were you in the woods till this hour?

Gregord: Let's eat.

Bertan: There he is.

Gregord: There who is?

Soyna: Peter. Almost late again.

Bertan: Oh? Why so?

Soyna: In the woods. Wash up for supper, Peter.

Gregord: In the woods, well, well.

Soyna: I don't know . . .

Gregord: How was school to day, Bertan? Your marks, were they good?

Bertan: Excellent, Papa. Excellent, in everything, except math. But I just can't do math. I just have absolutely no talent for math.

Gregord: Well good. We can except one low subject. Excellent. That's fine, Bertan. That's wonderful.

Bertan: Thank you, Papa.

Gregord: Who was in today, Soyna?

Soyna: Anna. Peter, hurry.

Gregord: Oh, what did she want?

Soyna: Oh, nothing. She had a letter from Elen, and we talked of that . . . I snapped at her so . . . she finally left. I'm sure she was quite shocked. But I had a foul day.

Gregord: Carl was in today. He and Gerda are going to Oslo next week, to visit Larson.

Soyna: Oh?

Gregord: He was quite excited.

Soyna: Two years . . . yes, it's been a long time since Larsen left. It will be good for them to get away, to see their son. Peter!

Peter: I'm here. Mama.

Soyna: Good.

Bertan: And what marks did you make, Peter?

Peter: None of your business.

Gregord: Yes, Peter.

Peter: Bertan, so help me.

Soyna: Peter!

Peter: Fair, just average. Except excellent

country club or
countryside . . .
wear

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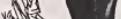






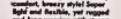




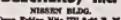




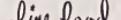










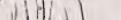
















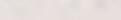


















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in gymnastics.

Gregord:
Just average.

Peter:
Anyway, I'm finished, so it doesn't matter. I'm just an average student. I know that.

Gregord:
If you had tried, Peter, you might have got a scholarship to the University. You know they give many of them. It might not have been bad.

Peter:
What would I want with the University, Papa. I don't want to go there.

Soyna:
University, indeed, Gregord.

Gregord:
It would not be bad for a son of ours to go to the University.

Soyna:
All Peter wants, is to stay here, and work here in the shop . . . or somewhere in Tandah. Isn't that right, Peter? University, think of that.

Gregord:
Peter?

Peter:
Papa?

Gregord:
You are staying? To work here, with me.

Peter:
No, Papa.

Soyna:
Peter?

Gregord:
What do you want to do?

Peter:
Go to Oslo.

Gregord:
Peter.

Soyna:
No.

Peter:
Yes, Mama, I don't want to stay here, there's nothing here for me.

Soyna:
Just leave? You too?

Gregord:
Peter, what is there in Oslo that is not here?

Soyna:
Leave us? Leave your father everything?

Gregord:
Soyna Peter?

Peter:
I wanted to tell you sooner but I didn't want to . . . there's everything, Papa. Jobs, opportunities, life . . . everything that's old and dying here, is young and growing in Oslo. Everyone is going to Oslo. Everyone.

Soyna:

I won't permit it. You have no people there, no money . . . nothing. A young child alone. I won't hear of it.

Peter:
Mama, why? I'm not a child. I can't stay here. I have to . . . go . . .

Soyna:
What do you mean? Peter? Gregord? What does he mean?

Peter:
I don't want to stay here anymore, Mama.

Soyna:
Ahhhhhhh.

Peter:
Mama . . . mama . . . I'm sorry if I . . .

Soyna:
Get away from me . . .

Peter:
Papa . . .

Gregord:
You think in Oslo there is more than we can give to you . . .?

Soyna:
Gregord!

Peter:
Yes, Papa. Yes. It's not that I don't respect you, or Mama . . . but I don't want to sell tobacco . . . There's nobody but old people here . . .

Soyna:
Like me, and Anna, your father . . .?

Peter:
Mama . . .

Soyna:
I did not raise you Peter Alvinson to run off behind your mother's back, aha . . . ahnn.

Peter:
Papa, explain to Mama.

Gregord:
Explain . . . what I don't understand? Peter, you are young . . . just out of school, you know nothing of the world. You don't know what there is in Oslo . . .

Peter:
I have heard. Everyone who has gone there . . . they all say . . .

Gregord:
They all say fairy tales . . . their dreams. Do they know, Peter?

Peter:
Yes! YES!

Gregord:
YOU DON'T! IT IS NOT TRUE!

Soyna:
Gregord . . .

Peter:
May I go?

Gregord:
You are so young . . . and so

foolish. Peter, as your family, we had a right to know . . .

Peter: May I go, Papa? Mama?

Gregord: Do you want to that much?

Soyna: No, No, you may not. And break your father's heart. FOREVER!

Peter: I am not hungry.

Gregord: Peter.

Peter: I must go.

Soyna: Peter, Peter . . . wait . . .

Gregord, what does he mean?

Gregord: It was coming . . .

Soyna: Gregord . . . don't let him go . . . please . . . please . . . he's just a baby . . . Gregord . . . promise me . . . promise

Bertan:

Mama?

VI early that night

Marca: What is it, Peter?

Peter: Marca!

Marca:

You've been running . . .

Peter: I ran all the way . . . I couldn't stay . . .

Marca: Is there anything wrong?

Peter: I told them, Marca: I told them about Oslo.

Marca: They said, "No."

Peter: Papa didn't. Papa didn't say. It was Mama. She started to cry. God knows what she'll tell Papa. But she won't let us go.

Marca: Why didn't you stay and fight?

Peter: I couldn't. I couldn't. The look on her face. It was horrible. The look. Marca, her eyes were so terrible.

Marca: What did they say? What?

Peter: I don't even remember . . . the usual . . . the same things all parents say. Except for Papa. He tried to understand. But with Mama.

Marca: Peter, I'm scared.

Peter: I don't know what to do. What did your mother say?

Marca: I didn't tell her.

Peter: When are you going to?

Marca: I'm not. I'm not going to . . . She doesn't care, anyway.

Peter: That's being a coward.

Marca: I know. Peter, what will it matter?

Peter: Marca, Marca, why can't we stay here for a while? Be married here, at least? Till the end of summer. Till then. We could at least give them that long?

Marca: And then wait till the end of the next year, and the next . . . ? Now, Peter . . . now.

Peter: Marca, I love you but . . . No. No. I won't leave till the end of the summer. I won't. He said something . . .

Marca: Peter.

Peter: That they had a right to know. I feel small, Marca. I feel so small. Marca, if we have love, there's no



What you doing after the show, Joe?

need to be ashamed of it. Is there?

Marca: Peter, this town can kill. Just kill anything beautiful. It is like a hunchback with a disease . . . I don't want to wake up a poor old maid here. Can't we have courage to leave now?

Peter: No, No, Marca . . . Marca, my dear Marca . . . it doesn't take courage to leave. Now. It takes courage to stay . . . at least, at least till fall . . . Marca, I won't leave them hating, or pitying . . . I won't. If you had seen Mama's eyes. You'd know.

Marca: Can we keep it strong, and just like it is? Can we?

Peter: Look at my hands shake to touch you? All of you . . .

Marca: Peter . . . now, Oh, Peter . . . I'll do what you say.

Peter: Your hair is like the milkweed down . . . soft . . . soft . . . soft . . .

Marca: Oh, Peter . . . Hold me . . . hold me . . .

Peter: Let me . . . now.

Marca: Not here . . . come . . .

Peter: Run . . . run . . . I cannot wait. Let's run . . .

VII that night

Soyna: I don't know why they hate us . . . all of them. Anna and her Elen. They all do. Why? Gregord? Why?

Gregord: I don't know that they do.

Soyna: Where did he go? He didn't leave, did he? Did he?

Gregord: No.

Soyna: Gregord? Above all, you must promise me not to let him go. You must promise.

Gregord: Soyna . . . can I keep him here, really? Can you?

Soyna: Can't you? It's late. Where is he?

Gregord: Soyna, I don't know what to do. Why? Why do they all go away?

We have a good town . . . we, a good family. We've never starved, never really wanted, never suffered. Happy. This is a happy town, a happy family. I know it is. It was enough for us . . . but suddenly it isn't for them. We are left a crumbling shell. Maybe it's because we're old.

Soyna: Don't let him go.

Gregord: Maybe like the rock in town . . . they just can't bear to walk around it . . . they seem to have to go straight to . . . to . . . somewhere. Do they know where?

Soyna: Gregord, there's nothing but filth, people, nothing for him in the city.

Gregord: I don't know . . . maybe it's because the streets are straight in Oslo . . . it isn't our fault our streets are small and crooked. I don't know what do do . . . Soyna . . . I don't know.

Soyna: Gregord . . . how is it possible? You sit for the evening meal, and your son announces he is going to leave. When? Why? It does not make sense.

Gregord: Never, never has he been able to talk to us. You know that. Always, we find out somewhere else. Or right at the last. He can not talk to us.

Soyna: We are his parents.

Gregord: Only for awhile.

Soyna: What?

Gregord: For part of the day, for part of his life . . . Soyna, things are no longer the same. The world is moving too fast . . . too fast for us to notice, maybe. Maybe they with the quick eye . . . the young people notice this crazy carousel and what to get on. We just sit by the side and hear their laughs and screams.

Soyna: This is not time for philosophy.

Gregord: Perhaps not. Soyna, we both knew this day would come. We didn't know how, or when. We planned, and we waited for our children to do the same.

Soyna: You said it, when you said a bitter day. I'm so tired . . . even this morning. Why doesn't he come

home. Where is he? Gregord, go and look for him?

Gregord: Why? I know where he is.

Soyna: Find him, bring him back . . . tell him we're sorry, we understand.

Gregord: When we don't?

Soyna: What are we going to do?

Gregord: First have faith in Peter. He's a sound, good boy. We know that. We know he loves us. And we know he's young. But he is good. Then get you to rest.

Soyna: Yes . . . I can't think . . . I just can't think anymore, clearly.

Gregord: Lie down, my dear. Lie down.

Soyna: Yes . . . yes . . . Gregord, I won't sleep . . . but . . . but . . .

Gregord: I'll wake you the minute he comes home.

Soyna: Gregord, don't let him leave. Please. Don't. I love him too much.

Gregord: Yes.

Soyna: I'm scared, Gregord. I'm frightened.

Gregord: Rest.

Soyna: Please, remember . . . don't let him leave us.

Gregord: Yes . . . Bertan! Bertan. I'm going out. If your mother comes down . . .

Bertan: Papa, Papa. Mr. Erikson is at the shop.

Gregord: Who?

Bertan: Mr. Erikson . . .

Gregord: Tell him to come in . . .

Alee: Gregord.

Gregord: Alee. How are you?

Alee: Bad. I'm sorry . . . ahng . . . to come late . . . here . . . but I . . .

Gregord: Oh? I see in your eyes . . . What is it?

Alee: You see bloodshot eyesaghgh. No sleep. And an afternoonahng at the tavern.

Gregord: No sleep. You are not fighting with Silvia again, are you?

Alee: Aghhhno. I wish it was. It's Swen.

Gregord: Swen?

Alee: Ya. He left today.

Gregord: Him too? That's three I heard of today.

Alee: Oslo. Why? I asked him. Silvia cryngahgh crying. Does that help? No. Why? He can not answer.

Gregord: No.

Alee: It's bigger. So it's aghh, bigger. So what? Tell me, Gregord. Friend. You and I grew up next to each other. Next to each other. We grew up. Do you feel smothered? Do I? No. No. But Swen is smothered . . . aghnagh. What is there to smother a young man here?

Gregord: After its first flight, the spring bird returns to the warm nest.

Alee: I wish I could believe that. Aghh I wish I could. This, Gregord, is no spring flight. I offered him to work at my side. No. He does not want to make beer. Why? No. No aghh, no reason. I make beer, my father makes it, my grandfather . . . on and on. But it's not good enough for my son. He wants to be an engineer. Build . . . aghhn. Build, he say. What?

Gregord: They always have high . . .

Alee: Aghh . . . just build. He could build here. Right here. But now, he would be smothered. Aghh. Are you smothered, am I? NO. By God, no. Even now, Silvia is in tears. Is she smothered? Aghh.

Gregord: There are a lot leaving.

Alee: A lot . . . all . . . all, I tell you, good Gregord. All. Suddenly we are not good enough for them. They want the city. Aghhh. The filth . . . I do not understand it.

Gregord: I don't know. It worries me as well.

THE GRAY WHALE

Meaning, non-meaning, joy sorrow, elotion and deflation. This is the stuff of men, of sunlight and rain, the peak of pleasures offset by unquenched desire, the fatness of fulfillment . . . by the shell of hunger, the burst of love . . . by the loneliness of the crowd, the beauty of the clouds . . . by the mushroom cloud, the wild weekend . . . by the throbbing of Monday, and the agony of involvement . . . by the void of detachment, the liberty of lawlessness . . . by the burn of its backfire. The equilibrium is struck:

thesis and antithesis,
cause and effect,
act and consequence,
pleasure and pain,

EXCEPT . . .

the scales are tipped toward the mire—
made destitute
by the gray whale, looming larger and larger,
perpetually pulling to the edge of life,
dragging men to doom,
bursting the balloon of balance,
shattering the hopes of hedonism,
swallowing all significance in its belly.

Don VanDeVeir

YOUNGER BROTHER

Utter simplicity
Of wishes
With a lump at the throat of humanness
That he too
Would not have to know
The Half Pain of Life
Swelling in Beauty and Indecision
And Know
That love is not all—
To bear the pain of too much love
To know the aloneness
Of Man—in an empty room
Where he cannot hide his nakedness
And is ashamed.
Where all simplicity
And all complexity
Are reduced
To Himself
And he must stand—
More than stand—
WALK
In the haunting melody of his own
Soul-Song
To a rhythm that finds its beat
In the sound of laughter across
o desolate plain.

Carolyn Young

Alee: Peter. Does he want to leave?

Gregord: Yes, But if he will . . . ?

Alee: You see. You see. Aghghagh. What are we to do?

Gregord: There's . . .

Alee: Aghhnn . . . I even forbid him. At the top of my voice. I forbid him. Then I order him stay. Gregord . . . I . . . aghhh . . . I, his father, told him to go. 'Out And don't come to me ever, ever, . . .' and Silvia weeping . . . It . . . agh it . . . he left. I went by the school; he just walked past me . . . to the station . . . pats me . . . I followed agh . . . him . . . and I was so ashamed . . . I had to go into the bathroom . . . because I was weeping . . . And the train left . . . aagghhh . . .

Gregord: Alee, Alee . . .

Alee: Aghh . . . he even ran away from me . . . from his mother . . . A curse on you, Swen . . . Oh . . . God, Gregord . . . I don't mean what I say . . .

Gregord: Sit down . . . Here, a drink.

Alee: Yes. What am I to do? Aghhgh.

Gregord: Go to Oslo?

Alee: No. Never. He must come to me.

Gregord: Will he? Will he do that?

Alee: No. And I will not go to him. Agh I could not care.

Gregord: You know, Alee. Coming across the farms once . . .

Alee: Aghhgh . . .

Gregord: It must have been last month one morning . . . through the woods . . . I stood behind a tree, daring not to move, and watched two children, two children, late from school, missing school perhaps, they were sitting across the stream on the bank. I watched them for . . . oh, perhaps fifteen minutes. Youth. I saw me . . . I saw Soyna, there . . . All of a sudden again, it was us, there on that bank. When they kissed . . . it was me . . . and it was Soyna.

Alee:

Aghhaghahhh.

Gregord:

I couldn't move . . . if they had seen me. It was sacrifice . . . yes, sacrifice to watch . . . to watch them . . . but I had to. They left, finally, running, never even their feet touching the ground . . . back into the mist of the spring morning . . . I too wept. But I was not ashamed. I was hurt . . . oh, yes. Even petrified . . . to be old.

Alee:

So?

Gregord:

So? It was my son I watched. Ah, yes. Peter. What could I do? It is good to tell someone this.

Alee:

So, aghhgh, your son kisses a girl . . . my son. My son . . .

Gregord:

Peter left me, that morning . . . I knew.

Alee:

And it did not bother you?

Gregord:

Oh, Alee . . . I did not work that day . . . nor sleep that night. I could not keep my distress from Soyna, but I couldn't tell her. Soyna is not that strong . . . I just wait for when Bertan . . .

Alee:

But, Gregord . . . aghh . . . Gregord, I worry. Where does this leave us. We are old. We will die soon. Who will make the beer, sell the tobacco? Aghh. What these children will never know of the life they could have here . . . of our life . . .

Gregord:

What we will never know of their life, Alee. Of all that we will never know.

Alee:

Gregord . . . my friend.

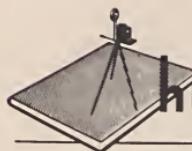


"You have a strong heart—but I don't think your rib cage can stand it!"

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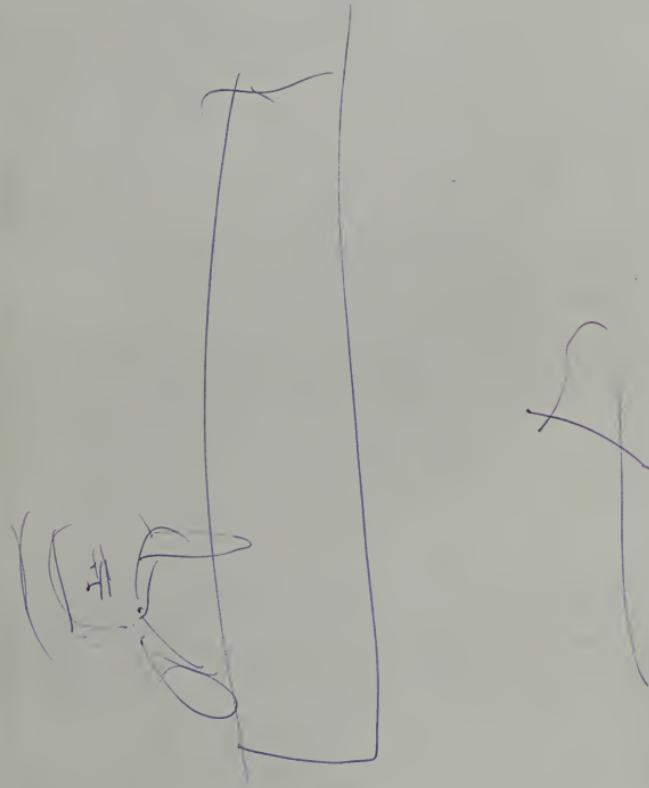
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A large, stylized black and white illustration of a smiling face. The face is rendered with thick, expressive black lines. The eyes are simple black ovals, and the mouth is a wide, open grin showing a row of sharp, triangular teeth. A single green rose is depicted in the bottom right corner, with its stem and two leaves extending towards the center. A thin, curved branch with two green leaves is positioned in the lower left corner, pointing towards the center of the face.

the student

Volume 76 No. 4 March 1961

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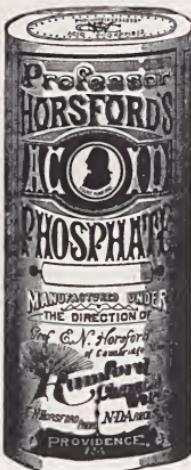
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HORACE AND MORRIS WENT TO WAKE FOREST

by Dr. Zeus

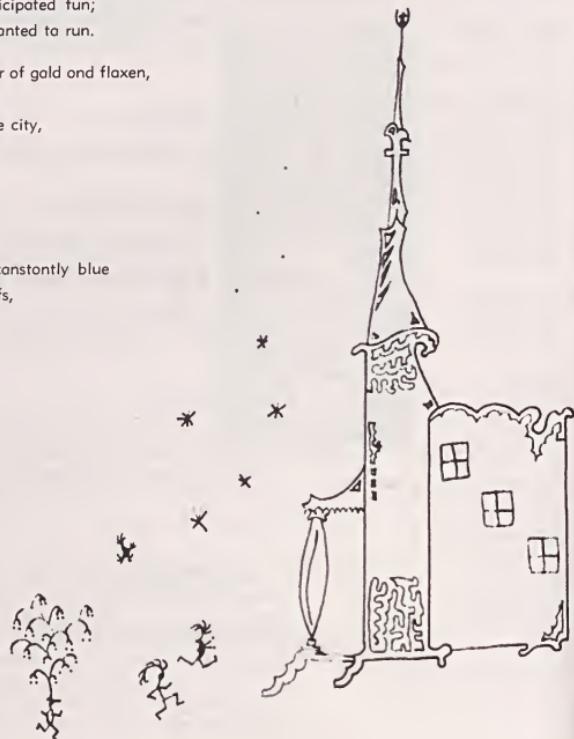
178 Word Vocabulary

Horoce ond Morris went to Woke Forest;
The scene they sow,
Full of pity, feor, ond awe
Was o genuine Aristatelon cotharsis.

Now you moy wont to know
What made the boys go.
On seeing the compus they anticipated fun;
On becaming acquainted, they wanted ta run.

Horoce, on Anglo-Saxon, with hair of gold ond flaxen,
Wonted to became o preacher.
Morris, o little flitty and from the city,
Wanted ta become o teacher.
Overcaming their past
They became very lost-
ing friends.

The compus's atmosphere was constnoly blue
But the other students ond profs,
They were just too-taa.





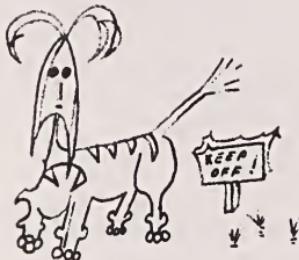
To study bugs, trees, and rocks
The bays had a professor named Jabberwacks,
Muttered and cluttered, with flaving lacks,
Laughing at graduates of the school of hard knacks.
He faught and taught theology and stuff,
Saying snow was God's dandruff.
"Don't interpret the Bible,
Far I shall hold you libel!
It's all copyright, you know."

Harace, with a mind so nimble,
Learned to describe by using the symbol,
He wrate his first theme, a dream, ta dream theme,
He wrate af Bow-Waw,
Very clever now?

A dog went ta school
Where he learned the rule:
Keep off the grass,
And please, na sass!

Bow-Waw was his name,
His mind became lame,
To class he came
With a lady-dag dame.

He never did walk on the grass,
He never did give any sass,
And all that he ever learned
Was that same books are better burned.



Morris, directed by the classic fote,
Found himself with o bizarre roommote.
For to the compus come o cot,
In the clossraom he olways sot,
In lotus position,
He pructiced dictian
Digging the scene from his mat.



Marris met a coed pretty,
Very charming and very witty;
In bialogy she met o legume
Her mind become on obvious vacuum;
Marris did not mind these trite patters
Love is all that really matters.

Horace met o poet fine
In mood aver candles and wine;
The content of his verse
Wos o steady curse
Against all of mankind;

He didn't use caps, he didn't use commas
"Why man, I oin't writing dramas.
The meoning's the thing.
Hoven't you heard birds sing?"



After awhile af viewing ecclesiastical guile
Horace was heard to exclaim:
When I get ta be a preacher
I'll never leave the bleachers
In the manner of ather preachers,
Never let escape from my lips
A prayer far the little bouncing ball's
Trips to the basket.
Or if I slip,
I'll mask it.



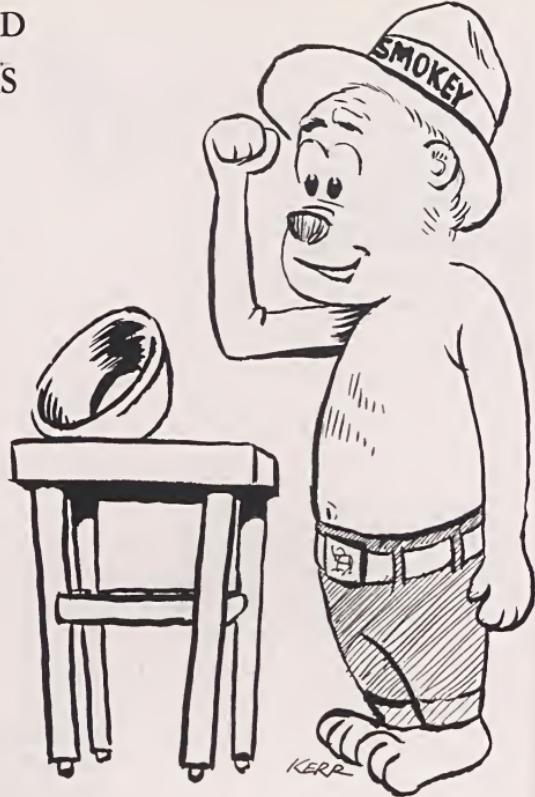
Morris confided in Horace:
You know the real rouble with
Wake Forest is (whisper, whisper) . . . red tape.
When I get my B.A. I'll write books,
And I'll have lots of crooks in my baaks.
Crooks like gaaks wha are often mistaak
Far spooks wha wark in bureaucratic nooks.



Now kiddies, after reading these words af knowledge,
Don't you all want ta go to Wake Forest College?

PHONYLOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

by John
Hopkins



IT WAS ABOUT 10:00 one morning and I was out in the back yard just horsing around. My mother and father had gone on one of their lousy little before-breakfast walks. They wanted me to go, but I just couldn't stand it that morning. They make me sick sometimes when they get on those walks of theirs. Whenever I'm around they get to being real sweet to one another and call each other "Mama" and "Papa" and stuff like that. Lots of times when I'm awake after they think I'm in bed asleep I can hear them downstairs fighting like hell. But when they get around me, they have this lousy "be nice in front of the kid" attitude. It just kills me. It really does.

I had been watching this bird up over our yard for about 15 minutes. It was a buzzard and it kept just flying around in circles and not doing anything. It was a funny bird. It was real sweet about flying around and all that stuff. I mean, if I

were a buzzard, I'd hate flying around in those circles. But he was real sweet about it, like he didn't mind being a buzzard or anything.

I was in a real nutty mood that morning anyhow, so I really got a kick out of watching that old buzzard. I get in these nutty moods a lot and do all kinds of goofy things. I really do. Like this nutty hat I was wearing then. It was a big round flat brimmed job with a pinched crown like the boy scouts used to wear all the time, and it had "Smoky" written on the hat band. I had been wearing it for several days. The day before I went out to the highway, and some crazy guy driving about a '57 chevy with all kinds of camping equipment on top of it and his wife and about

16 little kids in it saw me and stopped to take my picture. He was kind of a little nervous guy who looked like he might have been a shoe clerk or a fuller brush salesman or something. He got out and took about 8 million pictures of me and kept laughing and pointing at me and telling his wife, "Look, there's Smoky the bear. Better be careful with that cigarette." He laughed like hell every time he said that. He was pretty stupid, but I didn't mind as long as he took my picture. I love to have my picture taken. I do all kinds of nutty things to get the tourists to take my picture. I really do.

After a while the buzzard got tired of flying around in circles and left. I was getting ready to go back in the house and

horse around some when I see this kid come kind of skipping down the path through the woods toward the house. She must of been about eight with blond curly hair and big blue eyes. It was enough to make you sick. I mean she was one of those kids who is really a phony. Big blue eyes, blond hair, little blue and white pinafore, a basket on one arm, and kind of skipping down the path, singing "A tisket, a tasket." What a bunch of crap.

I just stood there and watched her to see what she was going to do. She kind of goofed around for a while in front of the house and then went in. I didn't much want to mess with her so I climbed up in a tree and pretended I was tailgummer in an airplane and that bunch of sparrows that were hanging around were planes. I would point a branch of the tree at them and go, "Ack-ack-ack-ack" and they would all fly away like hell and I would wait till they came back and then do it again. It was funny as hell to see them scatter like that.

After a while I got to thinking about the blonde kid again. I guessed she wasn't such a bad kid after all. She kind of reminded me of old Betty Parkinson. Betty used to stay in one of the cottages in the park during the summer. She used to come down near the creek some and I would meet her and she used to give me sugar and stuff like that. I really liked old Betty. We used to fool around a lot during the summer. Nothing sexy or anything, but we had a lot of fun. It only lasted about a summer and a half though, cause I finally caught her necking with some kid down at the creek. I never did go back after that. She was kind of a bitch anyway.

Pretty soon, while I was still up in the tree, my mother and father came walking up through the back yard and said to come on in and eat breakfast. We went on in the house and sat down at the table. There was this bowl in front of my place at the table, but it was empty. Clean as a whistle. My mother and father sat down at the table. My father looked up and said, "Hey, who's been nibbling at my oatmeal?"

My mother said, "Why, someone's been at mine too."

I figured out that there must have been some oatmeal in my bowl too and that blonde had come in and gotten it. I didn't say anything, though. Oatmeal makes me puke.

"My mother looked over at me. "Irving, do you know anything about what happened to our nice breakfast?" she asked.

Nice, my ass, I thought. But, before I could answer, my father reached over and slapped me on the back in that "be a pal to your son" way of his and said,

"Well, well, it looks like we're getting quite an appetite around here. You must've gotten pretty hungry while we were gone."

I kind of mumbled something and got up from the table. I knew I was going to catch a little hell, but it was better than eating that stinking oatmeal. I went on outside for a few minutes and started looking for beetles. I'm always doing nutty things like that. I'm not kidding.

I wasn't out there long before my mother called me into the house with this kind of angry tone of voice. I came in and she was standing there pointing to my chair. I had this chair that she had picked out that matched the one she had and my father's too. She saw in *Good Housekeeping* or somewhere three chairs just alike in a row in front of the fireplace and thought it was cute. They were uncomfortable, and I hated mine. The whole bottom was gone out of it. Busted right through. I was really happy. Boy, did I hate that cruddy chair.

My mother didn't see it that way, though, and she griped for about six hours about my not taking care of it. Then she sent me over to stay in the corner for a while. When she got through cleaning up in the living room, she went into the bedroom next door. About two seconds later she was screeching for me to get in there. I went in and she was pointing at her bed. "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" she hollered. "And your father's too?"

"I don't know," I said.

"I suppose the bed just messed itself up?"

"I guess it did," I said. I can be ironic as hell when I want to. And sarcastic too, I'm really sarcastic sometimes.

She was raising hell about the beds pretty loud, so I kind of sneaked over behind the screen where my bed was. When I looked at my bed, there was this Goldilocks kid in it.

"Hey, Mom, come here a minute," I shouted. Then I kicked the kid real hard. She jumped up real scared.

"What the hell's wrong with you," I said, "haven't you got a goddamn bed of your own?"

She jumped out of bed and ran like hell out past my mother and out the front door. As she took off like mad out the door she said something about being sorry about eating the porridge. Boy, was that kid a phony. Calling that putrid oatmeal of my mother's a fancy name like porridge. It was enough to make you puke. It really was.

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March Review

by Amu Jr.

ONE OF the greatest theological advancements of the century appeared last week in the form of a little book entitled *Prayers for All Athletic Occasions*, by A. B. Smith. Smith has indeed done it again. Never before have athletics and theology been placed in the same field, figuratively speaking, of course. It remains now only for athletic teams to reach out and take hold of the amazing "power," as Smith terms it, that lies in the bounds of what he calls "athletic prayer." The world can be thankful that the brilliant work that the author has done in actual practice has been left to the ages in book form. What we have here has been praised highly by the greatest scholars in the field. Ryan Whole of Harvard University has said of the book, "the greatest advancement in The Field since Jesus decided not to jump from the bell tower." The esteemed author in a press conference last week gave a first hand report of what he thought of his great contribution. Smith, or "A. B." as he is affectionately called by members of the football and basketball teams, said that he had originally intended to entitle his masterpiece, *How to Pray Your Way To Winning Football*, but decided that another title would be more appropriate due to last season's win-lost (mostly lost) record.

The book consists of a neatly outlined scheme of prayers, each type for a different sport. Two of the biggest sections are on football and basketball, but others include handball, baseball, volleyball, tennis, golf, and ping pong. Fraternities will be delighted to find an entire section devoted to intramurals entitled, "How to Get the Lord on Your Side." Smith guarantees a pick-up in point percentage if the right "prayer form" is used for each sport. In each section he gives a prayer form, that is, a general structure for the prayer of a particular sport, and he follows each form with some sample prayers of his own. His rule is, never deviate from the form, but use your imagination within it. "It's filling in the blanks, don'tcha know," he said.

The form allows the man praying to be creative in his own right. Smith by no means wants to set up a stereotyped method of praying. Ideally, it must all come spontaneously from the heart.

THE WHOLE idea of Athletic Praying is a new concept in the theological world, said Smith. The term "Athletic

Praying" tends to be misleading, he said; rather it is more like theological sport. It is Man Praying. By a method of exercises and mystical wishing your side will win, a prayer is concocted, which seemingly is objective and fair to everybody, but in reality it is full of hidden symbolism and meaning lambasting the opposition in the eyes of God. There is a hidden meaning behind every "Thee" and "Thou art."

NATURALLY nobody can refuse the request that a prayer should be said before the athletic contest, because who would want to leave God out of anything. After all, they want their boys to play a honest, clean, honor-packed, love-besmirched, hate purged, rip 'em up, give 'em hell, kill the bums, scorching game like everybody else. What more can you do than give the people what they want?

ONCE YOU get permission to pray, you've got it made. You then can fill your prayer with all kinds of *double entendre*. Phrase it to fool the crowd, but don't let the other team miss a word of your "hidden" patriotism. This way the members of the opposition feel that the cosmos, Yahweh or whatever it is to whom you pray is against them. The psychological effect is marvelous because the other team members begin feeling an overwhelming sense of guilt. They wonder what they are really doing out on that field. Are they really fighting against God? Are these people whom they are opposing really God's messengers? they ask. To make the effect more complete, Smith advises that every coach have as a team nickname something like "Chaplains" or "Angels".

THE ENTIRE PROCEDURE is most effective when YOUR TEAM is playing on its home court, because the fans being fallible and biased will think that because you are a representative of the home school, you have really prayed in earnest for a fair game *et al.* They will proceed not to care if their boys don't play a fair game, or slug somebody, or use an elbow here and there. The team has been blessed. What they do bad is excused, because God, being on their side, is a compassionate and forgiving God. Whatever the outcome, says Smith, even if Your Team loses, a moral victory has been won. "If the other team wins in points we can rest assured that our boys have played a fair, honorable, upright and clean

ball game, mainly because a prayer was said before the game started."

"What about the losses?" I asked "how do you account for losses?"

"I'm glad you asked me that. It's a frequent question, and I think I got the answer right here. You see," he went on, "the reason for some of those losses last season is simply this: one of the guys failed to make the coordination between praying and playing; they forgot sometimes that this things gotta work as a unit. When they see this thing as a unit then . . . wow! watch out! My motto is this, and this is what I keep trying to tell the guys! 'a player is a prayer,' or 'a good pray makes a good play'."

He crunched his cigar, dragged in, and went on: "You see, we're working on this business right now for next season. We got some new plays, and we got some new prays . . . I mean prayers. Now all we gotta do is get them meshed. That's the secret . . . to get this thing working as a unit so the guys will be praying and playing together without knowing the difference. That way you got coordination, cooperation, and the thing clicks as a whole. You can't have a clicking player if you don't have a clicking prayer. When you got the two working together as one, boy, that's spirit! that's Winnmannship! When we get this oiled up and meshing together, then you can just watch out—there's nothing to keep us from being No. 1, the champs, you might say."

"Another thing I tell the guys, and this is when I try to instill some good theology: Remember always, I tell 'em, a sinner ain't a winner."

"Also: God like a winner and a winner likes God. That means, you see, God really appreciates good-praying, playing, and He's gonna show that appreciation. It means too that when you got a winning team, they know that the Guy of Guys is on the right side."

"It's good for the crowd, too. Winning praying playing brings in the crowds and think now God must like that—What good holy business that is!"

THE BOOK, by the way, was published last week under the auspices of Hearty Sparring Partners, Inc., a local publishing company. It can be bought at any sporting goods store.

Old Gold and Black

★ ★ "Covers The Campus Like" ★ ★

IT WAS ANOTHER one of those all night parties. Between 4:00 and 6:00 a.m. the hilarity hit its peak. The campus cop, making his rounds, stopped, listened, and shook his head a little sadly. He had just overheard the latest side-splitter—“Hey, Filson, the body’s an inch short and the head won’t fit!” He looked at the two bleary characters convulsed with half-hysterical laughter and walked softly away from pub row.

He remembered the time a call had come—“Shay, buddy, I need a little help, I mean, I’m kinda mixed up, ya know—I’m over here in the parking lot—I mean, we’re over here in the parking lot—me and my girl—way down here, behind all these buildings and things. We don’t know what to do—I mean, we’re sorta lost.” This went on for a long five minutes when finally the man in blue had a flash of exasperated inspiration—“Hey, I know you’re not over there—there’s no phone in the parking lot!” Sometimes he wondered about the source of that call—but decided it couldn’t be proved in court. They could probably plead mental incompetence.

And then there was the time editor Rollins, secure in his tyrant-chair, called the college Snack Shoppe asking for room service. “Just a minute and I’ll ask,” came the reply. Then, “I’m sorry sir, the boy’s out just now.”

But the job of getting out the paper is not always a bowl of telephone bills. There are the headaches-like pacifying people who propose peanut-pushing contests and choosing a theme song. They finally decided on Hound Dog Man by Gray (Rollins plainly said after a week-end vacation in Nashville, Tenn., “This Gray Hound’s a dog, man—I can’t even wiggle.”)

The work these boys do is not without inspiration, however. Pin-ups go up only after closing hours at the girl’s dorms.

The whole office is said to have had quite an aesthetic experience just the other

day when the editor came in lugging a clothes rack he had somehow procured a couple doors down. Now what, I ask you, could be more gratifying and uplifting than the sight of a proud editor and a clothes rack (if one is able to differentiate between the two)? But the experience was clarified by Rollins who kept crying, “We need it.”

Here is one place on campus, at least, that intellect rages rampant—as evidenced by the flagrant display of a board of works of art, headed by the Latin inscription OFFICIIUS CORNEROUS OF ANDRUFUS HARMONIATE. And at one time there was erected a monument of modernistic splintered wood in front of the editor’s desk, entitled “Jim McKinnan Sat Here.”

The power of concentration of the staff members is nothing short of phenomenal. Even Archimedes with his Eureka would not have interrupted their stolid chewing of the copy pencil—though he might have been asked if he’d like to run an ad about a midist colony. The crew lists clipping headlines from other newspapers as their favorite pastime (though staring at people to make them blush is a close second), and one of the crew even listed his favorite headline—“Female Roommate Wanted.” (Only the name has been omitted to protect the innocent.)

There is a one man search going on among the crew right now to see who dosed the beloved editor in the sleeping face with a glassful of somewhat tepid tap water to bring forth a reaction he described as GAK. It may have been Williamson—who seems to have a phobia against ugly editors (italics not mine) or Smith, whose role as entertainment editor goes far beyond his column. Nowhere else is there such respect for the fellow-workers as in the Old Gold and Black Family.

But these people are interested. In everything they are interested—scientific research even. Not long ago Old Gold

called a meeting of the sophomore class A-F in the Library at 4:00 p.m. That afternoon as the room filled, eager staff members passed out questionnaires of vital public interest—such as, When were you born? How old are you? How old will you be in 1965? Are you (a) an existentialist (b) a streptococcus (c) an oleaster (d) a mithridate? After this grueling ordeal, the sophomores trudged faithfully up to the eighth level of the library to turn in their papers to Dr. Broderick, as they had been directed. Dr. Broderick could only give them a Thoreauian smile and suggest that they had been duped by Nature.

One member of the staff has devised an ingenious method of determining how closely the paper is scrutinized; he introduces subtle typographical errors into long columns of facts, as the Dean’s List, and names appear as Betty Babe—, Sammy Kaye—, George Washington—, Gene Kelly—. He has been termed quite reactionary—he likes to watch the reactions.

The people who people Old Gold are as unpredictable as the news itself (and everybody knows how the Baptists are). They work unceasingly to provide magnolia leaves with our coffee. They are addicted to this business for reasons seemingly unexplainable. One illustrious member said in tones of earnest oratory, as he stood against the background of the larger-than-lifesize picture of Lollobrigida in black sequins—“I guess it’s just the WHOLE-SOME ATMOSPHERE.”

—Carol Young



COFFEE, COKES AND CARICATURES

The clatter of dishes and a voice shrilling "one bit,"
Welters of crushed paper cups and smears of catsup
And mustard, blatant red and yellow on pastel plates
Littering the tables awkwardly cluttering the room.
The debris left from hasty snacks and coffee breaks.
One fly hovers in a corner buzzing the rail
Clutched by a young man with an earnest sparrow's face
Who sits trying to read, audibly gulping his coffee,
And muttering "Damn this noise."
A brawny, wooden-faced football player, lumbering
Towards the door, calls over his shoulder,
To someone who might be a friend,
"If the keys is gone when you get back, I got um."
And the pal whispers to his brown-bunned belle,
"Did you get that grammar?" And the bun bobs in
Bored answer. "Athletes just slay me," she drawls,
For these two are members of the enlightened minority,
And have substituted amarality for athletics.
Supercilious young men in olive green carderay suits
Or dirty raincoats, lounge elegantly or awkwardly,
According to their class, in the uncomfortable chairs,
Calling greetings and "I'll see ya," eying
The caeds with pleated skirts flaring fram hips
Either too angular or too broad, and feet encased in
Loafers, size 7B, and spanking white socks.
Burnished hair and sparkling eyes, pouty fuchsia lips,
Personality plus or personality nil. Take your chace
As they pass in review.
By the windaw sit a couple with moon-struck eyes,
Each one oblivious to the pimply cheeks and unkempt brows
Of the current "beloved." Gently brushing knees
Beneath the table while they munch hamburgers and sip cakes.
They speak of tonight's movies and their history assignment,
Saying so little and meaning, for today, so much.
A hefty lassie in sneakers paddles by, and in the corner
There's a throaty purr fram a girl in green,
"I think she used to play fullback with Vassar."
And four pretty throats vibrate with malicious, gleeful
Gurgles.
At a frant table a thealogy major wrangles with
A budding philasopher, confusing Hegel and Spinaza,
Mercilessly garbling Tillich and both Niebuhrs.
A uselesss hassle that could continue all night but won't.
The juke box blares rock and roll, and "Where the Bays Are,"
And some lonely girls wander just where they are,
Particularly on Saturday night, but there's always someone
Somewhere, and hope doesn't die an easy death, so they smile,
If they're the enthusiastic type, or they look bored
If they're of the sophisticated persuasion,
And fram behind the counter a plaintive voice wails,
"Who ordered a hot dog with chili?"

—Jaan Nagle

THE RAY ROLLINS TRUISMS

Introduction by Mary Martin Pickard

IT MAY BE late at night, early morning, or during the day; but almost any time that one passes by the OLD GOLD AND BLACK office, he can see the door pushed wide, showing a thin body hunched over the center desk. This big, shinier-than-other's desk is Editor Ray Rollins' domain and home; it is here that he conducts co-workers in the production of a weekly newspaper; it is here that imagination and work are pressured each week; it is here that the journalist's soul is saturated into the written word.

But it is also here that the editor sometimes finds unused moments, when all the copy has been checked and laid out, that allow his falling back in the chair and folding his arms behind his head to give an exaggerated sigh. Then, the portion of his soul not consumed in ink and paper, Ray utilizes in thoughts. As if he had not typed or created enough, on the elbow-available typewriter he pecks out these thoughts, inspired by the calm of completed work, in the form of truisms and tapes them in checkerboard array on the office doors. For those who have missed the display of "Another Truism by Ray Rollins," these sayings have been transplanted, and Truth, at least Rollins' Truth, may be shared.

"I began my career with the small hope of revision, although what I could gain from that vast unknown journalism was to me obscure. I have 'come out of the jungle' now, and see what fateful forces have operated to shape me into a complicated finished product. Journalism, itself, has become nature; I have, at last, become part of the whole."

ANOTHER RR. TRUISM



"The Wake Forest College student is facing the threat whether he knows it or not, of losing every jot and tittle of his every essence. Because of the threat, he stands in danger of becoming nothing but a cog in the educational wheel, a wheel which will graduate him only to cogship in some other mighty wheel. His honor and dignity and individualism are in danger of being stolen by mass society."

"I love my black, ink-stained, print-endowed hands, and my black, ink-stained, print-endowed hands love me."

"JOURNALISTS MUST BREATHE THE STAGMENT AIR OF MEDIOCΡITY."

"The sole, one-and-only way to achieve journalistic TRUTH in the OLD GOLD AND BLACK office is through blood, sweat, and tears. NO SMILES OR LAUGHTER ALLOWED!"

"If journalism cannot survive the scathing of mediocrity, then man is doomed to passive sameness."

"The journalist is hewn from the same cultural rock as his fellow man, but he is something more. He is an observer of man's environment, giving mankind the opportunity to reflect back on his actions. It is this which fires in the journalist the spark of divinity."

"Objectivity, accuracy, and truth is the reporter's ethic. With that the reporter gives the reader a piece of the universe, a part of the Whole, a segment of the All Mighty."

"The sound of the clicking, clacking of the rambling typewriters makes the joy of progress, of living, of dying a thousand deaths each day, of kissing chagrin goodby out the door of journalistic endeavor, and flying home to roost in the eternal love of life and love, itself, of bringing back to the world a richer appreciation of cold, hard facts, of just being the *Übermann* that I am is really more joyful (ah, yes, JOYFUL) than I can say."

"The journalist is the voice of the ages. He represents the spirit of the past, present, and future. In essence he is the prophet, the oracle of the masses, the source of all enlightenment. From him the people



draw forth their sense of purpose; in him runs their lifeblood; through him only can their life take upon newer, truer meaning. To him must they look for their spiritual elevation, for it is he that embodies all of life, all meaning. He is their god."

"I do not care what people think about what I print. I print the truth. Time and the ever present principle which pulsates man's fiber will eventually recognize it and never the meddling masses."

"It is only with the newspaper that man can fulfill his search for existence. For what else is man but words, pictures, and typewritten truth which twitches the very core of his life."

"To be a good journalist one must sweat. But it is not the sweat that comes from the body. It pours instead from the soul in the form of ideas, words, and passions which took a whole lifetime to jell."

"To work under a tyrant is man's destiny."

"Ah, the wonder of it all! The gushing, splashing, gurgling joy of manifesting the Absolute to the world through journalistic endeavor!!!"

"I can't help it. I got to write the way I feel it, the way I think it, the way I know it, and if they don't like it let them leave me in my profound insignificance."

"God grant that we may wisk away the hackneyed bickerings of man's triteness and thrust more deeply into the languid life of the student. Then we will experience a twitching of man's creative soul which will resound in future generations."

"Great men come from the desk scattered with revised manuscripts, short pencils, and typewriter ribbons with holes in them."

"To the masses in the mire, journalism is conceit and distortion, but what does it matter to me . . . THEY ARE IN THE MIRE."

"I was asked once, 'Why do you write about history, why don't you make it?' I answered that I am making history. I am making history because I participate in objectivity and concreteness. This is not the history you find in works of Dr. Smiley. It is the history of the mind and its infinite reaching."

"Don't think that we are lost here at Wake Forest. As long as there is journal-

nism on campus, as long as there is OLD GOLD AND BLACK . . . truth, dedication to subjective principle, and idealistic imperatives will flicker in the bed rock of the student's soul."

"Journalism is not for the ivory tower minds of academic aristocrats. It reaches down to the plebeian who is muddled in plastic mediocrity and says 'Come, I understand, follow me and I will show you the clean bareness of concrete fact.'"

"I have sung 'The Song of the Journalist' and have loafed on the grass of objectivity.

Come and sail your fancy with mine, through cosmoses, through farms and cities and mountains.

Come I am Ray Rollins, the rough, the cosmos, one with man and man with me is one. We mingle and intermingle through journalistic objectiveness.

We separate and divide and pattern ourselves after the single. Come-Come-Come."

A collection of Ray Rollins' truisms with introduction by Robert Penn Warren will be published next month by the Cambridge University press. The twenty-three page volume will cost \$10.00.

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EXILE

By

Dwight Pickard

IT WAS WEDNESDAY, a bad day. Truly it was a bad day. Picaro, Editor of *The Student*, knew it was a bad day. He had seen it in the cards. On Monday night, propped like a sparrow in the ladies' head of the Sigma Chi house, playing poker, he had lost. It was a helluva night, a misprint. Angels, even bad Angels with runny noses, would have thought twice before venturing into such a night. The coast of Africa with the lions belching golden, sleepy belches had never seen it so bad. Picaro, the near-sighted editor, desired to be upon the coast of Africa. Wearing his corrective glasses, he would drink wine, far-away, continents away from *The Student*. There were too many *Student* haters on the Wake Forest campus. The lions were different. They belched golden, sleepy belches. He liked lions. It went back to his childhood when he had a cat, the best cat in the neighborhood. It was a good cat. Truly.

It was Wednesday, a bad day, the kind of day when not even missionaries throw rocks at birds which glide about whistling dirty songs. Picaro, the near-sighted editor, stood nonchalantly, defiantly in the main office of Nightingale Publishing Company. They were publishers of *The Student*, a good magazine, secular and rawboned, like Saturday night. Picaro knew he had to make a decision. He felt it in his thimble-sized stomach, like too much, or too little beer. He loosened his belt one and one half notches.

Harry Winston, President of Nightingale Publishers, a well-oiled, consoling type who slapped everyone, including his bad dreams, on the back, slapped Picaro on the back. Picaro fell coughingly across Winston's desk. "It's all right, kid," said Winston.



If Picaro had been a white elephant standing on Winston's toes, Winston would have said, "It's all right, kid." Winston wouldn't have disagreed with indigestion.

"Picaro, you're a fine guy," said Winston.
"No, I'm not."

"Listen, Picaro, you're a helluva fine guy—eight hundred dollars worth an issue," Winston's words fell monetarily. Picaro, his diaphragm wrapped around the desk corner, was too coughingly punctured to catch the materialistic implication of the compliment. Anybody, including Picaro, liked to hear that he was a helluva fine guy. He didn't stop to think that there were probably thousands of good guys in the magazine business.

Again he felt the decision swell in his stomach. His stomach swelled as if it had just been ruptured by a desk corner. He loosened his belt one notch; regaining his composure, he coughed. He was in a fix. *The Student*, lusty and red-blooded, like Saturday midnight, was four weeks overdue. The campus was clamoring, like knives and forks, for *The Student*. The campus was running out of things to hate. The food was good. The women were bosomy, like fluffed pillows. They were looking the men straight in the eyes and saying, No. They needed something to hate. They shouted for *The Student*. Truly the situation was without hate.

Picaro, the near-sighted editor, was in a fix. *The Student* was four weeks overdue, and on Tuesday his chief cartoonist had turned sour on the world and gone dry. *A Student* without cartoons would be like fluffy-bosomed girls who looked you straight in the eyes, unflinchingly, and said, Yes. It would be unbelievable. Unless he could find cartoons, and there were none to find, Picaro would be in trouble. Picaro was in trouble. Cartoons were his status symbols, his tweed coat, and fraternity pin. Cartoons were the recognition that he was a good guy. Truly, without prospect of cartoons, he was in trouble. He wished to be with the lions on the coast of Africa. Lions were different.

"Harry," said Picaro, "Let's go to the circus." Picaro wasn't above compromise. He knew Africa was having political trouble. National destiny and lion-watching were incompatible. He would settle for the circus.

"I'm washed up, Harry," said Picaro. "My only cartoonist has turned into a tragedian. My cartoonist starts thinking.



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It's a helluva world."

"That's what I said," said Harry, "you're a helluva fine guy."

Harry Winston, the far-sighted President of Nightingale Publishers, had sized up the situation, like one who can size up things, anything. He knew Picaro was equivocating, uncertain, in a fix. Anytime Picaro talked about circuses, he was in a helluva fix. It was Picaro's way. Harry Winston knew this. Harry Winston rubbed his hands together like two commas. He spoke to Picaro, peaceful and encouraging, like Whistler's Mother.

"What's the trouble, kid?"

"Nothing, it's all right," replied Picaro. "Listen, kid, what's the trouble?"

"It's all right," replied Picaro. "How's your Mother?"

"Fine, and yours?" replied Picaro. "How's your sister," asked Winston.

"Fine," replied Picaro.

"Got *The Student* about ready?" asked Winston.

"Fine, and yours?" replied Picaro, who imagined himself stretched on the coast of Africa. Lions were different. It was good.

Harry Winston knew that *The Student* was on the press, ready to go, if Picaro gave the O.K. Harry Winston was anxious—eight hundred dollars worth. Once the presses gave their energetic roar, like starting, he could bill *The Student* for eight hundred dollars. That's what an issue cost. It meant everything to Harry Winston. It was his status symbol, his Pro paying Humanitate. Harry Winston was the kind of guy who would print a pogo book without pogo.

Picaro leaned like a coughing *Student* Editor against Winston's desk. It was a good desk. It felt good against his dime-sized thigh. He liked the desk. It reminded him of the Spanish Revolution. He tried to think about golden, belching lions, but he knew Harry Winston was the type of guy who would publish a peanuts book without peanuts. The lions were good, Harry Winston was not good, Picaro loosened his belt: he was a dialectical thinker.

He thought about W. O. E. Harris. W. O. E. Harris was the faculty advisor of *The Student*. He was a sometimes good, sometimes bad guy. He had once joined the French Foreign Legion. Whether good or bad, he was a tough guy. The kind of guy who runs fish camps for the literati. One thing about W. O. E. Harris, he was concerned with moral issues. A *Student* with out cartoons would be like a church without a steeple to W. O. E. Harris. Picaro felt swimmy in his stomach. A *Student* without cartoons would enrage W. O. E. Harris, who was pure hell when he had a moral issue. Moral issues re-

AN ODYSSEY AMONG MADMEN

by F. Bruce Bach

I BELIEVE THAT you, the students of Wake Forest, are being deceived, and a strong sense of school spirit has prompted me to present to you the following exposé:

It has come to the attention of this writer that a disorganized clique of madmen, rabbble-rousers, and fellow travelers, under the leadership of the great golden canary bird of pub row, have gained control of our beloved *Student Magazine*. With this power of press in hand, they are planning a systematic upheaval of all that we serious minded Deamon Deacons hold sacred. After having read the last three editions of their propaganda sheet, *The Student*, I became convinced that something very strange was going on, and that its only product would be chaos and anarchy. This is an authentic account of some of the everyday events surrounding the actions of these dangerous propagandists and their publication.

My first and most difficult task was to gain their confidence in order to be admitted into their select and highly secret group. I first pretended to be a college professor interested in the magazine, then I tried the interested student approach, and finally I even appeared as a possible financial benefactor (they will take money from anybody). The last attempt was almost successful but even this never gained their confidence. I had almost given up when I received what I considered to be a true stroke of genius. I disguised myself as a frustrated and unsuccessful poet with pronounced paranoid tendencies and I was immediately accepted into their midst.

After weeks of not shaving (Old South Brawl) and days spent loosening leg cramps obtained from nights spent sitting

cross-legged on a bamboo mat and meditating on the intangible yet more important (and less expensive) aspects of life, I received my first staff appointment. I was to be a Production Assistant, one of those beasts of burden, driven without mercy by an unscrupulous editor. It was quite a let-down to discover that my only duty as a P. A. was to accompany Pickard, the editor, on his 2 a.m. Coffee drinking binges (attention Baptist State Convention) at Staley's.

"I'll have mine black."

"No, man, we quaff it with cow-juice."

"A little cow juice please."

I found that I had much to learn about the publication business. Weeks, and then months went by and I was learning rapidly. Soon I could stay up all night with the aid of stimulants, and my hair and grown sufficiently long to comb down over my ears. I was really getting into the groove. I met the Associate Editor for the first time while on one of my periodic coffee binges. His name was Jeffery Harrell and next to old Pickard he was undoubtedly the most disorganized person I have ever met. I was soon to learn that disorganization was a prerequisite for all magazine work. Harrell was a sports car fanatic, who had dedicated his life to piston and valve jobs, greasy fingernails, and metacneal. He is a minor editor though, compared to Pickard, the Great Golden Canary Editor, who has dedicated his life to gaining ten pounds, losing his mind, and world anarchy. The man behind this boy is a woman, Harriet the Mysterious by name and the sole recipient of Pickard's sole status symbol, his beloved CHI pin. No one, not even the elite of the *Student staff*, seems to know much about good

ole Harriet (everybody is good ole something or the other) except that Pickard phones her nightly at her secret retreat, and it is while performing this pagan ritual that they devise their diabolical schemes aimed at angering students (this word used loosely), faculty, and trustees alike.

The only other person directly connected with the movement that I shall mention is good ole W. O. E. Harris, our Faculty Advisor. The main reason for mentioning W. O. E. is to give proper recognition to a courageous fighter (and my English teacher), who has dedicated his life to the moral question of the promptness of publication.

Now turning our attention back to my Odyssey among madmen, and by this time my hair is always shaggy and uncombed, I no longer have cramped legs, and my clothes haven't been laundered in over a month. The first attributes of disorganization are mine, and I am promoted to the infamous supreme soviet of the *Student Magazine*, the Editorial Board. Before my promotion to the Board was confirmed I had to produce verbal evidence that I had read and studied at least three novels by Faulkner, the complete works of Ferlinghetti, and that I was at least familiar with the "Pastor Goodman" speech of a prominent local author. These requirements were fulfilled, the last being the most difficult due to the length of the work. I was in a position of power to exploit the raw talent of the campus. I soon discovered that the campus had no talent, raw or otherwise, and I contented myself with drawing lines (as opposed to lions) for the page margins of the magazine. This is the nearest facsimile to work that is ever down by any staff member, I have

ing dedicated my life to the moral question of work, quickly turned the job over to M. M. P., who requests to remain anonymous due to the possibility of retaliation by the puritancial, yet socially elite of the girls' dorms. Well, anyhow it was in this unassuming capacity that I received my first insight into the truly treacherous character of *The Student*. One night while we (Pickard and myself) were clipping copy and pasting it in the printer's draft of the magazine, we discovered an inexcusable error.

Me: "Pickard, we have cut out the ending of this guy's short story my mistake."

Pickard: "So what."

Me: "Well, what are we going to do?"

Pickard: "Nothing."

Me: "What will we tell the author?"

Pickard: "Just tell him that the Editorial Board met and decided that his ending made too much sense, so we cut it short."

Me: "Okay, if you say so."

Pickard: "That's the spirit, you're catching on to the publication business fast. What time is it?"

Me: "Eleven-thirty."

Pickard: I'd better call Harriet."

Me: Pickard, "You're hen-pecked."

Pickard: "I know it, got a dime?"

This is only one episode, but it opens the door of the calculating and sinister mind of the editor. Another incident which reveals still another side of your magazine's character occurred the same night. We were pasting together pages of a play.

Pickard: "I wonder if we've got this play in correct order?"

Me: (while glancing over the manuscript) "I believe that we've pasted it in here backwards."

Pickard: "Are you sure?"

Me: "Yass, we've got to start the whole thing over again."

Pickard: "Naw, just leave it. This thing is so far our nobody will know the difference anyway. What time is it?"

Me: "One-thirty, what are you, a man or a mouse?"

Pickard: "Give me another dime."

So we end our little epic with Pickard's fingers blistered from dialing the phone, and Harriet now with cramps in her legs from running to the phone so often and

with my parents raising a loan to send me more dimes. Jeffery throws a rod and consumes another can of Metracal while ole W. O. E. solves the moral question of promptness of publication and the presses roll. Another issue of the Student is presented to the student body and the inspired words of our writers are immortalized. The students receive it with their usual enthusiastic approval.

Finnie: "Hey man! Whatta-you know good?"

Fog: "Nothing man, whatta-you know good?"

Finnie: "The Student Magazine is out."

Fog: "What's good about that trash?"

Finnie: "Nothing, but it's free."

Fog: "That's what you think. We pay two bucks in our tuition and fees for that thing."

Finnie: "Ah, hell, just another Administration swindle."

Fog: "Let's write a letter or something."

Finnie: "Okay, man."

They read it anyway though, and they absorb Pickard's propaganda and once again chaos prevails and world anarchy endures.





Just right for Bernie Amontillado's parties.



Well, don't you find Kippers salty?

Continental with - Vengeance



Dressing The Part



I always wear my hat for therapy hours.



Everywhere I go I wear my London Fog.

Zen, anyone?



TO THE WAKE FOREST BEATNIK

(with his isolating contempt
for all that was not written this year,
for all that demands mental discipline)

THE FOLLOWING TWO PASSAGES

(taken from poets he will never read
and even
footnoted for his reluctant understanding)

ARE HEREBY DEDICATED:

Howe yong scolers nowe o dayes embolned
with the flyblowne blott of the moche
voynie glorious pippling wynde, whon they
hove delectably lycked o lytell of the
lycorouse electury of lusty lernyng, in
the moche studious scolehouse of scrup-
ulous Philology, countryng them selfe clerkes
excellently enformed ond tronscendingly
sped in moche high connyng, ond whon they
hove ones superciliously caught

A lytell ragge of rhetorike,
A lesse lumpe of logyke,
A pece or a patche of philosophy,
Thon forthwith by and by
They tumble so in theology,
Drowned in dregges of divinitie,
Thot they juge them selfe oblie to be
Doctours of the choyre in the Uyntrre
At the Thre Crones,*
To magnifye their nomes:
But modly it fromes,
For oill that they preche ond teche
Is farther than their wytte wyll reche.

John Skelton

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his eors,
And olwoys list'ning to himself opeors.

Alexander Pope

* A sixteenth century riverside tavern of London.

PRO HUMANITATE One Hundred and Twenty-Seven Years Afterwards (A parable on Integration at Wake Forest College.)

by McLeod Bryan

A GROUP OF women wanted a baby. In order to conceive, plan and born the baby, they felt they must form a committee. The committee, they thought, was an absolute necessity, since no one woman by herself wanted the responsibility (sometimes called "dirty work"). Besides, it would be undemocratic: nobody acts socially responsibly without committee. Moreover, committees are reasonable: here one can secure facts and iron out disagreements into a smooth workable rationales.

After the committee was formed, they set regular meeting periods to discuss the coming of the baby. The most urgent questions of the first meetings of the Committee of Women Who Want a Baby pertained to who was to belong and how lavish should be the refreshments. But eventually they were reminded of their original intent: the desire for a baby. Serious debates arose: when should the blessed event occur, what should be its features, who would provide the sperm, and who should incubate and painfully bear it. The last two questions were the most baffling. The others they decided after proper discussions, airing everyone's opinions and securing a majority vote of the committee-women present. But the latter two questions were so dissentious as almost to split the fellowship. The day was saved by appointing and waiting upon a subcommittee. A fact-finding committee, after long investigations, solved one of these problems in their reports on refrigeration and artificial insemination. But the matter of prolonged incubation and pain during childbirth stumped the other subcommittee. They brought back the report that the club should submit the problem to Higher Powers. No one woman wanted to devote nine months of undivided attention to this silent, suffering watch, and conclude it in excruciating pain. Some members suggested a poll of the children already born to get their answer. It was further suggested that outside lecturers, preferably by objective persons such as bachelors, should give a year's series of lectures on the Art of Procreation. After long consultations and reports, considering many facts and colored by sweet reasonableness, they reached the conclusion that a compromise was necessary: each woman would take turns, giving to the schedule time they had left over from their own more pressing duties and the baby would be given birth piece by piece.

First the easier parts, like fingers and ears, and then the more difficult parts, eventually the anatomy would be put together in a living organism at a grand finale when all members of the club could be present, like at a quilting-bee.

The committee breathed a sigh of relief: the most difficult barrier of all the many months and years of meetings in order to plan for the coming of the baby had been overcome. Now they could return to their separate ways; there would be no more committee meetings. Just as they had settled back into their separate selfishness, the phones began ringing. The general alarm went out to each member of the Committee of Women Who Want a Baby. It seemed that nobody had thought of the fact that in the whole history of humanity no baby has ever been born without the sole responsibility of a single mother. "It appears," said the voice on the phone, "that one of us must take the responsibility and the pain for the coming of the baby *all by herself*."

Postscript: The irony is that when a Single Woman took the rap and painfully bore the Nasty Little Thing it turned out to be so loveable and so pleasurable. Indeed, all members of the Women Who Want a Baby crowded her doorstep to congratulate her and lavish gifts upon both mother and child. Moreover, it is reported that institutions of higher learning nearby sent teams to study how it was accomplished. Some even say that the Creator-of-all-that is smiled upon the unfolding of His eternal plan.



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The Family Tree. . .

Let me tell you about it; I'm the star of this show. I was born on the left side of the street and how do I know? I was there. You know me—I'm Oscar, Samuel Calvin Alvin Ross Herman Carmichael Fairchild Kim-brough Fitzgerald Melzar Alexander St. Got a boy named Oscar Jr.

Genealogy. . .

I'm part Irish, Negro, Jewish, Italian, French, English, Mormon, and Quaker.

Theology. . .

I was baptized Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Lithovit Orthodox Seven Day Adventist.

Travels. . .

I went to Europe, Asia, Africa, Karachi, Cambodia, Bombay, and Calcutta. Left the Congo because they had a little action there

Local Color. . .

Of course I'm from Birmingham, Alabama, to stay away from Alabama—Incidently should there be a calamity in Birmingham with my family, I'll go as far as Charlotte, and I'll cry my heart out and come on back up North to North Carolina.

A Glimpse At Vocabulary. .

Milk-moo juice
Police-Do right men
Chittlins-Chicken steak
Fat back-Dear ol' deer meat
Ford-Floating Patio
Buick-Bvrk
Pontiac-Pon-tie-act
A man-Daddy'oh
A woman-Mommy'oh
A boy-Hootie-Tootie
A girl-Hunk-o-junk
Time: minutes-oroonies,
hours-macvouchers

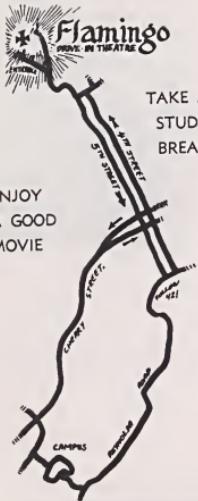
Get Ready!

From the plains and plantations of Jamaica comes the sweetest thing since the invention of sugar, and they call me "Y'oh," "Daddy-Oh!" But you the ones that's down with it, can't quit it, you got it and I got to get it, let's take a slow walk through the musical Patio with Daddy-oh! Recorded and transcribed and that's no jive.
And me? I'm your hootie-tootie, your bandits' buddle, your neighbors' do-dye didi, componie oh roochie roonie.

On The Air. . .

Prices are born at John's and raised elsewhere, or grits ain't groceries . . . Who's there? Frankenstein, where's the wine? In the cupboard mother hubbard Who's there? Your man, Rodan It's five minutes two on your Monster party show . . . You Heath? . . . Money you don't even worry about down at Mears Four five oh, I said four five oh North Main . . . Heath! You just a fool in love . . . It's thirteen minutes and some scratch past two . . . Tonite is the big nite . . . You got dimples in your jacs, I got my eyes on you . . . Ladies and Gentlemen, Don't you worry about your hair . . . get Odinera hair coloring. It will not wash out or turn red with age . . . Tell the truth mutha goose . . . You ota . . . Stop lying!! Come on. Yeah . . . Telling it like it T.I.S. . . . Your Hootie Tootie is your host. Man's ale your drink . . . All I could do was cry Heath come da bride . . . Wha he say? An what did she say? I waited to yeahs. Huhh! I watched them thru rice over their heads and drive away in a car and all I could do wuz cry cause I wuz loosing the only girl I eva loved . . . We'll bring Henry Mancini over to turntable two and listen to him as he do the blues . . . Just as for Blistersol . . . Time for moo juice Carnation milk is the milk for you use like cream with one half the fat in cream . . . I want a woman a lover a friend . . . I don't want a fancy woman with powder and paint and I don't want a . . .

You're listenin' to music around town an Winston-Salem's most listened to station . . . double you AAA . . . There's a man in the funny papers we all know, he lived way back a long time ago, he don't eat nothing but bearcat stew. He's got a Shaffer that's a genuine dinosaor . . . Ride thru the jungle tearing limbs off trees, knocking monsters to their knees. He's the toughest man there is alive . . . Look at that caveman go. He sure is hep ain't he . . . He's too much hiyo diosoar . . . Get up man like hipsville. Bilowing sail on the Chesapeake Bay . . . I'll soon be home where I'm drinking a bottle of National Beer . . . Get your special ticket for a fans' appreciation night at Reznick . . . oh I've been kissed before . . . but never like this before . . . Just look in my eyes . . . James Brown puttin it down in this here town . . . Thunderin Heights put down right . . . Where there's life there's bud . . . I'm letting my door bell ring . . . First in rhythm and blues the latest in weather and news . . . don't stop now . . . Don't be ashamed to call my name like the champ you am; just tell him the Hootie tootie sent you . . . Phaffs is as near as your phone Joan . . . You know the word Thunderbird . . . Children Gee Buckle Dee Lam That's Rite man . . . Twenty oh rooms and three MAC vouchers past four MAC bops . . . Do you heah . . . State you case monkeyface . . . Lou Capoochi.



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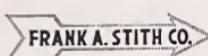
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THROUGHOUT the CIVILIZED WORLD, the PRAISES OF PEARS' SOAP are HEARD AND ECHOED.

I THE FURY

By John Hopkins

I SAT IN the window, looking out at the forest spreading before me. It was big, black, and greedy, like a giant squid that lies in waiting to engulf and destroy all that enter into its domain, a great animal with a life of its own that darkened and corrupted all that it touched. I'm part of the forest, made for it. Slammer is the name, Spike Slammer. I'm the best damn shamus in the forest, considering I'm a bear. I handle any kind of case that comes my way, but mostly I kill people. I like to shoot somebody in the guts and watch them spit blood and scream while they die real slow. I've been that way since I was little.

As I looked down from the window on the forest, I heard a knock at the door. "Come in," I said.

The door opened and she walked in. She was a real doll, tall with soft black fur and a build like I never saw before. Built just like a brick bee-hive. She wet her lips with the pink tip of her tongue and breathed a hello at me, so I kicked her in the stomach. When she doubled up I laid the barrel of my forty-five along her jaw. Then I grabbed her by the throat.

"Look, baby," I screamed, choking with rage, "nobody fools with me."

"I want to hire you," she gasped. I slugged her again.

"Kiss me, you gorgeous animal." I grabbed her arm in a hammerlock and sank my teeth in her lips and kissed her till I heard the bones cracking and splintering in her arm. She reached down with her good arm and hiked her skirt up so I could see her legs.



"Like em?" she asked.

I slapped her around a little more, while she moaned wild things into my ear and chewed my tie. Reminds me, I got to get some new ties, my old ones are all chewed up. I felt the old feeling rising up in me. I wanted to kill again. Somebody had done something unspeakable to this beautiful doll and when I caught them they were going to die slow. I would put them in a steam bath and reduce them to death.

"What's your problem?" I asked.

"Somebody's been eating my porridge." The gorge rose in my throat and I felt my eyes tighten and my mouth get dry. I was going to find out who did it. The police probably knew about it, but they had a disadvantage I didn't have. They had to go by the rules, the books. There was nothing in the books about breaking some guy's arm when he won't talk. They didn't know how persuasive the cold, black eye of a forty-five could be. They wouldn't kill twenty people to get the right answers. I could. I had seen what they had done to women like this. I was going to stop it. I was going to make the world safe for porridge and I didn't care

who died because of it. Except me, that is.

We went out of the office and down to the parking lot where I picked up my old heap. We toolled on out through the forest and pulled up in front of her house. I decided to be a little polite and went around to the other side to open the door for her. She started to get out real slow, letting her skirt slide up a little to show her legs. She was too slow about so I kicked her the rest of the way out of the car. She picked herself up and I pushed her back.

"Hold it, a minute," I snarled, "I don't like this."

I snaked out the forty-five and kicked the door open. I stepped inside. At first there was nothing, but then I heard it, a slight rattle to my left and behind me. My reflexes were quick, I turned and squeezed off three quick shots from a crouch. I got all three of them. Sparrows are fast, but I was faster. They flew off the windowsill like ducks in a shooting-gallery. I motioned Mrs. Bear in.

"Show me the porridge bowls."

A head appeared around one corner of

the staircase. I snapped a shot at it, and it snacked up in the wall next to his ear.

"Spike," she screamed, "it's my husband."

I got off two more quick shots before my gun ran out. By the time I reloaded, it was too late to claim that I thought he was one of the porridge thieves. He came around the corner when she told him it was all right. He came up and shook hands. I grabbed him hard and broke three of his fingers. He howled like a scalded cat, so I stomped on his instep and kneed him in the chin when he doubled up in pain.

I glanced around the room. "Anyone else in here?"

"My little son is upstairs," she said.

"Get him down here."

She went to the bottom of the stairs and called the kid. He came down the stairs and skipped across the room. I tripped him and he landed on his face in the fireplace, starting to cry as soon as he recovered from the shock. I judo-chopped him until he shut up.

"All right, where's the porridge bowls?"

They took me in and showed me three bowls on a long table. They were of three different sizes and two had been partially emptied while the third was bare. I looked

BYRON



"Give away thy breath!"

From *My 36th Year*, line 36



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them over carefully, my trained eye picking out many things that would elude most people. There was no doubt about it. Somebody had eaten the porridge. By this time the old man had gotten the guts to say something.

"While she was gone we discovered something else," he quavered.

"Let's have it," I snapped.

"Somebody's been sitting in all our chairs and they busted junior's in."

I could feel the old kill-feeling rising again. They kept on and on. First, it was porridge, next, chairs. Soon it would be the White House. I looked around downstairs and couldn't find anything, so I decided to go upstairs and look around. I went up slow, edging along the side of the wall until I reached the top. The door at the head of the stairs was open, but I kicked it in anyway as I jumped through the opening. There is something about a door that makes that old kill urge rise in me again.

I looked around the upstairs. There were three doors along the short hall. If there was anything to be found, it was in one of those rooms.

I went into the first room. In the middle was a big bed. The covers on it were rumpled a little, as if somebody had been lying on it for a short while. I checked things out in there and moved on to the next room. Things in there were much the same. The bed was smaller, the covers were pastel, but the scene looked similar. I knew then that the answer must be behind the third door. That door was closed. As I looked at it, I felt the old kill-urge rising in me. I reloaded the forty-five and shot the lock off. Then I shot the hinges off and the door crashed to the floor. I jumped up and down on it for a while and then entered the room. It was then that I saw her. She was blonde, curvy, and beautiful. All the curves were in the right places. I felt a lump in my throat as I caught my breath hard. I had hardly seen anyone more beautiful, not even Smedley my beautiful secretary who loved me madly, especially when I smacked her around. She licked her lips with the pink tip of her tongue and her mouth glistened wetly. Then she licked her fingers and they glistened wetly. I spit on my shoe and it glistened wetly. She raised her arms and reached out to me in a gesture as old as paperback books. I waited until she wet her lips again and slammed her under the chin with the heel of my hand. Caught the tip of her tongue and took it right off.

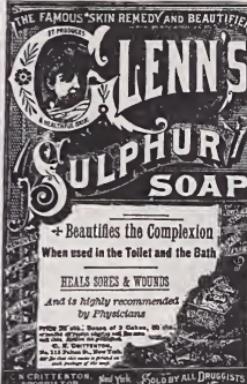
"Bet that smarts, don't it?" I snarled when the screaming died down. "What's your name?"

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"You know, don't you?"

I smacked her across the jaw. I hate rhetorical questions almost as much as I hate porridge thieves.

"All right, all right. It's Goldilocks," she cried.

"What about the porridge?"

"I ate it, Spike, but you wouldn't do anything to me, would you."

She stood by the bed and slowly slid down the zipper of her baby-blue pinafore. I felt the old kill-urge rising from my gut to my throat again. She moved a few steps closer and removed the rusty clean

Tide-washed petticoats, revealing tapering legs and soft shoulders. I waited until she was nude and only a few feet away from me, then I shot her in the stomach. The impact knocked her halfway across the room. She went fast, but before she died, she had time to look up at me and gasp, "Spike, how could you?"

She had just enough time before she died to hear me.

"It was hard as hell, honey. But I hate porridge-thieves."

When the cops came later they had the same problem that the judge and

jury had last week. They couldn't understand that the country had to be made safe for porridge-eaters and that guys like me, who can kill and kill again, are here to make it safe. All they could think about was finding a thirty-five year old man with a gun in his hand standing over the nude corpse of a seven-year-old.

Now, as I sit in my cell, waiting to make that long walk, I look at the barred doors and feel the old kill-urge rising in me again. Boy, is the next beetle I see going to get it.



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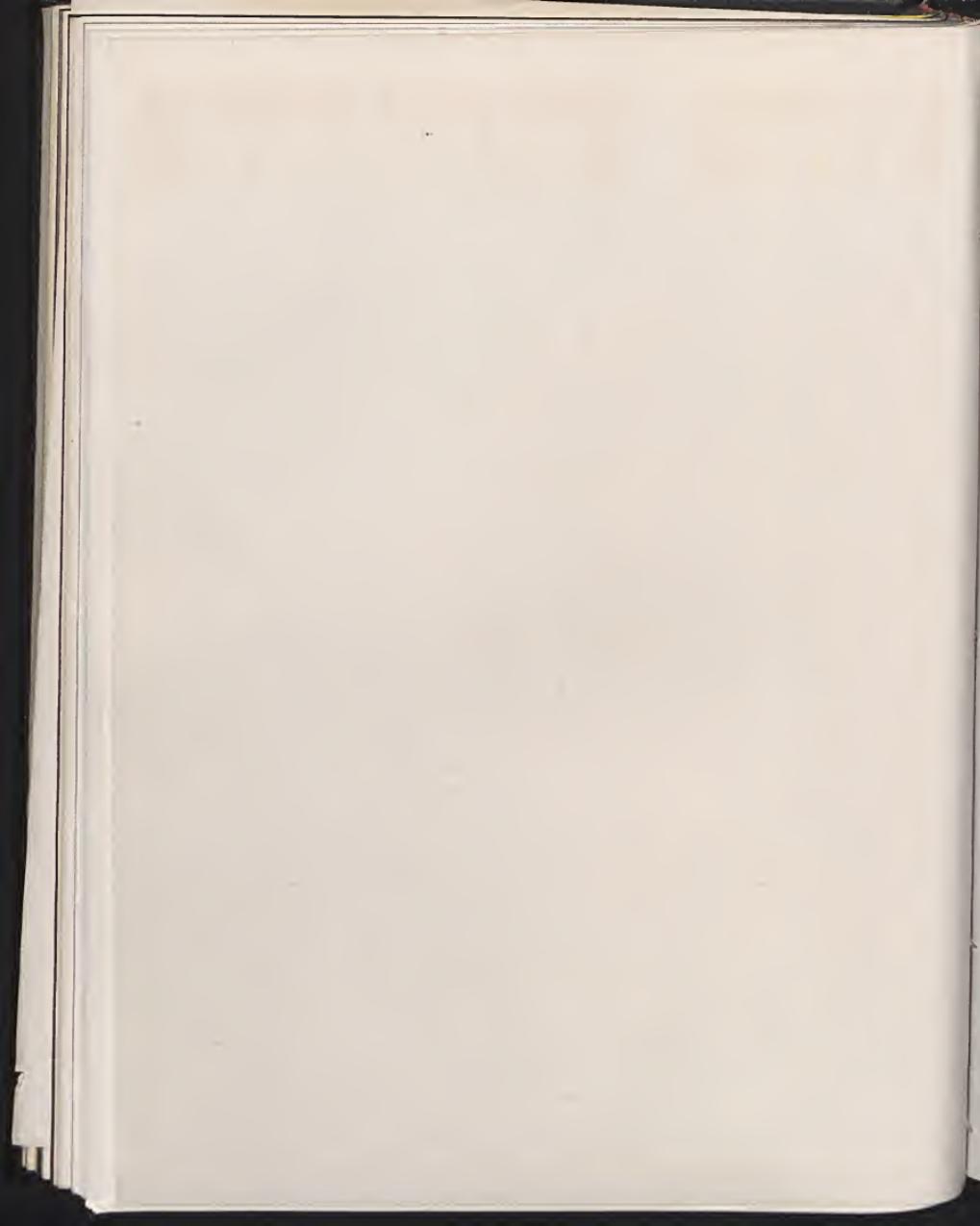
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THE CLASSIC MODERNS

by Lloyd Frankenberg

THE WORD MODERN has been with us a long time. I can remember it when I was young. In those days it was rather a red flag. I don't mean politically. Political reds, as we call them, are nearly always, in the arts, archly conservative. Picasso is an almost bizarre exception.

No, what the word modern meant to me then in writing, in painting, in music, was anything new, anything fresh and startling, anything that had never been tried before. In that marvelous phrase of Gerard Manley Hopkins: "All things counter, original, spare, strange."

Hopkins' phrase is of course much more profound. He is applying it to everything in creation; everything, that is, that remains itself, imbued with its own shining core of individual integrity; what Hopkins calls "in-scape."

In that sense all works of art, of whatever age, are modern. They retain now the original impulse that shaped them. The fire that forged them is still burning. Homer, Dante, the psalms of David, the extravaganzas of Rabelais, the delicacies of Robert Herrick—it doesn't matter about size or weight or thickness or volume—all are modern; all are living now.

This redeems a rather slighting connotation to the word modern, that of being in the mode, of being fashionable, of being novel for the sake of novelty. There's nothing intrinsically wrong with that. There's nothing intrinsically wrong about being fashionable. There's nothing intrinsically right about it either.

It used to be fashionable to be rather stodgy. There used to be something in the arts, as well as in living, known as the genteel tradition. It is supposed to have originated in Victorian England, though many Victorian poets are far from Victorian. Perhaps its saddest example was the decline of a very great poet, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, into the Poet Laureateship. A genteel, longwinded, unexciting quality was certainly rampant in the Georgian period.

At any rate, like many things English, it crossed the Atlantic, settling first, we should presume, in the neighborhood of Boston, from which it spread like a large, slow, dim fog all over the country. This gentility—how

it would have astounded Emerson and Thoreau, those vigorous minds—consisted mainly, in poetry, in misplacing the emphasis on Wordsworth's famous definition: "emotion recollected in tranquility."

You were not to be bowled over by the arts, you were not to weep buckets of tears, you were not to split your sides with rage or laughter. You were to take it all calmly, sedately. Above all, you were not to be forced to pay too much attention. Because of it one of our greatest, certainly one of our most original poets, Walt Whitman, was consigned to virtual oblivion for over fifty years.

It all had something to do with manners, with decorum, with—to very much oversimplify it—the way you drank your tea. It was more important to lift your little finger than it was to taste the tea.

My own first encounter with this dreary, pervasive and limp attitude was at a poetry society. Notoriously poetry societies are—or were in those days—hotbeds of conservatism. One syllable out of joint and all the eyebrows went up. I didn't know this at the time. It took me two or three meetings to find out.

The custom was to submit poems which were read, anonymously, at the monthly meeting. This way the members could feel free to lambast the poems.

I sent one in, a poem on which I had worked for a long time, perhaps too long a time. It was an anti-war poem. My idea of the successful anti-war poem is one so compacted with accumulated symbolic rage that when it goes off it decimates war just as accurately, effectively and eternally as war decimates children.

This poem was written about 1937, so you can see it was not at all successful. However, it did try.

After it was read at the meeting, a kindly old gentleman, I've never known whether he was a poet or not, stood up in the rear of the room. In a voice quivering with emotion, he proceeded to denounce the poem. He concluded with these words: "There's not enough *tranquility* here!"

It was largely to get away from the atmosphere, not so much of tranquility—for a tranquil poem may be a good poem—as of gentility, of finicky long-windedness that the

modern movement began. It's really as vague as that. You can't open up a big bag and stuff a lot of objects in it, hold it up and say: "These are modern." You can't open up an ever bigger bag, stuff even more objects in it, hold it up and say: "These are academic."

In those days the most reactionary word you could think of was academic. It described everything fusty, everything desiccated. Where did I learn the word? At an academy of course. It takes a college student to plumb the full depths of the word academic. At least, it did in those days.

There were still professors then—they have since all been retired, I'm sure—who existed solely on senility. Anything new, anything contemporary, even anything that opened a new vista to a respected classic, was repugnant to them. It challenged their lack of the slightest spark of interest in anything. "Enough not!" was their wall-motto.

They were ranged like rows of tall, musty, unopened five-foot shelves all over the campus. At least, that's how it seemed to a sophomore at Columbia College in the late 1920s.

In, around, through, usually in back of these edifices were a number of bright, alert, responsive, genuinely interested minds. Most often, in those days, they were instructors; or, if they got to be professors at all, they were assistant professors for a very long while. They never got to be heads of department. That was all right; they didn't want to be heads of department. They were too busy using and enjoying their minds.

I will name just one, Raymond Weaver, called mildred Weaver in honor of his courtliness and the resplendent ties he wore. He is known to the academic world for his pioneer scholarship on a classic American writer up to that time singularly neglected, Herman Melville.

I seldom heard Raymond Weaver lecture on Melville. I heard him lecture on almost everybody else: Dante and Dostoevsky, Andre Gide and St. Thomas Aquinas, Freud and Sophocles, Shakespeare, Homer and James Joyce. He was that rare thing, a truly modern academician. Everything had a bearing on everything else. You could apply Remy de Gourmont's disassociation of ideas

to Lucretius, to Algernon Charles Swinburne, to Miss Anthe Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, which Raymond Weaver considered a work of genius.

Without quite meaning to, Raymond Weaver put me onto modern poetry. He claimed to dislike it. Or at least he said he could find no place for it in the modern world. Then he proceeded to read Gerard Manley Hopkins' sonnet "God's Grandeur" in a way I have never heard it before or since.

I began reading and forming a taste for modern poetry, without any too clear an idea of just what was modern about it except that it had been written rather recently. Obviously, recent authorship is no guarantee of modernity. There are many pallid imitations of Keats, or Whitman, of Hopkins, of Pope, of Shakespeare. There are even imitations of those poets like Yeats, like Eliot, like E. E. Cummings, whom we still regard as modern though they have been modern for so long I think they are entitled to be called classic moderns.

What is it that distinguishes a classic modern from a classic classic? It can be no one thing, since they all differ greatly among themselves. They didn't all get together on a Wednesday evening early in the nineteenth-hundreds and declare, "From this day on we will write nothing but modern, and this is what modern is going to be."

There have been, to be sure, groups and movements and manifestoes: *symbolisms* and later *dada* and *surrealism* in France; the Celtic Revival in Ireland; imagism, vorticism and the other transatlantic epistles of Ezra Pound to the heathen; the Chicago School, which flourished for a time in Chicago; *vers libre*, which spread all over the land.

Recently free verse has been discovered all over again, together with *le jazz hot*, four-letter words and anything goes. These are all tried and sometimes true ingredients. We would not want to censor the so-called beat poets. We would just like to ask them, for their sake, to try to put these ingredients together in a new way.

The best poets are always bigger than groups, schools or movements, even their own. William Butler Yeats, who brought on the Celtic Twilight practically all by himself, backed up out of it into an Irish dawn. Ezra Pound has constantly departed from one bright idea to another, not always a brighter one. As a poet, he is certainly bigger than some of his bright ideas.

There are two related tendencies that are to be found, I think, in many different forms, in poems that seem to us modern, that seem to us of our own time. They are tendencies that have always been present, to some degree, in all good writing; but in our own time they have gained impetus, intensity and focus, to such extent that they open out new dimensions in the arts.

Let me illustrate them very briefly first

by reading the opening sentences from three books by probably the most modern, and certainly the most classic, of modern writers.

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a mocoow coming down along the road and this mocoow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo . . .

Nobody realized it at the time, except its author, who seems to have realized everything, but that sentence announced a revolution in the art of fiction, and heralded several revolutions in the art of poetry. Instead of telling us about a little boy, it reenacts him, it makes us become the little boy. It is an example of the first tendency I mentioned, immediacy.

Let us see how this immediacy develops. The second book begins:

Stately, plumb Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressing gown, unbuttoned, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned—*Introibo ad altare Dei*.

We are now college students. We shave, we live and dress as we please and we are terribly sophisticated. Indeed, if we read this book with care and imagination, we will find ourselves exceptionally bright and learned, as well as sophisticated, college students.

The third book begins, and ends—for it is a continuous spiral:

riverun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

In this third book we have come full circle indeed. The three books are, of course, James Joyce's epic trilogy, tragic and comic in the same breath. It begins, in a *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, in a babyish style reproducing the age of its protagonist, Stephen Dedalus. The style alters and deepens as Stephens grows older. In the second book, *Ulysses*, other characters live in his mind as they live in the imagination of an artist. In the third and crowning achievement, *Finnegans Wake*, Stephens himself disappears, absorbed in the waters of the river Liffey, which flows through dreams, and through history, just as the artist himself, fragmented, becomes one with his creation and with the world. The river of night, of dream, of death, is also the river of life.

This second tendency, the fusing of opposites, I have had to call simultaneity. I rather wish I didn't have to. Simultaneity is not an easy word to be offhand with: it

wriggles about so, like a boa-constrictor. But what it describes wriggles about too; for it is a bringing together of past and present, for example; or of top and bottom; or of right and left; or of laughter and tears—"laughers," as Joyce calls them.

I don't mean to imply that these two qualities, immediacy and simultaneity, are exclusive to modern poetry, nor that every modern poet exhibits them to an equal degree. In one form or another they are to be found through all poetry. But I do believe they are more intensified, more heightened and used in more consciously varied ways in modern poetry.

What is immediacy? Immediacy doesn't mean necessarily that we get it right away. It means that what we get, when we have gotten it, has an effect as if it were happening right now, right in front of us. It is the quality of here and now.

When Homer speaks of the Mediterranean he refers to it as "the winddark sea." He wants us, not only to hear about it, but to look at it. Poetry, indeed all language, is full of images; forms of immediacy.

The word image, as the Imagist poet discovered, can be rather confusing, suggesting a preoccupation with the pictorial. There are also audible images, images of motion, images of taste, smell and touch. Aristophanes, in one of his comedies, has a chorus that breaks in intermittently with the lines: "Brek-kek-kek-kek, ko-ax, ko-ax; Brek-kek-kek-kek, ko-ax." It's from his play, *The Frogs*, and whether or not the actors are to be dressed in bottle-green, he wants us to feel ourselves present at a croaking convention. It is an audible image; a form of immediacy.

I have said that immediacy does not mean, necessarily, that we get it right off. All imagery depends upon an act of translation between the senses. "The winddark sea" is a visual image; but we hear it before we see it. Its effect depends on us, quite as much as on the poet. "Brek-kek-kek-kek, ko-ax" is an audible image; if we let it, it can conjure up the sight of frogs, as well as their sound. In poetry, the part stands for the whole.

As impulse, immediacy is perhaps the primary motive of poetry: the poet's magic wish to present us with the whole sea, in a phrase: *Stai olvottu tvtov*: "On the winddark sea;" to sea us with him beside a pool of frogs: "Brek-kek-kek-kek," to share some complete experience with us, as if it were an act of direct transference. This impulse is what causes him to elaborate his poetic devices; all that repertoire of imagery, rhythm, rhyme, simile, metaphor, by which he hopes to waylay us, to slide us or to startle us into awareness.

We come back to that slippery word, simultaneity. Simultaneity is not, different from immediacy; it is rather a special case of it; an intensified form; as if everything were happening at once, inside and out, or

then and now. If we think of immediacy as an urgent sense of *presence*, we can think of simultaneity as an even more *complete* presence. For example, in Picasso's cubist period, the insides and the outsides of an object may be presented at once. The wish is to give us the total experience of a guitar, or a wineglass, or a musician. It can also be the attempt to express time as spatial dimension. When we look at a table, sometimes we see it from the front, sometimes from the back, or the sides, or from above, or—especially if we've looked too often at the wineglass—from below. These multiple experiences can, for the painter, fuse into one; into the single experience of the table, existing at once in time and space.

Simultaneity is more specifically and uniquely a modern phenomenon; although it would be rash to assume that it is utterly new, I'm sure examples can be found in the past. But it has a definite relation to many of our concerns today; for example, to the time-space formulations of physics. In literature it manifests itself in many different ways. I shall try to suggest one of them later, with a brief passage from T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. The greatest single extended example of it is James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, in which everything is taking place everywhere all at once.

I have said that William Butler Yeats exhibited, in his lifetime, a transition from twilight to dawn. Let me read the poem, written around 1893, for which this great Irish poet and leader of the Celtic Revival was most famous in the first half of his career, "The Lake Isle of Innisfree."

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE¹

I will arise and go now, and go to
Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of
clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a
hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-laud glade.

And I shall have some peace there,
for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the
morning to where the cricket
sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and
noon a purple glaw,
And evenning full of the linnet's
wings.

I will arise and go now, far always
night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low
sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or
on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's care.

It's a beautiful poem, don't mistake me. It presents the pastoral scene for which he yearns in loving and immediate detail; "the bee-laud glade." It brings together city and country; not exactly simultaneously, more in the spirit of Robert Browning's "Home Thoughts from Abroad." It's a gentle, wistful poem; certainly not genteel.

Contrast it with the strong cadences of his poem, written about 1927, "Sailing to Byzantium" (I believe he pronounced it Bye-zantum):

SAILING TO BYZANTIUM²

I

That is not country for old men.
The young
In one another's arms, birds in the
trees
—Those dying generations—at
their song,
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-
crowded seas,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all
summer long
Whatever is begotten, born, and
dies,
Caught in that sensual music all
neglect
Monuments of unageing intellect.

II

An aged man is but a poltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Saul clap its hands and sing, and
lauder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nar is there singing school but
studying
Monuments of its own
magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas
and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

III

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Came from the haly fire, perne in
a gyre,
And be the singing-masters of my
soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with
desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and
gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

IV

Once out of nature I shall never
take

My bodily form from any natural
thing,
But such a form as Grecian
goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold
enameling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or
to come.

Mr. Yeats is still concerned, you see, to go somewhere. But it's quite a different direction. He never did get to Innisfree, except perhaps on visits. Certainly he never settled down there for long. One suspects that if he had, he couldn't have stood it. He just wasn't a "clay and wattles" man.

His poem isn't any the poorer for that. The last thing that we should expect from a poem is literal truth. But symbolically what a change there is in the second poem. In place of rustic simplicity, his choice is now elaborate, elegant and splendid artifice. And what is this artifice toward which, in the fierce vigor, the renewed youth of his later years, he now aspires?

It is not peace; it is "monuments of unageing intellect." It is that congealed action, that arrested motion, that tension of opposites which forms the imperishable work of art. Mystical as some of the implications of this poem are, we feel not only that he did set sail for Byzantium, but that he did reach it.

That sudden access of vitality in Yeats' middle and later years is sometimes said to have come about through his meeting with the fiery American poet, Ezra Pound. There is no question but that Pound, born in Idaho, flirting with an academic career, then fleeing it, was the great reanimator of his generation. He approached tradition in a new way. He exploded into it. Not just one tradition, any number of them. He burst into Latin verse, and it was no longer a dead language. He carromed into Chinese ideograms, and whether or not he made sound scholarly use of them, he transformed them into living poetry; in English, that is. He resuscitated Romance, particularly the provincial poets.

Even in a relatively early, relatively nostalgic poem, "Provincia Deserti," you get this sense of his living at once in the world of 1913, when it was written, and in the 12th century world of Arnaut Daniel, or Bertran de Born and of the other great and, until Pound started translating them, greatly neglected troubadour poets.

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² Copyright 1929 by the Macmillan Company and renewed 1954 by William B. Yeats. In COLLECTED POEMS OF W. B. YEATS. Used with permission of the Macmillan Company.

PROVINCIA DESERTA¹

At Rocheçoart,
Where the hills part
in three ways,
And three valleys, full of winding
roads,
Fork out to south and north,
There is a place of trees . . . gray
with lichen.
I have walked there
thinking of old days.
At Chalais
is a pleached arbour;
Old pensioners and old protected
women
Have the right there—
it is charity.
I have crept over old rafters,
peering down
Over the Dronne,
over a stream full of lilies.
Eastward the road lies,
Aubeterre is eastward,
With a garrulous old man at the
inn.
I know the roads in that place:
Mareuil to the north-east,
La Tour,
There are three keeps near Mareuil,
And an old woman,
glad to hear Arnaut,
Glad to lend one dry clothing.
I have walked
into Perigord,
I have seen the torch-flames, high-
leaping,
Painting the front of that church;
Heard, under the dark, whirling
laughter.
I have looked back over the stream
and seen the high building,
Seen the long minarets, the white
shafts.
I have gone in Ribeyrac
and in Sarlat,
I have climbed rickety stairs, heard
talk of Croy,
Walked over En Bertran's old layout,
Have seen Narbonne, and Cahors
and Chalus,
Have seen Excideuil, carefully
fashioned.
I have said:
"Here such a one walked.
"Here Coeur-de-Lion was slain.
"Here was good singing.
"Here one man hastened his step.
I have looked south from Hautefort,
thinking of Montaignac,
southward.

I have lain in Racafizada,
level with sunset,
Have seen the copper come down
tingeing the mountains,
I have seen the fields, pale, clear
as an emerald,
Sharp peaks, high spurs, distant
castles.
I have said: "The old roads have
lain here.
"Men have gone by such and such
valleys
"Where the great halls were closer
together."
I have seen Faix on its rock, seen
Toulouse, and Arles greatly
altered,
I have seen the ruined "Darata."
I have said:
"Riquier! Guido."
I have thought of the second
Troy,
Some little prized place in Augver-
gnat:
Two men tossing a coin, one keeping
a castle,
One set on the highway to sing.
He sang a woman.
Auvergne rose to the song;
The Dauphin backed him.
"The castle to Austor!"
"Piere kept the singing—
"A fair man and a pleasant."
He won the lady.
Stole her away for himself, kept her
against armed force:
So ends that story.
That age is gone;
Piere de Maensac is gone.
I have walked over these roads;
I have thought of them living.

A rather similar transition in time takes place in a poem of about 1920, T. S. Eliot's "Sweeney Among the Nightingales." Like Ezra Pound, Eliot went rather early in his life to England. Unlike Pound, he settled down there, became a British citizen, a respected editor, a pillar of the church, and probably the most influential poet and critic of his time.

"Sweeney Among the Nightingales" has some of the elements Eliot developed more fully later. The poem itself seems to be moving from era to era. Toward the end of it, its own rhythms carry it into another plane of existence.

SWEENEY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES

Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to
laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe.
The circles of the stormy moon
Slide westward toward the River
Plate,
Death and the Raven drift above
And Sweeney guards the horned
gate.
Gloomy Orian and the Dog
Are veiled; and hushed the
shrunken seas;
The persan in the Spanish cape
Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees
Slips and pulls the table cloth
Overturns a coffee-cup,
Rearganized upon the floor
She yawns and draws a stacking up;
The silent man in mocha brown
Sprawls at the window-sill and
gapes;
The waiter brings in oranges
Bananas figs and hathouse grapes;
The silent vertebrate in brown
Contracts and concentrates,
withdraws;
Rachel nee Rabinovitch
Tears at the grapes with murderous
paws;
She and the lady in the cape
Are suspect, thought to be in
league;
Therefare the man with heavy eyes
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears
Outside the window, leaning in,
Branches of wistaria
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid siftings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured
shroud.

¹ From PERSONAE, THE COLLECTED POEMS AND PLAYS by T. S. ELIOT. New York, Harcourt, Brace, and Company, 1932. Used with permission.

The transition into the past has been prepared for, in the poem, by means of a symbolic pun. In the beginning, "nightingales" refer to ladies of the evening, of a rather rowdy South Boston evening just prior to the first world war. Later they are actual birds singing near a convent. Finally they become witnesses to the murder of Agamemnon, in the Greek tragedy of Aeschylus; a murder, or at least a guilt, that is being reenacted here.

T. S. Eliot has said that Sweeney, who appears in a number of his poems, is the composite of several Boston Irishmen observed in youth. Sweeney carries, as well, implications of a Gaelic legend, *Buile Shuibhe*, "The Frenzy of Sweeney." Shuibhe, Suvine, or Sweeney, a seventh-century Irish prince, resists the attempts of a Christian saint to convert him from dualism. He casts a spear at the saint. In punishment, Shuibhe is driven mad and made to fly through the air. Literally and figuratively, he is with the birds.

Sweeney and the nightingales enter too, along with many other characters and cultures, into Eliot's magnum opus *The Waste Land*. This celebrated modern classic draws on the classic classics. It brings together fragments of the past, phrases out of Ovid, Shakespeare, Andrew Marvell, Baudelaire, Webster, St. Augustine, the Upanishads; each slightly altered as if by the corrosive action of time. With these pieces Eliot composes a picture of civilization. His method emphasizes the reliquary character of modern life, itself so largely composed of fragments of the past.

These ironic juxtapositions are not, however, simply to contrast a mundane present with a poetic past. The irony is double. All time is interpenetrable. The pettiness and ignobility of the present have existed in all ages. Likewise, those hints of unearthly splendor, which we get from the myths and the classics, are no less present and active today. The very symbols of destruction are symbols of possible salvation.

The sense of this plays through the whole structure and design of *The Waste Land*. If I wrench one brief excerpt out of context, it is only to give a very partial illustration of his method; especially, here, his interweaving of allusion and quotation. The passage is from Section II: "A Game of Chess":

Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the "sylvan scene"
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
'Jug Jug' to dirty ears.

This is an ironic compound of aggrandizement and belittlement. The dream of imperishable beauty, such as Ovid allegorized in *Metamorphoses* and Keats celebrated in his odes to the nightingale and the Greek sun, is brought together with man's grim insistence on "actuality." The song of the nightingale, especially after mating, can sound to dirty ears like a gutteral creak: "Jug Jug."

The dirty ears aren't necessarily ours, today. "Jug Jug," with its side reference to a chamber pot, is found in Elizabethan songs to the nightingale. The world continues to hunt beauty out of existence, just as King Tereus, in Ovid's story, pursues Philomela. When she is transformed into a nightingale, he turns himself into a hawk, and continues his pursuit. Eliot's symbols are time-anagams, in which opposed emotions are held in resolution. Always the centuries are moving about in them; so to speak, simultaneously.

Quite a different kind of simultaneous immediacy is to be found in the poetry of Wallace Stevens. A man who combined business, as an insurance executive, with poetry, he delighted in the meeting of opposites. One of the grand themes that permeate his work is a constant play between those apparently opposed poles of existence: reality and imagination. Continually he starts with one or the other—"The Man on the Dump," for instance, or "The Emperor of Ice-Cream"—and shows, very deftly, wittily and beautifully, how it includes its opposite number.

There is a story, told by Wallace Stevens' publishers, that the executive of an ice-cream company wrote in asking for an explanation of the poem, "The Emperor of Ice-Cream." The letter was forwarded to Stevens. Being an executive as well as a poet, he knew how to parry the question. He wrote back: "I imagine what concerns him is whether I'm for or against ice-cream. Tell him I'm all for it."

To say that Stevens "shows" how opposites include each other is not quite accurate enough. His poems go beyond mere statement. The action of the subject is carried out in the structure of the poem. One of his earliest, from *Harmonium*, first published

in 1923, is "The Snow Man."

THE SNOW MAN

One must have a mind of winter
To regard the frost and the boughs
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time
To behold the junipers shagged
with ice,
The spruces rough in the distant
glitter

Of the January sun; and not to
think
Of any misery in the sound of
the wind,
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same
bare place

For the listener, who listens in
the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the
nothing that is.

Every time I read this poem I feel I'm coming down with frostbite. It enforces one of Stevens' favorite theorems, that the beholder and what he beholds become each other.

The essential quality of cold is conveyed by the correspondences of inner and outer weather. The scene is cold, and the listener is cold. The effect is heightened by the omission of any definite place or person. The bareness of "the bare place" is like the blank stare of a snowman's anthracite eyes. This is augmented by the scattered s-sounds that go whistling through the poem like snow, and by the arrangement of vowels that hypnotically reproduce the glint and glare and glaze of ice. Cold has penetrated the poem. The poem is not simply descriptive; it is becoming before our eyes what it is telling us about. Coldness has become an object; the object is the poem.

The poet participates in his surroundings so wholeheartedly that he identifies with them. His wish is to communicate this to us in such a way that we identify too. Occasionally we find this impulse crystallized in a single word.

In "Lightheated William" the poet William Carlos Williams has caught the quality of instantaneous transformation that we often feel in the air of Spring:

⁴ From THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WALLACE STEVENS. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1955. Used with permission.

LIGHTHEARTED WILLIAM *

Lighthearted William twirled his November moustaches and, half dressed, looked from the bedroom window upon the spring weather.

Heigh-yo! sighed he gaily leaning out to see up and down the street where a heavy sunlight lay behind same blue shadows.

Into the room he drew his head again and laughed to himself quietly twirling his green moustaches.

This is rather an O. Henry, surprise-ending type of immediacy. I can quite believe, when I recall those days on which the grass seems to have come up green overnight, that one year it got as far as Dr. Williams' moustaches.

I believe it just as readily even though Dr. Williams doesn't have any moustache; at least, never when I've seen him. I think he must have put on false ones in honor of the occasion.

William Carlos Williams, until quite recently a practising baby-doctor in Rutherford, New Jersey, where he also headed a hospital, is as well a prolific novelist, short-story writer, essayist and playwright. He has come to be known as a master of the American idiom—one American idiom anyway, for there are many—and as one of the few poets to use a free verse that is not a watered-down imitation of Walt Whitman. He writes, often, very sparingly, very cleanly, and with an inflection that follows his own rate of breathing, his own heartbeat. Here is an extremely short one. I'll give you its title afterward.

As the cat
climbed over
the top of

the jom closet
first the right
forefoot

Carefully
then the hind
stepped down

into the pit of
the empty
flowerpot'

* From THE COLLECTED EARLIER POEMS by William Carlos Williams. Norfolk, Connecticut, James Laughlin. Used with permission.

* From THE COLLECTED EARLIER POEMS by William Carlos Williams. Norfolk, Connecticut, James Laughlin. Used with permission.

A completed action in just the number of words and no more time than it takes to tell it is what William Carlos Williams calls a "Poem."

The identity of form and content in the poetry of Marianne Moore is breathtaking. As Wallace Stevens said of this New York librarian, teacher of shorthand on an Indian reservation and later editor of the most distinguished magazine ever to be published in America, *The Dial*: "She makes the most lavish snake-charmer look like a visitor."

I once counted every syllable in a book of Marianne Moore's poems. With any other poet in the world, I believe, this would be a dull and pointless thing to do. In her case it proved extremely fascinating and rewarding.

Her underlying metric is one of the most exact to be found in all literature, a millimetrically-perfected syllabic pattern that allows her to incorporate not only the language of prose, a feast first performed, with mixed success by William Wordsworth. Marianne Moore can use its rhythms—any rhythm she wishes—and subject them to a tension that unmistakably differentiates them from prose. This complete freedom within strict limits forms the theme of the title poem of her book *WHAT ARE YEARS*, now incorporated in her *Collected Poems*:

What is our innocence,
what is our guilt? All are
naked, none is safe. And whence
is courage: the unanswered
question,
the resolute doubt,—
dumbly calling, deafly listening—
that in misfortune, even death,
encourages others
and in its defeat, stirs

the soul to be strange? He
sees deep and is glad, who
accedes to mortality
and in his imprisonment, rises
upon himself as
the sea in a chasm, struggling to be
free and unable to be,
in its surrendering,
finds its continuing.

So he who strongly feels,
behaves. The very bird,
grown taller as he sings, steals
his form straight up. Though he
is captive,
his mighty singing
says, satisfaction is a lowly
thing, how pure a thing is joy.
This is mortality,
this is eternity.

* From WHAT ARE YEARS by Marianne Moore, copyright 1941 by the author. Used with permission of the Macmillan Company.

The word "steels" is the crux of the poem. In its literal and figurative meanings the ideas of imprisonment and liberation meet. The bird, in his mighty singing, triumphs over captivity; he becomes the bars that confined him.

In its exultant resolution "WHAT ARE YEARS" achieves the very mastery of experience that is its theme. The coincidence of thought and form is complete; every word is fully charged with its import. Its emotion "steels its form straight up" so that the poem is itself an encashed sea, a bird becoming his bars, the bars becoming his music. Image, thought, structure, language and emotion are brought to bear on each other. Each confirms and augments the like converging searchlights.

The last poet of whom I shall speak is, I believe, our finest lyric poet, E. E. Cummings. You all know, I am sure, some of his history: how, shortly after graduation from Harvard, he went to France in the first world war to serve with an ambulance unit; how he was falsely imprisoned; how he wrote, out of that experience, the incredible book *The Enormous Room*, a classic of the first world war.

You know too how experimental and iconoclastic his poetry was, at first and for a long time, considered. Cummings does all sorts of things with the language; rearranging the parts of speech, making punctuation audible, introducing parenthetical comments, sometimes in the middle of a word. But he is never erratic. There is always a purpose, to restore freshness and immediacy of impact to sensations or ideas that we have come to take for granted.

To illustrate with one line of an early poem: "As in these emerging now hills." The ordinary prose order would go: "as in these now emerging hills." Said this way, we hardly notice the adverb "now." By transposing it, Cummings adds to it the force of an adjective; that is, of a quality. It is the nowness of hills, their sudden presence before us in the clearing air of morning: "these emerging now hills."

Cummings' interest is primarily in the person, the individual. Not just the human person. All sorts of things, for Cummings, have personality. He deals with them, or rather presents them, not by writing about them, but by becoming of a size with them.

Some years ago we were giving a small Christmas party. Cummings said hello at the door and immediately rushed across the room and sat on the floor. He wasn't being odd or bohemian. He'd caught sight of an old friend sitting there, a very small old friend, bright green and covered all over with stars and tinsel.

This is the reflex of his poetry. Here is a poem to another old friend of his, frequently seen in bakeshop windows, or it used to be, particularly in Italian neighborhoods:

this little bride & groom ore
standing in a kind
of crown he dressed
in block candy she

veiled with candy white
corrying a bouquet of
pretend flowers this
candy crown with this candy

little bride & little
groom in it kind of stands on
o thin ring which stands on a much
less thin very much more

big & kinder of ring & which
kinder of stands on o
much more than very much
biggest & thickest & kindest

of ring and all one two three rings
are cake & everything is protected by
cellaphone against anything (because
nothing really exists")

This is a little world to itself. The poem
is its own metaphor for the cake; constructed,
like the cake, in tiers of excitement,
and all frosting.

Another metaphor-poem, another poem
that becomes what it is describing so that
the sensations come off on it like litmus
paper or decalomania, is his sonnet to the
dreamhorse. If you haven't heard it before,
you may get only pieces of it at first
hearing:

what a proud dreamhorse pulling
(smoothloomingly) through
(stepp) this (ing) crazily seething
of this
roving city screamingly street
wonderful

flowers And o the Light thrown by
Them opens

sharp holes in dork pluces paints
eyes touches hands with new-
ness and these startled whats ore
o(piercing clothes thoughts kiss
-ing wishes bodies) squirm-of-
frightened shy are which small
its hungry for Is for Love Spring
thirsty for happens
only and beautiful
there is o rogged beside the
who limps
mon crying silence upward
—to have tosted Beautiful to
have known

⁸ From POEMS: 1923-1954 by E. E. Cummings, copyright 1954 by the author. Used with permission.

Only to have smelled Happens—
skip dance kids hop point at
red blue yellow violet white
.orange green-
ness

a what a proud dreamhorse
moving(whose feet
almost walk air). now who stops.
Smiles.he

stamps "

Sometimes putting a poem in other
words helps us to understand it. This particular
poem, especially the beginning of it, can be paraphrased by putting it into its
own words, rearranged: "what a proud
dreamhorse, smoothloomingly stepping, pulling
wonderful flowers through this crazily
seething street of this screamingly raving
city."

Why does the poet change this order?

The first rearrangement is of "smooth-
loomingly stepping," which is bracketed and
dispersed. Isn't "smoothloomingly" precisely
the way a horse enters a street? We notice
first his floating dreamlike gait, contrasting
with the erratic, jerky motion of taxis and
trucks.

Then we hear his hoofbeats on the pavement:
a soft heavy plod—"stepp"—followed by the metallic ring of his shoe scraping
the asphalt—"ing".

This is more than description. It is more
than saying, "A horse is coming down the
street." The horse moves through the poem.
The poem is itself a city street: "crazily
seething of this/raving city screamingly
street." The hubbub suddenly rises to a
deafening roar, in contrast to the quiet aura
in which the horse moves.

Only then do we see what the horse is
pulling: "wonderful flowers." The flowers
arrive as they would in the actual scene.
The rearrangement is not, we realize, an
arbitrary distortion of the normal order of
words. Nor is it the conventional poetic in-
version for the sake of a rhyme: "Oh to be
with you/Under the heavens blue."

The placement of every word is strategic
to the unfolding of the action. This is in
the classical dramatic tradition of Latin
verse, like Vergil's "Arma virumque cano":
"Arms and the man I sing." The predicates,
"arms and the man," are placed before the
verb, "sing," because they are the subject
of the poem: war and the hero. Vergil is
not going to tell us about them; he is going
to sing them into being.

Now the tone of Cummings' poem alters.
The frenzied rhythms are stilled to a calm
but intense serenity. "And o the Light
thrown by Them opens/sharp holes in dark
places."

The quality of worship in the rhythm is

suggested on the page by another visual
device: "And," "Light" and "Them" are
the first words to be capitalized. This re-
stores meaning to the capital letter. Instead
of its customary remark, "I am beginning a
sentence, or a line of poetry," it now indi-
cates and enhances the sense of mystery,
of miracle. The beauty of the flowers has
subjugated the confusion of the city.

Anonymous eyes moving along the street
turn and light up. As the poem says, the
light cast by the flowers paints them. Wind-
dows open—"sharp holes in dark places." Hands
lean on their sills, touched "with
newness." Wrapped in their everyday
thoughts and clothes, people are as imper-
sonal as objects. They are "whats," "whichs,"
small "its." The flowers reach through their
protective coverings, touching for an in-
stant their innermost wishes.

How do we feel such wishes? They come
to us, usually, as fleeting sensations, not as
words at all. In the poem these unspoken
fragmentary experiences are suggested by
six verbal equivalents taken from different
parts of speech. "Love" and "Spring" are
nouns; they are universal. "Beautiful" is an
adjective. Beautiful what? Whatever is
beautiful to each of us. "Is" and "happens"
are verbs. Our sensations are of *being*, of
being more than we are, and of something
quite wonderful happening. And all these
unspecifiable wishes are for something that will
be uniquely ours. We are hungry and thirsty
for "only."

The children—and one other character—
fully realize the flowers. The children skip
dance hop, pointing at their colors. And
there is a ragged man "crying silence upward."
For the moment let's leave him for
what he is, the flower-wagon man, very
likely Italian or Greek. Why does he cry
silence? Is his voice lost in the din of the
traffic? Or is it that the words he is calling
out—the names of flowers—are so beautiful
that, in contrast to the uproar, they are a
kind of silence?

Now the horse draws up beside us, "stops.
Smiles.he stamps." The pause and the em-
phasis are indicated visually, "stamps" being
dropped a space from the end of the line.
By itself, it puts a period to the poem. And
it completes the materialization of the horse.
Like a pinch to see if we are asleep or
awake, it tells us that this is no dream. The
horse is more than a symbol. He is realer
than anything.

Now that we've looked at pieces of the
meaning, what is the whole poem saying?

Why is the horse proud? Why is he a
dreamhorse? Why does he loom? And es-
pecially why does he "almost walk air"?

I'd read this poem many times before
questioning these characteristics. They seem
natural enough to fit any big shambling,
probably dirty-white dray horse. Perhaps
they are more affectionate than we expect of
realistic description. But why was I haunted
by the sense of something more?

Walking air. What horse *did* walk air? Pegasus, the winged steed of the Muses.

Suddenly the poem takes on a new dimension. This is poetry in the modern world; an obsolete, almost extinct animal, who makes comparatively rare appearances in a city street. And what of the ragged limping man?

The Greek hero Bellerophon is sent to slay the Chimaera, a fire-breathing monster ravaging the country of Lycia. This he does with the aid of Pegasus, whom the gods allow him to bridle.

What in this poem is being conquered? A modern Chimaera: "this crazily seething of this raving city screamingly street." The mélange of adverbs, adjectives and nouns, echoing the confused cries of the street, mirrors too the construction of the she-monster: head of lion, body of goat, tail of serpent. The flower-wagon man is the poet silencing the monster: "crying silence upward."

Could there be, too, an ironic implication in "silence"? If the horse today is fast disappearing, isn't the poem all but unheard?

Why does the poet limp? Bellerophon, after slaying the Chimaera, grows presumptuous. He tries to fly to heaven. But losing control of the reins, he falls to earth, lame.

A later story is told by Schiller, of how Pegasus, sold by a needy poet, is put to the cart. And the last word in the poem, "stamps," may recall another legend. Hippocrene, the fountain of inspiration, bursts forth when the ground is struck by the forehoof of Pegasus.

None of these interpretations is insistent. Every reader is apt to find different ones. As Robert Frost has said, a poet is entitled to anything the reader may find in his poem.

Although this is one of the few cases in which I have had the great privilege and pleasure of showing the poet himself what

I found in his poem, I still say that any resemblance between my interpretation and his intention is purely coincidental.

The anobtrusive allusion to Pegasus is another instance of simultaneity in time. The horse is at once a big, drab, probably white drayhorse, and the shining spirit of legend. The past permeates the present, touching us with its glory and making us, for the moment, immortal.

Cummings' poems are designed as much for the eye as for the ear. Being a painter as well as a poet, he is interested in the shape a poem makes on the page, as well as the shape it makes in the ear. Some of his poems look as if they couldn't possibly be read aloud. But I believe most, if not all of them, can.

At least, I'm going to try, in conclusion to read one that Cummings himself never thought could be read aloud. You may agree.

r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r
who
a's w(e loo)k
upnowgath
PPEGORHRASS
erintgint(a-
aThe): 1
eA
S
rlvlnG
rea(be)rran(cam)gi(e)ngly
,grasshopper; "

!p:
(r
.gRrEaPsPhOs)
to

This is quite clearly a case of immediacy that we don't get right off. It would be very easy to dismiss it by saying, "Here the poet has gone too far." We are more apt to dismiss a puzzling poem than, say, a scientist.

¹¹ From POEMS: 1923-1934 by E. E. Cummings, copyright 1934 by the author. Used with permission.

tive theorem. But applying the approved method of science—that is, working from the known to the unknown—we find our clue in the last word of the poem, "grasshopper."

The subject of the poem is a grasshopper. The action of the poem is the grasshopper "gathering up now to leap." "As we look" we don't see him in the grass; his identity is withheld. But we get hints from the stridulating sounds he makes. These sounds—some soft, some loud, some intermittent—are rearrangements of his name—r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r, PPEGORHRASS, gRrEaPsPhOs—"just as he rearranges himself to rub forewing and hind leg together. Then he "leaps!" clear so that we see him, "arriving to become, rearrangingly, grasshopper."

The motive of such a poem is the same delight in the natural world, the same love toward its inhabitants, the same wish to share this delight and this love with us, that have always inspired poetry, today or in the Greece of Aristophanes: "Brek-kek-kek-kek, ko-ax, koax." In the urgency of this feeling, poets look for more and more immediate ways of declaring themselves. Here Cummings has made a little poem that is itself a grasshopper. It appears before us with all the surprise and pleasure of a live one.

I hope these illustrations have helped to suggest the incalculable variety of immediacy and simultaneity, which we might think of more simply as the qualities of here and now. Forms of the imagination, they can identify with all experience. There is no limit, past, present or future, to their possibilities, to the ways in which they can make life more enjoyable, by making it more living.

They play of course through all literature, not just modern poetry, not just poetry. But poetry, I like to feel, is where the imagination is most at home, where it is most here, where it is most now.

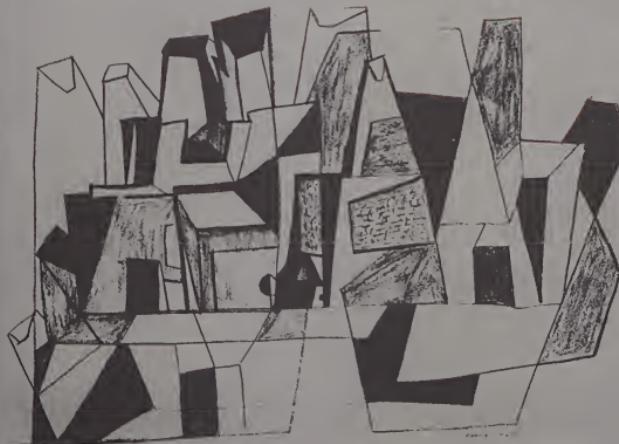
CITY 7:30 A.M.



THREE CITIES

CAROLE STEELE

CITY AFTERNOON



CITY TWILIGHT



THE
WINTER
PAST:

FIVE POEMS:

JERRY
MATHERLY

FIRST CORINTHIANS

Dear Saint Paul, you speak more like my grand father
Than an apostle from Tarsus.
Poor old gentleman, beset, as he said,
By nine children and an unknown quantity of
Grand and great grandchildren,
He always should have been a bachelor,
"It is good for a man not to touch a woman."

My grandmother managed both house and farm,
Sewed to send the children past elementary school,
Died and left her carefully hoarded insurance
Policy to the youngest son in hopes he would go
To college;
The old man, resentful, buried her in a pine box,
Preached the sermon himself as a local deacon.
"The man is not of the woman; but the woman of
The man."

Four of his five daughters were spinster ladies,
Who baked chocolate layer cakes for their father
And sang as a quartet for Baptist Church revivals;
Only Aunt Ellen managed to escape,
Ran away in the middle of the night with a truck driver,
Became a waitress on the Dixie Turnpike,
Finally died in childbirth.
Please, my grandfather wept,
"Now concerning virgins I have no commandment of the
Lord; yet I give my judgement as one that hath
Obtained mercy of the Lord to the faithful."

My father, the youngest son, away at college,
Tried to shake off the chill of the mountains;
Read his fine-print Milton and Chaucer with
Inherited washed-out blue eyes until he
Was all but blind, wrote home for money
For spectacles and laughed 'til tears at
His father's scrawled refusal,
"It is reported commonly **that there is**
fornication among you."

Dear Saint, the old man grey and sick,
My grandfather, died bellowing **his**
Fate and everyone else's lack of faith;
All in mock love we followed the casket
To his pine-grove grave;
I cried as I should but whispered under
My first alcohol breath,
"I praise **you** not."

HOMECOMING LAST CHRISTMAS

for Dawn

My sister's youngest son knows all of "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

He sings it for me and his mother's Eyes shine like lights on a Christmas tree Coming on all at once.

His song is my home-coming present, One of my home-coming presents. It is December. In two days it will be Christmas and Christmas is why one comes Home. There is no other reason, for we have All drifted apart; we have all drifted apart and There is no drifting together again. Still Christmas comes and still one comes home.

I have come home from Italy, from Spain, From London, from Paris, from East Houston Street, from two hospitals for the Mentally ill.

I have come home from the house across the Via Deliziosa where the painter Perugino Lived, from the house down the beach, the Costa Brava, where Salvador Dali paints Butterflies on his castle windows, From the house from where one can look Down and into the very room in which Racine died.

I have come home for Christmas from the Mountains of Chelsea's moon and Kensington's Paradise Garden and Hampstead's Desolate Heath. Home from a season in hell passed between Katz's Kosher Delicatessen and East River, that Mythical Styx that flows south from the smoke, Fog, slime Bronx past unimaginable Brooklyn To the Atlantic Ocean, The Atlantic Ocean that separates my two secret worlds

Home. Home from being bathed, being told what To do and what not to do, Being led for walks in the scrub pine groves of a Cold autumn.

Home from the electric shock and the hour-long Talks and the man in the bed next to mine who They fixed him one night. He woke with His old screams and furies and six of Them jumped in and pretended to be asleep. My bladder was bursting, my throat dry

Home. Home from home from here, there and Everywhere.

Home. Home for Christmas and Christmas is Why one comes home.

The song ends:

The swimming swans and the turtle doves and the Dancing ladies and the leaping lords and the gold Rings and the milking maids and the partridge, The lone partridge, And more, much more are collected under The Last Act Nutcracker Tree and the real lights Come on—all at once.

No. Actually only the few red and green
Boxes of a meager Christmas:
"Times are bad this year," and
"We had to pay \$200 hospital bills" and
"The T.V. tube blew out," and "The Republicans
Were only interested in making the rich man
Richer," and "Besides we got more than we ever had
Before. We used to get only one toy each and
Nuts and fruits and candy. We used to be all
Together then and Daddy would tell us 'The Night
Before Christmas.' He knew it all the way through
And he knew the book of Luke in the Bible
All the way through," and "The saddest Christmas
We ever had was the first year we didn't have
Daddy. He died—do you remember?—one week before,
"Only one week before"

I remember. He died.
Yet there he is standing behind the Christmas tree,
Hidden by the tree but growing higher than
The tree, wrapping his arms around it,
Snuffing out the candles with his skinny fingers.
Old Father Christmas himself and Father Christmas
Dead and a Ghost.

The room now in darkness except for the light
Shining in from the window's Blue Star—
"O First Star of Bethlehem!" the children sang.
Now he is outside and knocking at the door.
Through the glass I see his blue face,
His face blue with cold and the hollow eyes
Filling up with ice (has he been crying?
Has he been crying for me?) and
On his back the Christmas Pack,
Father Christmas' Pack of Good Things for
Good Boys and Girls. (Why not down the chimney?
I remember. The fireplace was bricked-up for
The new oil furnace and he would have been stuck there—
Buried dead.)

I wait for him to come in and show me
What he has in the Pack for me: then I know:
Woes and cares and pains and hospital beds and
Loveless loves and cold rooms and a grove,
A lone grove

—And no more, no more at all
"The baby tripped over the extension cord
And the Christmas tree lights went out and
Then you started knocking at the door," my
Sister is speaking to Father Christmas,
To her father, to my father. She is helping
Him take the Pack off his back.
No. NO AGAIN.

She is talking to my brother and sister-in-law.
They are taking off their coats and looking
For the plug. "I can't see. Turn the over-head lights on!"

The Star appears! All is light, all is love!

"O First Star! O Morning Star!"

Wolcum!

Wolcum yole!

Hodie Christus natus est.

"Welcome home! Welcome home! I bet you're glad
You're home for Christmas." I am shaking hands all
Around and saying "Yes" and saying "Yes" and meaning
"No, no, no."

The hours pass. The brothers, sisters, their wives,
Husbands and the endless number of half-remembered
Nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles, cousins file in and out
Welcoming me and each other, talking about
Births and Marriages and Scandals and Deaths.
They talk and I ask question after question.

I know nothing of them and they know nothing of me.
I do not hear their answering me. To their questions
I mumble "yes's" and "no's." They are all eating
Fruit cake and drinking Pepsi Cola or Dr. Pepper or
7-Up or .

My elder brother mercifully pours sweet southern bourbon
Into my cake and winks to let me know I am a Man . . .
I drink a glass of hemlock a day
And dine off a bit of venison and a few avocados
No. NO.

I am no longer in the box living-room. I am no longer
Sitting on the new day bed (another-indirect-homecoming
Present since I shall sleep there):

I cross the Pante Cavour on my way from San Pietro
(There was an audience for some German journalists
And I walked up the steps past the smiling Swiss Guards
Into the small throne room. I stood at the back and
The Pope came by—a jolly fat man whom my Italian
Doctor friends call Jahnny Walker—I smiled and
Received his blessing.)

I walk along the Tevere to a open-air book-seller
And purchase a dozen opera libretti for 300 lire.
One act of "Fasca" is missing and "Il Balla in Maschera"
Is set in Bastan! Other than that they are in
Fine condition.

I am on my way to the Piazza di Spagna and it is nearly noon.
I must hurry. I walk, somehow get lost, then run.
Running in Rome in the middle of July! I stop.
Everyone is late in Rome and everyone waits for
Everyone else in Rome. No one cares.
Now I am at the Piazza. I cross to the fountain
In the middle of the street, then across the street
To the stairs. I buy one carnation from the flower vendor
And walk half-way up the stairs and sit down to wait.

The hours pass. The sun wilts the flower.
All of Rome climbs up and down the stairs:
Ancient Emperors, medieval scholars, Popes,
Black Death scavengers,
Byron, Keats, Shelley, Ezra Pound.
No. NO.

Only American tourists. Only G.I.'s an leave from Austria.
Only Nights' ladies at Noon. Only pretty boys
Twirling their Vespa keys and winking.
He does not come I think he is either drunk or sleeping
Or has gone to Ostia to swim—it is hot. I think
I must set up and see if he is in the Trinito praying.
He prays when he gets drunk. Lights candles to the
Virgin Mary and Saint Sebastian.
I begin to cry and all the stair's traffic notices me.

The soldiers look the other way. The tourists think
The *carabinieri* should be called, The boys band
Together in sympathy and one whispers, "Cari miei,
Lui ha perduta un'enamorata." The ladies, the ladies
The Pope is coming down the stairs from the Church
In his red vestment. He is no longer fat and jolly but
Tall, thin, stern. He reaches out for me to fly off
With him to his cool summer palace at Gondolfo.
NO. NO.

It is one of the ladies—*La Bella Donna Grassa delle
Strade*. She takes my hand and is leading me away.

My sister used to take my hand this way
And lead me away,
And just to make things right, even in
The middle of July she would say,
"Let's talk about Christmas."

"Are you asleep? We've got to be going, We've got
To put the girls in bed. We thought you'd gone
To sleep." My second sister is shaking me.
"No, no, just tired," I mumble.
We see them all to their cars. We wave good-bye to
Each one. Kiss one or two on the cheek.

We rush back into the oil-heated warmth.
It is cold and it has begun to snow.
We watch—as nightly ritual—the newscast
On the television:

THE BIG NEWS TONIGHT IS THE WEATHER.

THE BIG NEWS TONIGHT IS THE WEATHER
Soon we go to bed. The heat is down, the lights
On the Christmas Tree are off, the Star—the Blue
Star in the East—no longer shines in the window.
I lie in bed and listen to the snow,
It blows against the windows and so
Gently taps at the door.
Where is Father Christmas now? Lost. Lost in the snow,
Buried gently in the snow with his lost Pack
Floating down the creek that runs behind the mill.
The presents sinking to the bottom of the cold water:
Lost from the children, lost from me.
And who will come Christmas Eve to deliver us our
Due? He will not be on time, but he will come.
Tears will bring him. The children's tears will melt
The gentle snow.
He must come. He must come. He must come.
He must come home for Christmas and
Christmas is why one comes home.

I have come home from Paris from London,
I have come home from Want, from Desire,
I have come home
How did the child's song go?
"And a partridge in a pear tree."
"And a grave in the deep Sea."

Someone I have been expecting crosses the dark room,
Bends over the bed and kisses me—coldly.

MARCHEN
for Christine Johnson

Love, I have become deranged fram
Reading **marchen**.
Each night I go to bed with the Fisherman's
Wife ond awake to find she is a changeling:
The cold-sleeping Snow Princess lies by my
Side and broothes her chilly brooth,
Her chilly songs into my conch-ear.

My travelling disposition foils me at this
Early hour. I have no equipment to explore
Glociers and **yokuls**, ond, alas,
White snow plains stretch out endlessly in
The last of Ice Ages.
Mountoins and plains, snow and ice:
They ore all the same and she, the cold-sleeping
Snow Princess is full mistress of her body's
Cold planet.

Ah, yes, I shall pass the day in bed.
(The Princess must leave when the sun is up.
If she is thawed, she is nothing: a pool of
Water on the library floor: the librarian has
Dropped the vase containing the snow-drops.)
I must sleep at noon, I must sleep awy the
Winter afternoon.
I must sleep my little death in life.

By teo-time it is dork and the rain has
Turned to sleet ond I in my grave, I in my bed
Awoke to winter's ghosts tapping at the window.

No, it is only the branches of the Judos tree
Being stirred by a draft.
Someone has opened the front door ond is whispering
In the holl.
(The leoves of the Judos tree ore heart-shaped,
Like little valentines to the schoolboy's schoolboy loves.
The Judos tree stands neor my bed between my two
Lemon trees. All three ore in golden pots. All three
Provide me shelter, provide me shade, provide me
Substance.)
I get up reluctantly to see who has come ta coll.

I pick from the trees a leman far the tea,
A valentine leaf to give if it is a lady guest.

In the hall I find the deman-children, the slayers
Of witches, the plague of step-mothers,
Hansel and Gretel:
They have come to tell me they cannot come to tea.
It is getting late and they must search out the crumbs
That make a path back to their laveless, too clean house.

The ice, the snow will have covered up
Such a path, I argue.
It was only black bread, Gretel, embarrassed, admits.
They leave with my presents of leman and leaf.

And I am again alone in winter's vault.
Naked and cold I stand in the entrance hall and
Watch the clock watch the hours.
She will come again I know. Fat and loud,
Stupid and smelly she, the Fisherman's Wife,
Will come to touch my thin chest and kiss my
Thin stomach.

The throat becomes dry, a windaw blows open and
Blows in winter. Wait, Wait. I must not think of
Awakening with my frozen death-mate. It will be
Judgement morning and the thief wha comes in the
Night will steal the sun. Wait, Wait.
I must not think of Hansel and Gretel buried
By now under a last cold snow of Memary.
No. Wait, Wait.

Love, I have became deranged from
Reading *Marchen*. Slam the book shut.
Come, let us forget we are dying in the
Winter witch's palace.

Covered only by the Judas tree:
I run my hands through your hair, down your
Back to Southern regions below the
Equatorial belt.

THE ALIBI LADY
for Margaret Cathell

The olibi lody believes the world to be
A zoo poth thot connects Apior
With Aviory,
Mon's Neanderthol night with mon's
Icorus flight.

My horoscope agrees with the Herr Doktor:
Psychoanalysis is only an exchange
Of words.
Mercury, the messenger of the mind,
Meets the moan of our emotions: they
Talk and decide. Jupiter, father of
Forgiveness, is last from me.

Mere words are bastard children of the Word
Incarnate. I prefer the alfabeto figurato,
The diamond on the urinal wall to the lody's
Sweetest promising sannets.

The alibi lody labels herself a free-thinker.
Her aging parents are free-thinkers, too,
But continue to live in Washington, D. C.
She and I meet the high priest over tea in the
Examination room. They do all the talking.
I stow out the window and nate Minerva's
Birds an early evening flight.
Owls are every modman's secret brothers,
For they, too, know only night's dorkness,
Wood's arangled trees, and the shrieking
Mamen when the hoted prey is captured.

Finolly the Herr Doktor's latest intoner
Gives us a magic lantern show:
Scenes of the old home-place: Auschwitz
For the summer season, Bergen-Belsen for
Winter skiing and such.
I give my rapt attention; graphics I
Understand. My untrouqillized primitive
Mind responds and responds.
The giver of the tharozine communian
Wofer speed-writes all my reactions.

In the onte-room the olibi lody
Lights candles: "Ta toke responsibility
Away fram over-toxed ceiling lights."
The priest whispers in her ear:
"I tink ve give him de schack."
He never lost his Yiddish accent.

He leaves and the olibi lody orranges
Her copyright permit, loose tobacco and
Butterfly collection an top of the harpsicord.
She plays John Blaw and Mr. Henry Purcell.

I listen and remember father was in voudveille,
A tightrape walker, a precorous, insecure position
Leading from earth's Apairy ta sky's Aviary.
Soon I sleep.

Tamorrow the alibi lody and I will wolk
Along the zoo path. White hospital beds will be
Our bordering flower plots. We shall gather
A bouquet for the luncheon table.

Tallow fram the candles drips ta the floor
And changes into jewels.

LETTER TO JON BRAND

—dated January 23, 1961

I have only the kitchen table bare and bright, at which to write
And even that I may use only late at night when the rest of the
House is sleeping or watching the Late Show on the television.

No matter, my ten cent notebooks from Woolworth's are filling up
And I tremble all day with the poem I may write.
The kitchen table, bare and bright, has become my island, as warm
In the cold kitchen as any equatorial isle in the Pacific,
As wild and as green as any seen in a travelogue at the movies,
As unexplored and mysterious as any encountered in *The Swiss
Family Robinson*: After all,
It is all there in *The Swiss Family Robinson*: poetry and
What poetry explores,
And in *Robinson Crusoe*,
And *Treasure Island*,
And *The Lord of the Flies*:
Islands, shipwrecks, pirates and rescues,
Poetry is like that,
The heart is like that.

We are the Swiss Family Robinsons as we came to write the poem:
The shining city of the Mind's Berne left in the Mind's
Clear mountain Switzerland and the treacherous, pirate-patrolled
Sea navigated until equatorial climes are reached,
Then the fragile ship is torn from under
Our feet in a storm and we, with few supplies,
Drift to an uncharted island.
We build as best we may houses in the trees and forts on the hill.
It is all there.
It is all there.

Or again alone,
Alone as Robinson Crusoe alone.
Ten and eight years on the island
And at last the print of a foot in the sand:
It is Friday, dark penitential Friday following
Me around, hastening me to fast,
He, the rescued cannibal's meal,
Chastising me not to eat meat,
The meat of the heart alive and thrabbing,
The meat of the mind, lean and easy to spoil.
Watch out Black Day Black Man,
I may not care to wait for mutiny and rescue,
May not care to see again England or Idaho or
Wherever It Is before I die.
The poet's feast is a cannibal's feast.
It is all there,
It is all there.

It is all there when Long John Silver hooks you by the collar
With his cloying clawed hand and says:
"Ay, mate, time to dig your grave in the brine,
Time to separate the waves,
Find y'er pearly coffin and lay ye down,
Six ond sixty fathoms below,
Six ond sixty fathoms below,
Six ond sixty fathoms below,
Trelowney will sing the same song, so will the boy Jim,
And so, by God, will Silver's parrot and he even after you're gone.
They are all pirates at heart, even the ones
Your seventh-grade self thought Good Guys.
Be careful not to watch where they bury their
Gold, even when they dig up your own beach;
It is infarmation they hate,
Gold they love.
Fear gold. Fear infarmation of gold.
That includes Secret Maps of Desert Islands.
It is all there,
It is all there.

And finnally it is like poetry, like the heart
In The Lord of The Flies:
There are no sacrifices that can be made
To your island's god,
The sacrifice becomes the god, is the god.
It is all there,
It is all there.

NOTES

IT IS REASONABLY unfashionable for poets to make notes on their own works. After all we must not take away work from critics, professors, and the like. In all probability any average reader with an average amount of factual knowledge will find no difficulty in understanding any of the following poems. Still there are many bits and pieces of information that have become dear to my heart, or which have assumed a major, if unlikely, role in my particular situation, and which the average reader may not have registered in the same degree of importance and remembrance.

FIRST CORINTHIANS

As unfair as it may seem, the quotations in italics are taken from Saint Paul's first letter to the Corithians—and they are taken very much at random. I do not doubt for one minute, however, that Paul was

a misogynist of the first order.

HOMECOMING LAST CHRISTMAS

Katz's Delicatessen is a justifiably famous home of Kosher delicacies. It is located on East Houston Street between First Avenue and Avenue A. The neighborhood below it which ends with the East River is that marvellously polyglot neighborhood known as the Lower East Side where the air is filled with Yiddish, Spanish, Italian, and occasional English.

Electric shock treatment is usually administered to mental patients suffering from catonia, melancholia, and similar illnesses of "quiet withdrawal." The usual number of such shocks range from nine to twenty-one and there is a noted, if temporary, loss of memory.

"Wolcum yode" is a Middle English form meaning "You are warmly greeted." "Hodie

Christus natus est" is Latin—Church Latin of course—for "Christ is born today."

The Ponte Cavour is one of several bridges across the Tiber (Italian: *Tevere*) which connect the section of Rome in which the Vatican City is located with other parts of the city.

Readers probably do not need to be reminded of the Romantic Poet's fascination with Italy. Or the fascination—in many ways tragic fascination—on the part of Mr. Pound.

"*La Bella Donna Grasso delle Strade*"—I suppose, "The Fat Lady of the Streets."

MARCHEN

Marchen is a German word for fairy tales. A look—and I am sure it will be a delighted look—into the Brothers Grimm will refresh readers' minds on the various characters I have mentioned in the poem.

THE ALIBI LADY

"Psychoanalysis is only an exchange of words," is a direct quotation from Freud, who is, of course, "the Herr Doktor."

References to the horoscope are taken from Richard Tyler's highly original "Chart of The Skies," which is a curious mixture of poetry, drawing, and "une sorte d'astrologie."

"Alfabeto figurato" is Italian for "illustrated alphabet."

In Freud's symbol to object system the diamond shape stands for the female sex organ.

Followers of the Eichman trial will recognize immediately my ironic references to the terrible Nazi concentration camps, Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen.

Thorazine is one of the most powerful of the tranquilizers. It is usually only given to patients in hospitals, for such is its effect that constant supervision is required.

Lovers of "Les Contes d'Hoffman" will remember the scene in which the magician turns tallow from candles into jewels.

LETTER TO JON BRAND

The Lord of the Flies is a novel, just published in this country, by a young English writer, William Golding. Although the novel is intended to be a "dark parody" on Rousseau, it is also a rousing good story very much in the manner of *Treasure Island* and the like.

THE BRACELET

by Sam Allen

ANOTHER NO-JACKET day for kicking to get out of school and meeting with some of the kids to play. The school couldn't hold the nervous hands and hearts, pumping to run on the land and splash in the pond shore, or swing on the Tarzan swings hung from the faithful trees — hung there to swing out over the blueberry shrubs and the coarse water. To run and laugh and sing off-key in early-adolescent soprano.

"Meet ya at three-thirty, on Venus."

"Okay."

Tommy got there fifteen minutes before Davy. He knew these three small hills of adventure well; he was intimate with the quiet mossed top under the tallest trees, the sand hollow over which the old Tarzan swing flew out in the clutching wild arms and knees of seasonal kids. When he wandered into the "moldes of Venus," to "wretch at her tainted breath," the hollow on the other end—the hollow away from the pond, where the trees were held from growing up or straight, or beautiful by some monstrous god—the hollow of flies, and spiders, and fungus on dead stumps; the sand that was hot and couldn't grow grass. He knew all this, and the face of blueberry-bushed cliff Venus showed to Earth—his white house upon the hill.

Tommy skipped over the roller-coaster path, under the patterns of late sun and shadows to the moss—still his favorite place. Where he could lie into the ground, or lean against a tree and pettle with his fingers the soft miniature green forest-like a jungle seen from a rocket leaving the equatorials of Africa. He might watch the water—dangerous and green—wind-blown, lay in the basin before him. "Un-navigable," said the commander and chief

of the patrol; but he and Davy and Corky had braved it in a silver ship through a raging meteor storm . . . though it was only a rowboat before a shower. "That was at least worth a promotion to Top Commander . . . at least."

These were pleasant memories of the freedom of childhood he saw going on some train, away into the past. But he closed his eyes to it and lay back into the wet cool moss and stared at the sky's leaving the world yellow—to grow into red, and lavender, and indigo and . . . black.

"Water," he thought, "is a mysterious thing. They say you hear bells when you drown in it. Bells, probably like in cathedral movies. There might be amoebas . . . or, yeah, maybe trilobites, or their fossils in the bottom—just waiting—ohhh," he shivered as he recalled the view out there in the middle on their crossing. Not a foot below the choppy, white-capped surface was a field, a crop of green . . . "Weeds—probably growing from the mud to the almost-top, toward the sun. They didn't dare to come up to the top. They were cowardly, and wicked. And to fall in and drown and hear bells . . ."

He rolled over onto his side to watch the little insects he feared in another way in their grotesqueness, their minuteness, and their numbers . . . watch them rummage around under the moss, and acorns, twigs, and pebbles.

"They're going home," he said, "from work-like building something somewhere—a city to live in, to take over the world someday." And he reached out and pinched a small black ant out—not without difficulty in finding him as he ran in fear, and felt sorry after, and ran on to other

thoughts, easily, as his mind tore into and over everyday's learnings.

"Tommy! Tommy!"

It was Davy coming over the tracks. Tommy didn't move or call, just watched Dave pick his way through the tall dry grass toward Venus.

"Tommy!! Hey!" Then Davy saw Tommy lying upon the ground, and Dave waved quickly. Tommy got up and ran down the slope, through the new, green blueberry bushes to meet this friend.

"What're you goin' today?"

"Around," said Tommy.

"Okay." And they started walking out farther into the solar system toward Mars. After passing the cracked pumping station, closed up for the rats to care for, Davy said, "Tracks?"

"Yah!" And they veered right till their feet began stepping the ties and gravel.

"You quiet today! Tom?"

"Ummmm. Been thinkin'."

"Yah?"

"Yeah, Davy"

"Yeah?"

"Davy, what are girls for?"

"What-a ya mean? For girls."

"No, what do they mean . . . like why can't we let them in the Universal Space Patrol? And why do they have babies?"

"Oh, hey, Davy . . . Burt told me . . . well, I heard him talkin' with Carl and those guys, and he said that babies come from inside mothers. And come out here."

Tommy didn't say anything.

"Well, do they?"

"I don't know."

"Sure you do. Do they?"

"I don't know . . . maybe!"

"They can't. How'd you get a whole baby . . . ?"

"Dave? You know Fainting Mary's sister?"

"Achsa?"

"Yeah."

"Hey, you love her?"

"No, I was just wonderin' . . . ?"

"Ha ha-ha ha!"

"Dave, why don't girls be like boys?"

"Cause boys are better."

"I know . . . but . . . I wonder if Achsa would want to go into space when we do. She's real smart in science class. Why, is there a law or something that says that girls can't be spacemen?"

"Sure there is. They're sposed to cook, and stay home, and havé babies. Tommy, do babies come right out of . . . ?"

"But why couldn't they?"

"Cause they aren't . . . not on the program. Sol?"

"Ya, I guess. You ever see Mary faint?"

"Sure."

"Awful, isn't it?"

"Ya."

"Just blinks . . . sometimes ten times right in a row, then Pow! closes her eyes and falls down. Think that's how people die?"

"No, people die bloody," said Davy.

"Not always."

Davy didn't argue about it.

They were now past Mars, two little hills past the pumping station tower by the pond. Nothing but grass and two oak trees. Then came Jupiter and Saturn—monstrous dirt mounds and cliffs on the other side of the tracks, farther out, where swarms of gnats made it necessary to run them like a carnival ride with their coats pulled over their heads and faces.

" . . . So he takes the stones and sets 'em on the table. When he wakes up the next morning, they're grown, cause of the atoms . . . see, the atoms of the table are soaked up by the stones . . . ?"

"How?" asked Tommy.

"Attraction-magnetism—see?"

"It'd be better if the stones . . . ?"

"No, see . . . Tommy, don't you wanna talk?"

Tommy fell off the rail. "Sure."

They were at Uranus now, a signal tower by the tracks—barren out along a stretch of field and tracks. Tommy climbed up quickly and stood on the platform and looked out, down the tracks to where the rails disappeared into a hole in a large concrete bridge and curved around and vanished. Tom thought back to that winter, when all alone he had stood there in a white world in a blizzard—lost in cold and fury. He had been swept away into more than his ideas—into waves of feelings of power and immense magnitude. He had stood there alone for half an hour,

lost into something he couldn't understand, but felt and loved, and feared.

"Come on, I can't be late tonight."

"Okay." Tommy climbed back down and they started walking again. They curved around the pear bottom of the pond and left the tracks to their own direction.

The pond lay against small rocks on the left, and was a swamp on the right of the pathed ridge they walked.

"What are you going to do at the meeting Saturday?"

"I don't know," said Tommy, still at some strange distance from the talking. "Maybe talk about the southern constellations."

"You did that last month."

"Oh, yeah! Maybe then, nebulae."

"Why don't you hold it at night and we'll go star-gazing in the park."

"Yeah, might do that." After a while he said, "Davy, you ever held hands with a girl before?"

"Sure."

"Were you scared?"

"Sure."

"I don't like it that your hands get all sweaty. And cold."

"It's natural. Whose hand you wanna hold? Achsa's?"

"Now! I was just talkin'."

"You're off in outer space today, know it?"

"She's got the most beautiful bracelet in the world. It's . . . ?"

"Who?"

"Achsa. It shines no matter how you look at it. And it's so thin. She has two of 'em together. And there aren't any jewels in it. Just metal, but it . . . sure does shine."

"Let's go into the swamp."

They were at Neptune now, where the bridge cut over a small stream where the water ran into the swamp. A finger of low land of trees, vines, and certain slime and monsters lay out on the shallow black-green water. They skipped down the bank, out onto the peninsula. "You notice it's always hot here. Wonder if there's anything living in there. You don't know what could grow there. If the cells grew—cause of the water and all, into some other form of life . . . ?"

They left Neptune and the wood bridge where in winter they rolled great snowballs off into the ice-covered gorge below. Where they watched the tidal waves wash the rocks, and cities fall in the floods. They went into the green, oak-woods path that stretched around a field. The field led in the distance to pine tree forests of needle rags. They had finished the bottom of the pear lake, and went out into the field to go around—the other side.

Pluto was there, a small old boathouse by the grass and pussy-willow rocks.

They walked in silence now, each one entertaining the grass and everything they saw.

"Tommy . . . Shhh . . . look!"

"What?"

"Look! Over there, by Pluto."

"Who are they?"

"Shhhh."

Davy sat down, and Tommy followed. They watched a blue-garbed sailor walk in hand with a green-dressed princess from the other side of the house to the sloped grass. They sat next to each other, facing the water and pussy willows. Tommy couldn't hear anything they were saying if they were talking. He was afraid to move, cause they might notice them.

"Let's steal around by the pine trees."

"No."

"Come on." Davy got up and started to leave."

"Wait." Davy turned and sat down. "Look!"

"What they doin'?"

"Kissin'."

The two boys watched them guiltily as the sailor took his princess by the shoulders and kissed into her mouth, and her neck and hair.

"Ugg," muttered Davy.

But Tommy watched and felt more guilty than before. He felt almost sick because he shouldn't be there; but he didn't want to move.

"Ugg," muttered Davy again.

The sailor laid his princess back against the ground and spread her hair with his hands—then he began kissing her again, and again. Quickly sometimes, and sometimes long and hard. He began touching her body lightly. All this time she had been lying almost still with her arms limp out on the ground.

"Hey!" wheezed Davy, his eyes wide, and teeth around his tongue. Tommy didn't hear. Suddenly the girl's arms sprang up and grappled onto her sailor, and he fell to her. She grabbed and grabbed, her head writhing as she kissed him wildly.

"Come on," gasped Tommy as he started off in a run, back toward the bridge. Davy followed quickly, looking back again, and then once more.

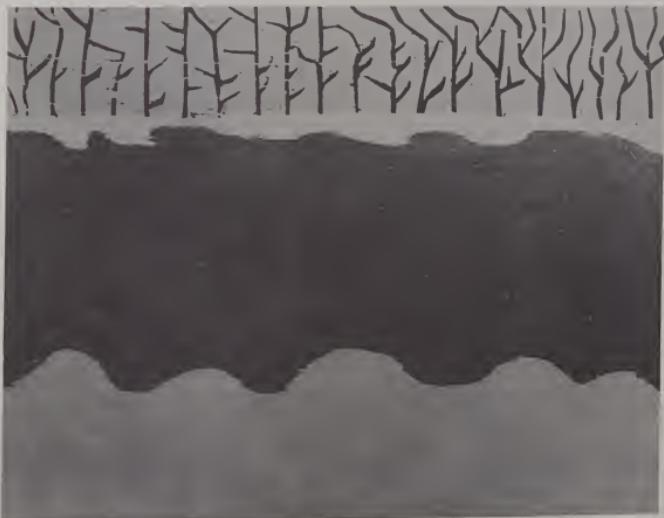
"Whew!" Davy said. "Wow!"

Tommy said nothing—nothing all the way—he felt strange, unusually sick and restless—and guilty, no, not quite that he felt good too.

"Wow!" said Davy as they passed Uranus. Tommy still said nothing, but looked out on the water in the last sunlight like a shimmering bracelet of shiny metal.

ANNE KESLER SHIELDS LANDSCAPES

MELTING SNOW



"The artist seeks to create works which have a life of their own. He draws his inspiration, not from a void, but from life, whether it be from figures, from landscape, or from within himself. By painting what is familiar, what excites, what really means something deep inside oneself, the artist develops a sensitivity for his subject and hopes for a new vision of it. Landscape is the subject with which I feel the strongest affinity. I believe that I see the landscape in a new way, which in turn may help others to experience it more fully."

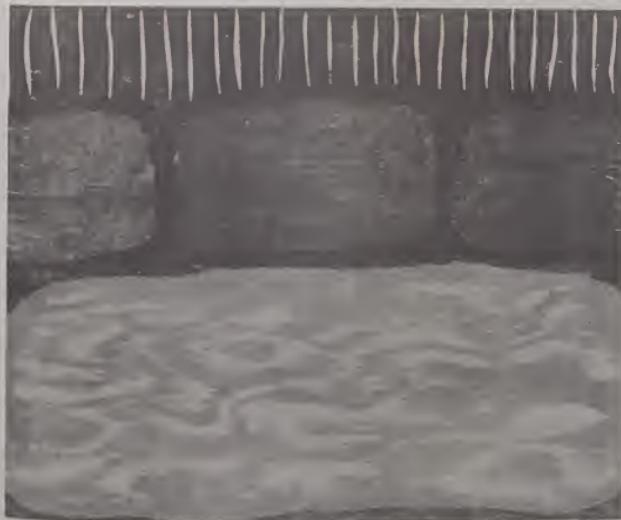
Although I have been concerned with images in nature for several years, my point of departure has changed. Instead of panoramas, I now concentrate on "close-ups." A cluster of trees or a few haystacks present the main focus. Patterns and near-symmetry found in the landscape fascinate me.

I strive to reconcile the many paradoxes which I see in the landscape. On viewing a panorama from the air or from a rapidly moving automobile, it appears quiet and still, almost as if it were sculpted from stone. But when closely observed from a fixed point, the trees and fields are often in motion. If one views the same scene in different seasons, dramatic changes in color and form become apparent. This movement and life is presented by tension in the composition of my paintings. The slight variation from the symmetrical causes subtle tensions to take place on the two-dimensional plane, which resemble the subtle changes in the landscape.

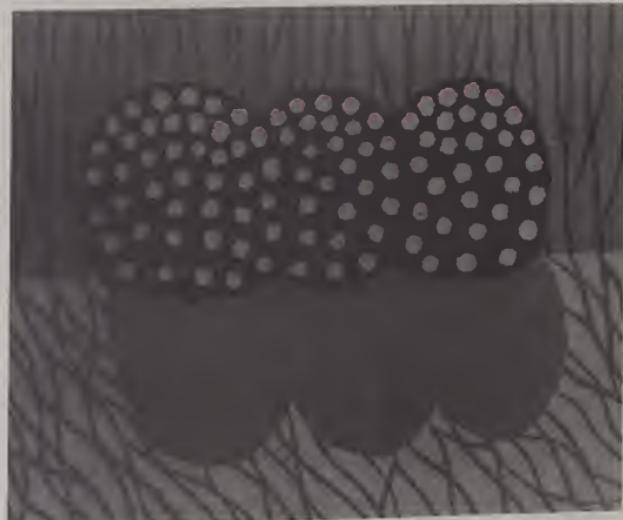
SEDGEFIELD IN SNOW



POND



SNOW SHADOWS



THE MEAL

by Margaret Cathell

"IT'S ONE OF those improvised meals Troy's so famous for around here. Troy cooks for us," declared Mrs. Clodfelter in her most delectable Southern drawl. At that moment, Troy pushed open the dining room door and backed in with a silver tray of steaming fried chicken and sweet potato pudding. The guests watched the fat Negro woman waddle past them, and set the tray down on the polished surface of the sideboard.

It was impossible to tell her age. She was old. Her skin hung in great knots like sea-stained rope, twisted and tied around her large frame. She wore a constant frown on many darkened wrinkles. It was a frown stamped in cork-like the stern Civil War general that hung over the fireplace—stamped in faded cork. Her eyes were the color of Corinthian bronze; luxuriant, licentious, darting out at the shiny things of this world. Yet, in settling, they clung like old friends to the things that struck her heart with delight: the silver candlesticks towering in the center of the table; the sparkling chandelier dripping crystal pears; the round serving bowl, her world cut in half, and inside it a delicious sauce, stewing and sizzling at the edges.

She carried the bowl dexterously on one arm, a damask napkin next to her skin. Silently she slipped between each person sitting at the table. The conversation died away as she began to serve. The guests glanced from her eyes to their plates and back to her eyes again, but the old Negro woman went about her duties with complete and utter involvement, looking only at the dishes of food. She did not notice, or was indifferent to, their stares, but she did notice how much they scooped out of her bowl, and her frown would deepen when it was too little or too much. "Things gotta be proper," she had said to Mrs. Clodfelter. "I can't do no servin', lessen you gets me 'nother uniform."

"Strange eyes for a nigger," Mr. Clodfelter had said when they hired her. "Negera, dear," Mrs. Clodfelter had corrected. "Yes, they are awfully unusual. Like the Yadkin River. Red mud. She was born down there, you know. Near ol' Long's Ferry. She told me that when I engaged her. I always like to know those things. You know where Long's Ferry is, "dun' cha," honey? It's down near ol' Uncle Zeb's place. You've heard that story about those two

queer brothers that burned themselves up in the barn of the old Long plantation, "haven't you," dear? Well, Troy's mother was one of their slaves." "My, my," Mr. Clodfelter had said, cutting off her story.

When the last of the guests were served, Troy hobbled to the kitchen door and gave a strong backward shove, as if she knew there was someone helplessly standing behind it. There was a loud croak. And then a low moan.

"What you doin' dere?" Troy demanded in a hushed tone.

"Oh, my haid," came the whimpering voice from behind the door.

"My gracious, do pardon the disturbance," Mrs. Clodfelter hurriedly interjected. "That must be Hanes the boy who works for us. Boy, I say! Why I guess he's mighty-some, if he's a day. I've only had him four out five years, though. Then she added in soft, sympathetic tones; "You just can't get rid of these old ones once they come to work for you. Work, I say! Why the poor old fella can hardly do anything, but follow Troy around and get in her way. But he certainly is one of the most respectful ones I know. He's from the old school, if you know what I mean." Then, as if she were not hungry, she added, "Shall we begin?"

One of the guests praised Mrs. Clodfelter's choice of food with awkward and somewhat condescending reverence toward what he called "Southern hospitality." As he appeared hungry with fork in hand, this was obviously the wrong thing to do. Mrs. Clodfelter laughed delightedly and began to talk again in her most solicitous tones.

"Well, I do hope you Northerners don't find our Southern cooking too greasy. I'm always tickled pink when you big city folk deign to call on us humble country folk. We live such a sheltered life, you know. Our social life is very limited." She sighed, and as no one spoke, she giggled self-consciously and painfully began again. "Of course, there are the church meetings. And I teach Sunday school every week. I have a class of darlin' little girls. It's quite creative, you know." She paused again, but still there was no comment. "They gave me a lovely poinsettia and a silver book-mark last Christmas," she said rather desperately, "and Reverend Paul Mac Kay—he's our minister—gave me a brand new King James' Bible. Oh yes, and the church

awarded me a bronze badge for not missing a single Sunday, an—and a large picture of Jesus."

At mention of this last name it dawned on her that she was being prideful and, as always when she could catch herself, she silently offered up a pious prayer for God to please forgive her for the only sin she recognized in herself. "My precious pride," as she usually referred to her pet sin.

She blinked her eyes several times as if coming out of a fond reverie and smiled around at each of her guests, who were by this time, gazing into their plates of steaming food with hungry and embarrassed eyes.

"My, my, we are all served," she announced, and here I sit talking. Do forgive my—my rudeness. Well, dig in, as we say at the Sunday afternoon cookouts!" She laughed a little too loud and popped a ham biscuit into her mouth as if to quiet herself.

She was a stout woman with small puffy eyes and a loud squeaking voice made more unpleasant by her thick accent. Her bosom was large in the saumptuous manner of a mother of numerous children, and she was constantly hiding her ringed fingers in its folds.

Mrs. Clodfelter had of late been experiencing the termination of her moist years, and during the past few months, her life-long insecurities had become a daily parade of complaints, nagging, and petty dramas. She was painfully aware that her husband had been of late unusually withdrawn, and the servants, too, went busily about in bovine silence. She was glad to have visitors, fresh ears into which she could pour her martyrdom. The guests that night were particularly welcome, out-of-towners, her husband's business acquaintances, and obviously from the beginning equipped to maintain the silent rejection necessary for her continued self-pity.

The main course was half finished before she gathered the courage to speak again, but when someone commented on the tastiness of the squash and onions, she began spouting the recipe that Troy had used, as if she were delivering a well-prepared sermon to her Sunday School class.

"It's one of my favorite recipes," she continued. "I found it in my Grandma's Cook Book and just had to have Troy try

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it. I think she fixes it real good. Of course, I had to show her how. You know, the older generation colored people down here hardly ever know how to read. But once Troy learns something, she really learns it."

By this time Mrs. Clodfelter had placed her fork on the edge of her plate, delicately patted her mouth with the white linen napkin, and leaned forward in anticipation of speaking on one of her favorite subjects: "the servant problem these days." She sighed heavily and went on talking in her shrill voice:

"I guess I taught them everything they know. That's the problem. You spend three or four years breaking them in to your way of doing things and then they up and leave you, taking all the clothes and uniforms you've given them. The young ones do anyway. I guess they all go to North for better paying jobs. I'm not one to blame them, but it sure leaves us in a fine fettle. Why, I have to begin all over again, working side by side with another one. We'd pay them more, but we just can't afford to. Why, we give them everything they could possibly want. Troy and Ham each have a nice room over the garage. We give them freedom to eat anything we have in our refrigerator; they get all the clothes they need, go on vacation with us, and have one day off each week if they want it, besides getting paid. And then they up and go North! But

you know what? Most of them end up coming back down here to work again." Here she smiled and remarked in a self-satisfied voice, "I guess the grass always grows greener on the other side of the fence." Then, for fear of being interrupted she quickly went on: "You know, when I was a girl you could get help so cheap that you never had to do a lick of work. Ladies just didn't work! It was possible to have ten servants in those days for the price of one today. And they almost never left you. Why, in desperation I have had to hire very old servants, I guess I'm lucky even to have Troy and Ham. I've worked so hard with them. They are just beginning to do things without being told every two minutes what and how to do it. Troy learns more quickly, but I have had a time with Ham. He works all the day and night but he never seems to get anything done. I'll tell him to do something and he nods and grins at me, and by that I think he understands, and then I'll come upon him doing about everything under the roof except what I've told him to do. But he'll get around to doing it if you just keep after him. He does take such pride in doing something right. But slow, my heavens! You practically have to stand over him the whole time. I might as well be doing it myself. And you just can't scold him. Why, whenever I do, the poor old man just dies. Isn't it just awful to

have to be so careful with your own servants! And you know, I don't believe I've ever heard him say more than two words. He just slips around the house, and it seems that every time I walk into a room, he's just standing there looking around, though he can hardly see." She paused for a moment, thinking, and then went on: "Oh yes, he did say something to me once about his name. It was real interesting." Here Mrs. Clodfelter put her fingers to her gray temples as if she were trying to remember. "Oh yes," she blurted, "I had asked him where he was from, and he said his mother belonged to the old Estes plantation when he was born, and then he went on to tell me how she got the name of Ham. He said she was attending a spiritual meeting, and the traveling preacher told them that the Bible said the negroes were descendants of Ham, one of Noah's sons. And that Noah said in his prophecy that the Hamites were to be servant races, according to the law of God. And you see, Ham went southward from where the ark landed, which is in the direction of Africa. So that's where his mother got his name. Isn't that interesting?" she mused. "Has anybody ever heard that legend before?" The guests admitted that they had not. "Well, I looked it up," she continued "and I think it's true. At least the Bible says that the descendants of Ham are supposed to be the servant races

of the world, and Noah prophesied it."

She remained silent for a moment, pleased with herself, and after noting that everyone's fork was well placed, said; "Well, I guess it's time to let Ham serve our final course. He simply adores to serve, but, as I said, he is so slow and awkward that I can only allow him to serve the dessert and coffee, after my guests are sufficiently well fed." She squinted her eyes, closed and popped them open with a pretentiously modest smile, "Which I do hope all you nice people are!"

There were phrases of approval from her guests, and as their hostess pursued a new subject, they continued munching their strained smiles until dessert was served by a white-haired Negro man.

They were curious to see what old Ham looked like, after hearing so much from Mrs. Clodfelter. There surely was something strange about him. One could not help but notice that he was peering through gold rims which had no lenses.

His manner was that of a small brown squirrel, agitated, careful, and frightened. His hair stood high and bushy on top of his head.

The guests seemed to divide his nervousness among themselves. It was as if he bore a huge beam of wood across his shrunken shoulders, which might fall at any moment and utterly crush him. He could hardly walk. The air seemed filled with his suffering. Everyone sat tense as he began to serve. It seemed such an impossible task for the old man, yet his eyes were filled with a deep glaze of longing as he trembled from one person to the next.

Mrs. Clodfelter suddenly told her guests that they would soon be eating what she called "Southern Ambrosia," and then, even she fell silent, breathlessly waiting, with the rest of the company assembled around her table, as old Ham passed slowly around the room.

The aged Negro was nearing the last person to be served. The perspiration on his brow glowed triumphantly. He seemed so pleased with himself that he began to shake in hysterical joy. His dull eyes sparkled with a deep sense of fulfillment.

"Ham," Mrs. Clodfelter said sternly. He jerked at the name. The light went out of his eyes, and the crux on his shoulders seemed unbearable. The dishes came alive in his trembling hands, and danced about on the silver tray. One of the guests reached out to catch a falling goblet. His eyes grew wide and frightened as he stared at the white hand next to his. Suddenly a deep moan came from the old man's open mouth and the silver tray tumbled into the dishes on the table. Mrs. Clodfelter shrieked as the plates shattered and food went flying.

"Ham, you stupid—" she screamed, and jumped furiously out of her chair. The aged Negro squinted through the gold rims framing his horrified eyes, and grabbed pitifully at the buttons of his white serving coat. He shrank back as Mrs. Clodfelter whirled past him and began fluttering apologetically about her guests.

As he was hobbling toward the kitchen door, one of the guests called after him; "It's all right, Ham, don't give it a thought; nobody is hurt in the least."

Mrs. Clodfelter watched him disappear through the door and then sputtered to her guests.

"Of course, you're right. It happens in the best of families. Ordinarily, I would have passed it over as if nothing had happened, but this isn't the first time something like this has happened. Please do forgive my outburst of temper. My father used to say that it was my one fault—a bad temper; and my mother used to say it was because her father was part Irish, which used to make my father just furious because he was a MacIntosh from Scotland." She laughed hysterically to relieve her tension and sunk heavily into her chair at the head of the table.

After the company had regained its composure, Mrs. Clodfelter rang the odd little bell which she claimed "Dr. Wade," as she called her husband, had taken from a dead cow in India.

Instead of the old man, Troy appeared at the door and walked stiffly up to the table.

"Yas'am," she answered, looking severely at the half eaten desserts.

Mrs. Clodfelter was in the middle of a vivid description of India. Her husband, who had traveled there on business, had once told her about the country, and ever since, Mrs. Clodfelter had considered herself an authority on the subject.

All during the meal "Dr. Wade" had remained silent. Now he sat smoking his pipe and smiling quietly into the green coolness of his creme de menthe glass.

"Yas'am?" Troy repeated, still staring wildly at the unfinished ambrosia. Mrs. Clodfelter continued:

"They call it the land of the mystics, but I never could see anything mystical about teeming filth. Dead people and cows lying everywhere! I think you have to look after the things of the body before you can turn to the things of the spirit, don't ya?" Here she looked up rather flustered into the black face of her cook. "Oh, dear me, where's Ham? We are waiting for our coffee."

"I brought it," Troy grumbled, "he don' feel good."

"Why, thank you, Troy," she said, as she cleared her throat. "What's the matter with Ham, Troy? It was only an accident."

"He say he gonna die, dat's all," Troy replied unconcernedly.

"Well, I'd better see about him," said Mrs. Clodfelter, as she modestly excused herself from the table and disappeared behind the swinging door.

The guests heard low anxious mumblings from the kitchen drowned out by Troy's vigorous pouring of coffee. Only a few minutes had passed when Mrs. Clodfelter returned, looking unusually unstrung and coughing into her great bosom. She sat down, nodded as if trying to agree with herself, and quickly cast a martyrish glance around the table. She apologized for her absence.

Then, quite recovering herself, she began asking each of the guests whether they belonged to a church. After each had answered the question to her satisfaction, she launched, without provocation, into a recitation of last Sunday's sermon by Reverend Paul MacKay. She concluded this outburst with the nervous addition of "My, my, we've all finished our ambrosia and nectar and here I sit babbling again. Shall we retire to the game room?"

Everyone was in the prayerful position between sitting and standing when the kitchen door swung slowly—ever so slowly—open. Mrs. Clodfelter uttered a horrified scream.

The withered black little man stood in the doorway, stark naked, peering contentedly out of the gold rims.

"Now, I don' been fi', I don' b'long to you no mo!" he whined in a childlike voice. "I's free, I's free, I's free. Old black Noah's nigger don' b'long no mo!" he sung as he moved past the stunned guests. "I's free as a jay bird in a blue fiel'," he mumbled as he hobbled distractingly out of the dining room. He was sobbing when he reached the living room. "I's free," he wailed as he stumbled at the front door.

Suddenly he jerked around and bowed deeply his bent shoulders towards the guests. As he turned to leave, the gold rims sparkled around his tear-filled eyes, and he began to sing again in a strange childlike moan:

"Old Noah's nigger don' b'long no mo';
Old Ham, black man, he ain' no use;
De ark don' sunk and he been thru fi';
Old Noah's nigger, hit time to die."

Slowly he stepped through the lane of light thrown from the doorway, his shadow leading the way. When he came to the end of the light he stepped through an imaginary gate and joined hands with the darkness. He could be seen no more. But his song hung on the air of the warm summer night.

TIMMY'S WORLD

by LARRY SCHWARTZ

BEING ALIVE AS an adult is a very frightening experience. And the older we get the more we realize that death is a near and possible event. Actually, the future can never be completely wanted, for there is always the same end. The creative artist is constantly aware of this mood. His tragedy is that no matter how potent his work may be, he can never create beyond his finite materials. The poet Randall Jarrell consistently returns to this theme; he has his poems and his characters fall asleep, dream, and lapse back into childhood just for this reason, to escape the persistent demand of death upon the sensitive mind. When a mature artist can

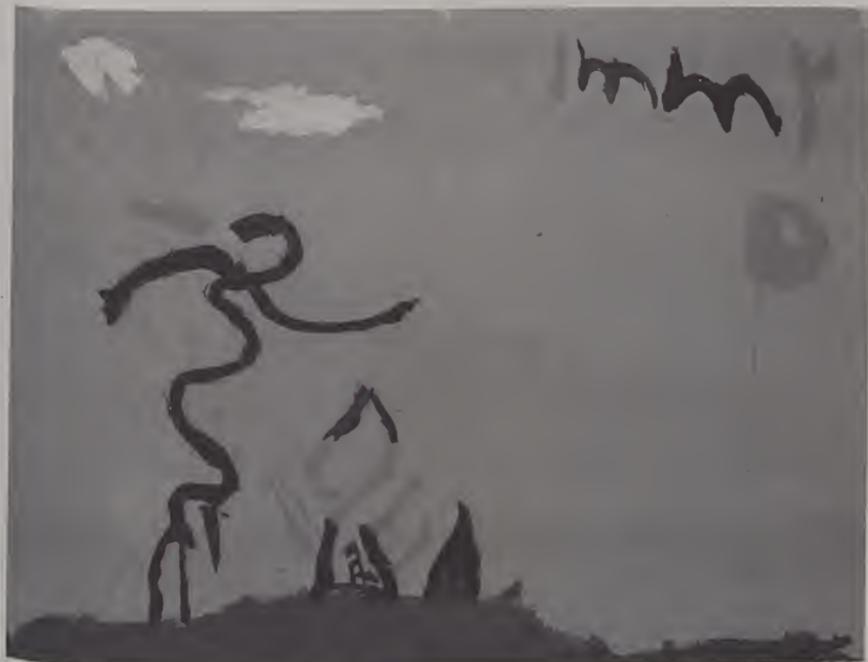
temporarily see the world through the eyes of the child, he has returned to the beautiful and has lost the tragic. What child knows the meaning of tragedy and death? The artist Miro in his best drawings lets us, his audience, see the playful and naive world of the child. Yet his genius is only of the moment, for he is a man.

One has only to enter a kindergarten and look about the room for pictures to see the child's view. This work is never sophisticated and usually to us, the everyday people of our own dazed society, it is obscure. This is easy to understand; we have lost our first perspective. The child of the kindergarten also loses his perspective

when he notices factories, dirty buildings and too many grown-ups.

Timothy Murphy is first of all a boy of five. At the time of these water colors, he was at the peak of his primeval play world. As talented as he is, and one only has to look at his sense of balance, symmetry, and rhythm, he will never again paint like this. As he progresses he becomes one of us, and the sun will loose its rays, dragons will disappear, doors will become dull everyday encounters, and ships will lose their brilliant sails.

Larry Schwartz.



THE MAN



THE SHIP



THE DOOR

ART IN THE MIDDLE AGES

By MARY GOSLEN

A FALSE EMPHASIS on decadence and an inability to grasp spiritual values retards the true appreciation of medieval art. Historians and other writers have until recently chosen to keep the art of the Middle Ages shrouded in darkness and mystery by echoing and re-echoing the idea that artists worked for the glory of God and that all art was the handmaiden of the Church. The echolalic books of many writers give the impression that free thought, originality, and individual expression were suppressed and that medieval artists were compelled to adhere to rigid formulas set up by the Church. After reading these accounts, one can easily imagine a medieval artist chained to a church column diligently following a devout monk's meticulous instructions. However, the validity of these ideas has been disproved by Andre Grabar in his book, *Early Medieval Painting*. Here is an excerpt from the introduction to his book:

From the very start—in the 4th and 5th centuries—there was a florescence of styles and techniques whose wonderful diversity is only now receiving the attention it deserves. For in those centuries there were still many ateliers catering to an élite of wealthy connoisseurs. Trained in very different ways, these craftsmen turned out works at every level, both of cost and quality, and it is a mistake to regard their productions as being all of a kind or following the same line of evolution.¹

Contrary to popular opinion, the Church, which was the predominant connoisseur, did not suppress or destroy creativity or originality during the Middle Ages. Aesthetic sensitivity was neither crushed out in the Middle Ages by the Christian moral resistance nor confounded to its perdition by theology. Trained craftsmen worked in a diversity of styles and techniques for a thousand years and developed a new aesthetic awareness with which to clarify, intensify, and to interpret the meaning of reality.

The medieval craftsmen developed aesthetic forms which were entirely different from the Hellenistic and Roman cultures, not because a decline of aesthetic sensitivity was taking place, but because a different way of life was being imposed

by different climatic conditions.² The recognition of Christianity resulted in theological controversies and doctrinal disputes and produced an intellectual climate which paved the way for a mighty struggle for political and spiritual authority. With the establishment of the new spiritual authority, a new art emerged, giving expression to Christian ideas of mysticism and transcendentalism. A new aesthetic consciousness was developed by competent craftsmen who utilized light, color, and space in the expression of the spiritual, emotional, and imaginative aspects of the intangible world.

The inability to distinguish between the spiritual, subjective reality of human consciousness and the physical, objective reality of the external world has resulted in the misunderstanding of medieval art. The Hellenistic and Roman cultures had given expression to the external world; these cultures held ideals of individualism and realism which demanded artists to render the truth of nature as they saw it in all aspects of life. The Romans developed a consciousness of three-dimensional space in both architecture and painting, and utilized both for the enjoyment of the masses and to solve practical problems. Reality for the Hellenistic and Roman cultures meant the physical, objective external world.

But, with the death of Christ, a new concept of reality, a human consciousness of the spiritual, subjective reality was revealed. An awareness of the spiritual world led Constantine the Great, Emperor of Rome, to recognize Christianity as the state religion in 323 A.D. During the 6th century theological controversies and doctrinal disputes centered around the nature of the Trinity which led to the three-way struggle between a Gothic king, a Byzantine emperor, and the Roman Catholic for political and spiritual authority. Justinian, emperor of Constantinople, conquered the Gothic kingdom and joined the Western Roman Empire to the Byzantine Empire. Justinian followed the examples of his predecessors, the Church of Rome and the Ostrogothic Kingdom which had engaged in extensive building programs in the capital city, Ravenna, and continued to make notable contributions in art and

architecture. He built San Vitale which influenced Western Europe to adopt the Byzantine styles in art and architecture. A spirit of competition was set in motion and all succeeding rulers in the Middle Ages endeavored to contribute art and architecture which surpassed that of their predecessors in both artistic perfection and expense. By the end of the 6th century, Pope Gregory the Great, a genius for compromise, succeeded in establishing the papacy as the authority which was eventually to dominate the medieval period of the West.³

Along with the recognition of Christianity as the state religion and the establishment of the new spiritual institution and authority, a new art emerged hand in hand with the new religion, giving expression to the new ideas. Sir Herbert Read has made the observation, "The relation between art and religion is one of the most difficult questions that we have to face." He maintains that religion and art seem to remain indissolubly linked until the early Renaissance.⁴ Andre Malraux also holds this idea and says that before the notion of art as such can come into being, or before the past can acquire an artistic value, the works of art must be isolated from their functions. Christians regarded classical statues, not as art, but as heathen idols; the statues remained idols until the Renaissance when they were isolated from their functions.⁵

Since the Christians saw the physically realistic statues of classical antiquity as heathen idols, they did not attempt to copy that style. Yet, William Fleming says, "many of the older forms were carried over and reinterpreted in a new light." With the Christian accent on symbolism, the shepherd of classical genre sculpture became the Good Shepherd. Classical bird and animal motives became symbols for the soul and the spiritual realm. The Roman bath house was converted into the Christian baptistry; and the public basilicas were redesigned for church purposes. Mosaics, which were used for Hellenistic and Roman pavements, became the mural medium for pictorial expression.⁶ As Sir Herbert Read points out, "What is involved is not the practical imitation of a prototype but the isolation of form from

its practical function and the transference of this disembodied form to quite a different context. The image is not retained in all its actuality, but transformed." Thus, we get the meaning of style which, in Andre Malraux's words, is "a means of refashioning the world in terms of the values of him who invents it."

Therefore, it was the values and not what medieval artists saw which was important; they had no special way of seeing the world, but put their eyesight in service of their style. In discussing the style of the Byzantine artists, Mr. Malraux remarks, "What they depicted was neither what they saw, nor a selected fragment of the world around them; it was their conquest of an imagined, timeless world, a superb rejection of the temporal."¹⁹ It is evident that the task of the medieval artists was not to depict the physical world as the Greeks and Romans had done, but to pronounce the reality of the spiritual world. The elongated proportions found in Byzantine figures were not the aesthetic proportions for mortals but were intended to portray celestial beings. Gregorio Maranon gives the following explanation of the elongated, superhuman figures in Byzantine art, which he says is revealed in the mythology of the Orientals:

For them the gods and the saints are not bodies, but souls. And the visual equivalent of the soul is the shadow: the shadow that the body projects is the soul. We cannot touch it with our feet. If someone else steps on our shadow, the most sacred and intimate part of us is offended . . . Homer himself said that our shadows are the souls of the dead.²⁰

Light projected on a human form casts a shadow which retains none of the human proportions, none of its roundness, but transforms it into a two-dimensional, flat surface. In all probability, the Early Christian artists were conscious of and studied this shadow-soul idea. Therefore, they turned from the limited, classical, three-dimensional representations of the physical world to the infinite, symbolic, two-dimensional world.

The styles developed by the medieval artists must be evaluated on the basis of spiritual reality rather than physical reality. The images which they produced did not result from childish emotionalism but from conscientious study and practice. In her book, *Literary Sources of Art History*, Elizabeth Gilmore Holt furnishes experts from documents which prove that medieval craftsmen were well-trained, professional artists who took advantage of all the knowledge available in their age. Theophilus (10th century), was one of those craftsmen; he traveled throughout Europe, observed its art works, found

employment at various secular and ecclesiastical courts, and wrote a book, *An Essay upon the Various Arts*. In this book, Theophilus gives detailed instructions in applying gold leaf, making stained glass windows, and the composition and mixing of colors. He stressed the perfection of the mind through study, the development of artistic skill through constant practices, and the perfection and agreeableness of workmanship. He suggested that the principles in his book be memorized, and, above all, he condemned ignorance and sloth.²¹

Another medieval writer, Suger (1081-1151), Abbot of St. Dennis, describes in detail the rebuilding of the church of St. Dennis in his book, *The Book of Suger*. He reported that the best painters and masters from various regions were employed to repair and paint the walls and to make stained glass windows for the church. He praised two panels which were "of marvelous workmanship . . . (for the barbarian artists were even more lavish than ours.)" He reported that "official master craftsmen" received allowance in addition to coins from the altar and flour from the common storehouses. From Suger's account, we can assume that medieval artists were not necessarily confined to monasteries, but were relatively independent and worked for both secular and religious organizations. Suger reports that he talked to those craftsmen "to whom the treasures of Constantinople and the ornaments of Hagia Sophia had been accessible" in order to learn the comparative value of the art works in his own church. This report reveals the competitive spirit which permeated the Middle Ages.²²

Another church officer, Leo of Ostia (1246?-1315), describes in detail the construction of the great abbey of St. Benedict. He reports that artists from Constantinople, "who were experts in the art of laying mosaics," were hired to decorate the church, and also, to train the "most eager artists selected from his monks" in the art of mosaics as well as all the other arts.²³ Such a conscious attempt to make the artistic achievements of Byzantium available to new artists should not be overlooked. It is a confirmation that artists of the Middle Ages were not mere amateurs, but trained craftsmen who practiced the various arts as a means of livelihood.

The competitive spirit prevalent among connoisseurs increased the demand for expert and skilled craftsmen. Fine workmanship and artistic excellence was the ideal, if not the rule. The technical manuals preserved from the Middle Ages reveal training practices which demanded constant study, discipline, and thought. One manual, *The Sketch Book*, compiled by a

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master-mason, Villard De Honnecourt (13th century), is full of "good advice" for the great art of masonry; the construction of carpentry; and, the art of drawing, "the elements being such as the discipline of geometry requires and teaches." The principles are explained by numerous drawings. Samples of correctly drawn figures, which have nothing to do with human anatomy, reveal laws governing design elements which from the Byzantine point of view are as logical as the vanishing point perspective of the Renaissance.¹⁴

Still another medieval master, Cennio Cennini (1370-2), wrote a technical manual, *The Craftsmen's Handbook*, for "the use and good and profit of anyone who wants to enter this (the painter's) profession." Cennini emphasized "copying the best things which you can find done by the hand of great masters," a practice prevalent through the 19th century, which trained the mind and enabled the artist to find his own individual style. He also cautioned the artist, "do not fail, as you go on, to draw something each day," and do not indulge "too much in the company of woman (sic.)" since that will "make your hand . . . unsteady"; this latter statement was soon forgotten, or ignored, Cennini, who confessed he studied with a master for twelve years, gave expert instructions in the composition of colors and outlined a method for mixing various values of a single color, which is still a common practice among many artists of the 20th century.¹⁵

In all of these documents, the authors attached much importance to color. We can be sure that during the Middle Ages, a new consciousness of a color language was recognized and developed to the highest degree possible. In his book, *An Essay upon the Various Arts*, Theophilus said, "All arts are taught by degrees. The first process in art of the painter is the composition of colors. Let your mind be afterwards applied to the study of the mixtures." It is certain that the inspiring color combinations and color effects found in Medieval art are not a result of child-like innocence; they were more than mere accidental accomplishments. It is only through thought and study that individual colors could have been isolated and given symbolical meanings and used coherently to effect specific emotions and moods.

It is a well-known fact that colors have acquired symbolical meanings, many of which originated during the Middle Ages. Sir Herbert Read said that during the Middle Ages, colors were apt to be governed by the most rigid rules—not determined by the artist, but by the custom and authority of the Church. He cites the example of "the robe of the Virgin must always be blue, her cloak red" but hastily adds that

this limitation was not necessarily a disadvantage to the medieval artist.¹⁷ We can agree that the limitations cited did not hamper the medieval artist. All notable artists have worked within a limited range of colors; whether the limitations were self-imposed or fixed by the patron is of small consequence. The genius of the medieval artists is revealed by their ability to work within color limitations imposed by the patron and at the same time achieve a variation of those colors which were peculiar to the individual artist. The most astounding thing about paintings of the Virgin produced during the Middle Ages is the diversity of the reds and blues. The reds range from vivid pinks, orange-reds, brownish reds to very deep, purple-reds. Even more striking are the blues, which range from very pale, whitish blues to very deep, blue-blacks. Another amazing thing about those paintings is that the rule which Sir Herbert Read cited is reversed in approximately one-half of the reproductions which this writer has seen. This indicates that in all probability rules did not become rigidly codified until near the end of the Middle Ages and during the beginning of the Renaissance when the Church began to lose its power.

In addition, it seems probable that the symbolical meaning of colors were at first merely traditions which were generally known and accepted by both craftsmen and connoisseurs. Then too, many of the symbolical meanings were inherited from pagan times; as Christian symbolism grew, students of color isolated those colors, attached new meanings from their own experience, and developed them into a color language. Needless to say, all of the colors had two or more meanings, just as our English words have. The use of the color, its relationship to other colors, and its tone indicated the appropriate symbolical meaning.¹⁸

But even without knowing the symbolical language, the colors used by the medieval artists have an emotional impact on the spectator. In describing the emotional impact of colors used in the Middle Ages, DeWitt H. Parker states that "reds and purples of ecclesiastical stained glass stimulate the passion of adoration, the blues deepen it, and the yellows seem to offer a glimpse of heavenly bliss."¹⁹ But we are able to receive an emotional impact from those colors only because the medieval artists had penetrating insight and far-reaching understanding of color elements which enabled them to create moods that are universal.

The medieval artists realized the possibility of expressing universal and timeless values through the use of color rather than illustration. Andre Malraux suggests that the expression of tragedy through the use

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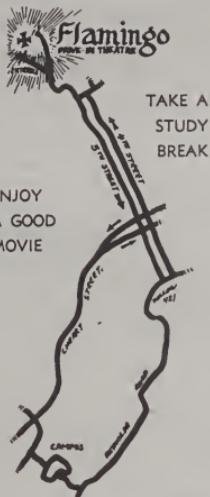
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of color originated in the Middle Ages. The Romans were unaware that forms and colors could express the tragic by their own specific qualities. The *Dying Gauls* in both painting and sculpture gave expression to tragedy only by illustrating it. But, the Byzantine styles of the Middle Ages made it clear that the tragic has its own appropriate style, a fact unknown to classical antiquity.²⁰

By the rejection of relatively naturalistic methods of illustrating the emotions, the medieval artists acquired a new aesthetic sensibility which enabled them to develop the expressive language of color with which to portray the emotions. However, the medieval artists retained their classical heritage of modeling in light and shade, not for depicting another kind of illusion, but for the creation of feelings of awe and mystery. Contrasting light and shade dramatized the movement and the expression of the figures and awed the spectator into submission instead of interpretation.²¹ The dark, dramatic bulging eyes of Justinian and his courtiers in San Vitale stare outward, leaving the spectator with a feeling that they hold some secret claim to eternity which they keep shrouded forever in mystery.

The emotional impact of Christian mysticism and transcendentalism is communicated directly and dramatically to the spectator through the careful manipulation of contrasting light and shade and appropriate colors. But, the dramatic, emotional response generated by the contrasting colors is largely dependent upon light to invoke and to sustain moods. The artists of the Middle Ages rejected the light of the natural world; yet, they consciously put that light to their service in expressing the infinite, particularly in stained glass and mosaics. Since each tiny cube was capable of catching the faintest ray of light, the mosaic medium was well adapted to dimly lit interiors. However, mosaics must be properly placed if the full potentialities of the medium is to be realized. In addition to creating subtle nuances of color and bold designs, the mosaics had to calculate the source of light as well as the position of the viewers. The effectiveness of the mood was dependent upon light to produce the shimmering, constantly changing aspects of the colors. Clumsy workmanship and careless placement of the mosaics would have destroyed the best design elements as well as the mood.²²

The fact that the mosaic medium requires expert workmanship is a factor overlooked by those historians who insist that medieval art is retrogressive and childish. This attitude is the result of a failure to recognize that much intellect and a great imagination are required in the creation of new uses for old forms and ideas.

For instance, it was known already to Aristotle that colors in juxtaposition would mix on the retina when seen from a distance. The medieval craftsmen applied this principle to their pictorial mediums, mosaics and stained glass, and achieved an entirely new expression. Unlike modern impressionists, the medieval artists did not apply the broken-color technique to imitate the light from the natural world, but used the light to enhance the juxtaposition of colors and to convey the moods portrayed in mosaics and stained glass.

In the stained glass windows, natural light was converted by the hands of skilled craftsmen who endowed it with the mission of proclaiming the reality of the infinite world. Andre Malraux has said, "Stained glass is a mosaic given its place in the sun."²³ Stained glass was in existence as early as the 9th century,²⁴ and was apparently developed from the mosaic principles, a splendid application of old principles to a new medium. Stained glass responded well to light which endowed it with a vitality unknown to any other art form. Stained glass was a perfect medium with which to clarify, intensify, and interpret the emanation of the Infinite. It has a message of its own and speaks a color language directly appealing to the emotions.²⁵ Medieval craftsmen were true artists endowed with creative energy which enabled them to transform the natural light of the physical world into a living expression of the spiritual world.

The reality of the spiritual world, the belief in mysticism and transcendentalism, could not have been achieved in the Middle Ages, or in any other age, without the imagery and symbols with which to define and to establish the dimensions of that world. Bernard Berenson, a well-known modern historian, has said, "Creative originality, individual genius can manifest itself only when it finds a problem that it can carry forward towards a solution."²⁶ The problem during the Middle Ages which challenged the creative artists was the establishment of forms and symbols with which to make concrete the obscure longings and vague intuitions of the new mystical religion. The whole notion of transcendence was conditioned by the gradual aesthetic awareness of space. Sir Herbert Read said that "Before the gods could be conceived as invisible but conscious agents in human life, a space had to be conceived to which they could be relegated." Space must be experienced, not as a complex of places, but a thing within itself, before the creation of a transcendental religion was possible. Space consciousness was a product of the compelling need for realization and the materialization of the insight and numerous awareness of the Infinite.²⁷

Space consciousness is very evident in the architecture of the Middle Ages. The Romans had recognized the possibilities of three-dimensional space, enclosed it and endowed it with significant form. The medieval architects took the Roman forms and converted them to Christian usage. Since Christianity was a religion that demanded the active participation of all its members, sufficient space had to be created to accommodate large crowds. A space was created for the enactment of Christian mysteries: a space for the choir, a space for the presbytery, and the high altar, which was the climax of the building and was framed by a half dome on which heavenly scenes were represented.²⁰ Once the problem of floor space was solved, the medieval architects over-stepped the Greek limitations of rationalism, and proceeded to lift the dome above the rectangular basilica.

It is now generally accepted that those elements, the dome and vault, which enabled Christians of the Middle Ages to develop their consciousness of space first evolved in the Asia Minor. The symbolism attached to the dome and vault was inherited from remotest times, for the dome was probably the earliest form of roof. The round roof, the dome, became a symbol of the superior dome of the sky which was invested with mysterious forces. Christians adopted the word for the human house, the dome, and used it for the house of God; it became symbolically the vault of Heaven, inhabited by Christ and all his saints.

But, long before a spatial construction like the dome and the vault in Gothic architecture was achieved, space has existed in human consciousness as a bodiless mystery of which man was aware, but which he could not conceive. It was an intangible space, a nothingness, out of which all imaginable powers could emerge. Some of those powers might be beneficent, others destructive. Throughout man's history, the work of art became an act of containment and of propitiation of those mysterious powers. Sir Herbert Read said, "No human faculty arises in isolation; art develops . . . but it would not develop unless there was some purpose in its development—some unconscious wish drawing it onwards." Man had felt an unconscious wish to control the intangible space, the nothingness from which good and bad powers emerged. The final artistic realization of a symbol of infinite space was achieved in the Gothic dome and vault. The dome floating above the rectangular basilica was the realization of a symbol which united Heaven and Earth and which revealed another aspect of reality.²¹

Christian concepts of transcendentalism and mysticism needed to be materialized through the creative acts; and the dome and vault was a symbol of infinite spatial

reality. Few historians would deny the spatial accomplishments in medieval architecture; but, many historians very quickly deny any special achievement in the pictorial mediums. The well-known modern historian, Bernard Berenson, said Christian painting, "falling more and more into senility, returned to the primitive infantile way of ignoring space altogether".²² Mr. Berenson seems to have the opinion that only three-dimensional space which represents human beings in a humanized world is worth or representation. In fact, he does not recognize the existence of two-dimensional space at all. Yet, to deny the existence of two-dimensional space would be to deny the existence of shadows. Only when judged by its own standards, that is, on the basis of the shadow-soul concept, rather than by the human flesh idealism of Mr. Berenson, does Christian art cease to look infantile and retrogressive.

In speaking of space, Andre Malraux contradicts Mr. Berenson's theory and maintains that "Christian art makes the background space solid and joins it up with the figures." In referring to the *Torcello Virgin*, Mr. Malraux says that the whole significance of Early Christian art is incarnate in this figure, "standing aloof in the recess of the dark cupola so that none may intrude on its coquetry with fate."²³ To this statement, Sir Herbert Read adds, "But that figure would not be aloof, nor raised to such impressive grandeur, did it not stand within a space, and intensely vibrating, but more real to the senses than the incalculable and incomprehensible sky."²⁴ The distinctive achievements of Christian art is that the infinite was made real, space was made real, and Christ, the saints, and the prophets were found inhabiting that realized space.²⁵ Near the end of the Middle Ages, a space was also created for the devil and his angels, a small place called Purgatory. Man had climbed from hell to paradise through Christ; in Christ, the inhuman aloofness of the Spirit was made real. Through the creative arts, Christendom had gradually shaken off the fear of Hell and opened the way to a new realm of reality.²⁶

The reality of the Middle Ages is our inheritance; but it will never be real unless we are willing to claim it, to examine it, and to evaluate it. Appreciation comes only after emancipation. Only when we free ourselves from the grip of physical, objective reality can we feel the intangible, subjective, spiritual reality. The artists of the Middle Ages expressed the spiritual, imaginative, and emotional aspects of the intangible world through the use of symbols, color, light, and space. These artists were trained craftsmen who worked in a diversity of styles and techniques for a thousand years and developed a new aes-

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thetic awareness with which they re-fashioned the world in terms of spiritual values.

The reality of the Hellenistic and Roman cultures was the physical, objective world. Hellenistic and Roman artists were compelled to render the truth of the objective world; their forms were earth-bound humanized forms. But, with the establishment of Christianity, a new realm of reality came into being. Christian artists endeavored to depict the truth of the spiritual world; their forms represented celestial beings, with elongated proportions unlike the aesthetic proportions for mortals. Light projected on the human form casts a shadow which retains none of its human proportions, none of its roundness, but transforms it into a two-dimensional, flat surface. The visual equivalent of the soul is the shadow; the shadow-soul became the ideal form for medieval artists. Hellenistic and Roman artists were capable of depicting only the earthly body; but medieval artists succeeded in depicting his spiritual soul.

It was no easy task to depict that which cannot be seen. Medieval artists realized this and prepared themselves for their task by taking advantage of all the knowledge available. They perfected their minds through study; they developed their artistic skills through practice; and they created art works of superior workmanship and quality. Artistic excellence and fine workmanship became the ideal, if not the rule, during the Middle Ages.

Medieval artists rejected the styles of the Hellenistic and Roman cultures; but, they retained the forms and principles which were transformed into expressions of transcendentalism and mysticism. The artists became conscious of new possibilities of color and developed a color language unknown to classical antiquity. Illustration and illusion were replaced by expressive colors and dramatic contrasts of light and shade in the portrayal of the emotions, the creation of moods, and the expression of feelings of tragedy and mystery.

Medieval artists rejected the light of the natural world, yet they put that light to their service in expressing the infinite, particularly in mosaics and stained glass. Mosaics employed the principle of juxtaposed colors, not to imitate light, but to manipulate and control light in order to convey the expressive, dramatic aspects of their medium and subjects. Stained glass, a mosaic given its place in the sun, was invented to transform the natural light into a living expression of the spiritual world. Medieval artists mastered natural light and made it their servant.

Medieval artists not only endowed color and light with new reality, but they also made space into a living reality. Classical antiquity had provided the architectural

forms; but, the Middle Ages developed the spatial possibilities of those forms to an extent unknown before. The dome was lifted above the rectangular basilicas and became the final artistic symbol for infinite space. Through the pictorial mediums, the infinite was made real, space was made real, and Christ, the saints, and all the prophets were found inhabiting that realized space. The depiction of hell enabled Christendom to shake off the fear of evil spirits and opened a new realm of reality.

After the devil came to own little more than a dim hinterland of Purgatory, the world was freed and artists were freed to take possession of new realms of reality. Artists were free to dig up the past and to examine the art of other religions and cultures only after the mysterious forces of good and evil had been symbolized and a reconciliation between God and man had been achieved. Only when we are free from the fear of displeasing our gods can we examine the symbols created for the service of other gods; only then can we get a firmer grasp on reality. Appreciation comes only after emancipation.

Footnotes :

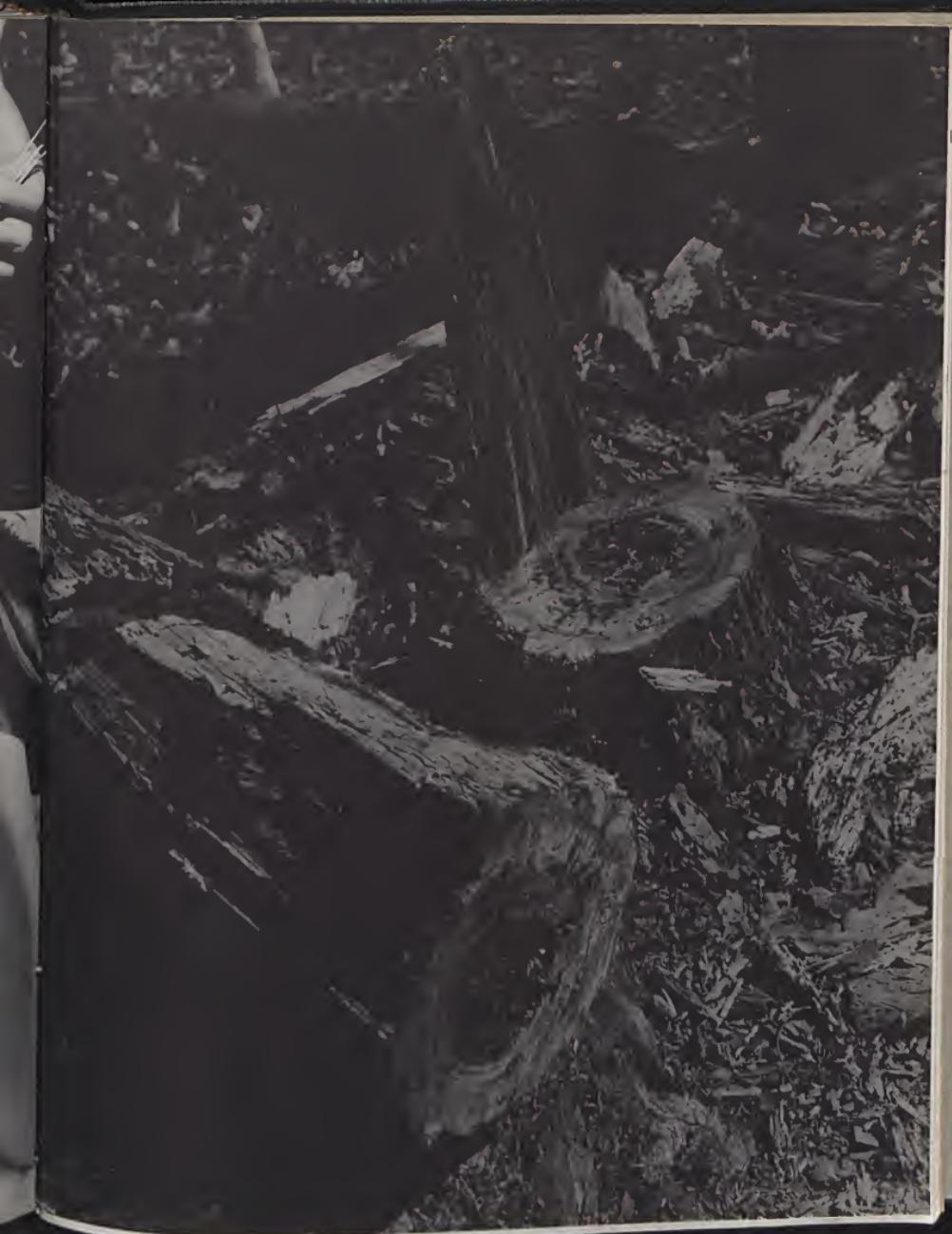
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PHOTOGRAPHY

BY DAVID SPEAR







THE BUG

by BRUCE SMITH

J. L. BIGGERS AWOKE with a somewhat sensuous yawn, gazed through the window at the city, pulled himself from bed, and plodded toward the bathroom to shave. In the hall he glanced at the headlines of the morning paper and mentally complimented the apartment house owners for thoughtful and efficient service.

The light in the bathroom stung his eyes, and he blinked while plugging in his razor. Awake now, he marveled at the ease with which the razor removed the reddish bristles, uncovering his well used, but still smooth, complexion; and feeling for whiskers that had escaped the onslaught of the blades, he noticed a small bug, clinging to the edge of the mirror.

It was no ordinary bug clinging there in blood-red glory, watching with faceted green eyes, wreathed in black which gave it almost a humorous bespectacled look. It had a small white cross, barely discernible on its forehead, with branched antennae protruding, tiny ridges ran down back, and it looked as if it were about to bear young. It clung, multiflegged, bathing in fluorescence, watching the proceedings.

J. L. put the razor back in the case and made a movement to crush the bug, but something thwarted his thumb's journey; and it smudged across part of his reflection in the mirror. The bug, with benign indifference, moved down onto the tray over the sink and rubbed feelers together.

Walking back to the bedroom, J. L. thought of the comfortableness of the apartment, cursed the bug for invading, and remembered to turn on the air conditioner as it looked like another hot day.

Nearly attired, J. L. went to the dresser to get some cuff-links and was somewhat startled to see the bug clawed to the top of his jewelry box and thinking of the possibilities of a mass invasion of the building by the little monsters, cursed it again with apprehensions of the inconveniences of extermination and pest control. He rolled up his sleeves and walked over to the window, hoping that it was only one.

There was only one bug, and it became his constant companion. It was like a pestilence in one small body, with him

everywhere: on the way to the office, coffee break, the way home, the club. It became an obsession to kill it, but he found that it couldn't be killed, and to forget it was impossible. Thoughts became frenzied and convulsive as he began trying to escape it.

He tried to thwart the bug by taking different routes home, walking around corners and running, by hiding nervously in dark stairways; but the bug always met him at the corner or at his destination. J. L. threw himself unrelentlessly into the world of steel and structure, lost himself in the color of neon. He watched his world being devoured by the minute monster following him. The tree outside his office window, which once blossomed and reached toward the sky, now found no compassion there and simply stood with twisted and lifeless arms.

J. L. escaped the office and ran, staring into the sun, blinding himself to all around, but hearing the sounds of feelers rubbing, claws scratching, and teeth gritting on granite. Desperately running, he turned a corner and crouched beside a skyscraper, and waited, anxiously watching the pavement.

Sounds approached, enveloping the din of the city, a group of children were laughing, happy, running, and with the benevolence awarded only to kids, the neon sign flicked to "walk" as they ran across the street. Their small feet trampled the bug as they passed, and J. L. tightened his eyes until he was aware only of noiselessness. His eyes opened and stared at the spot of red on the pavement, crushed, writhing in silent pain, then dead.

The walk to the apartment was pleasant; the sounds were pure. The cooling evening breeze talked through rustling leaves, and windows framed an orange sunset. J. L. mused at the time which had elapsed since he had taken notice of a sunset. As he approached the door to his apartment, he could hear the sounds of the giant city winking to the plenasures and color of another night.

With the exception of an elation at being rid of the bug J. L. became unconscious of his experience with it, and passed it off as a bad dream. It was as if the bug

had never existed at all, until one morning as he shaved, it greeted him again, red, bulging with life, the same one. A thud, a guttural groan, and another more sickening smash preceded the sound of falling glass. The pain moved quickly from his fist to his head, and J. L. dizzily caught his fragmented reflection in the mirror. Oozing red dripped into the sink, and to kill the pain he slapped his hand; red spots sent lines coursing down the cracks of the mirror. For the first time he witnessed the bug eating, and he forgot all pain. To see this thing lavishing and gorging itself on his own life substance was more than he could take. In a maddened action J. L. stabbed at the thing with a piece of the mirror. Piercing laughter filled his ears—then silence.

Sounds drifted to him; something warm caressed his forehead. J. L. found his hand heavy, and his fingers felt as if they were glued together. He heard someone murmur something about being all right in a day or two, then something about resting quietly. He listened and could hear the movement of padded shoes, the whisk of nylon, a door opening and closing, and then silence.

J. L. knew that he had probably not killed the bug, and he hesitatingly opened his eyes. It was not there. He looked about the room and saw the single light in the center of the ceiling, the crooked lamp beside his bed, the chest of drawers with some of his personal effects on top, the button beside him with which he could signal a nurse. He saw the straight-backed chair for visitors and the light over the door. J. L. smiled at the feeling of clean linen covering him and started to doze, for he felt good and at restful peace with himself. He rolled over on his side, and his glance became fixed on a tall table, the kind that slides over the bed containing a hidden lift-up mirror, which patients use while shaving. Now he knew for sure, and feeling the bedlinen clinging to sticky sweat, he shut his eyes and tried to think, to reflect; but he couldn't. He tried to open his eyes and couldn't. He felt his consciousness slipping and then there was nothing.

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THE STUDENT

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Profiles

GARY LONG, who wrote *Break-Through*, is a Junior Psychology major—president of the Psychology club next year. He drives a sports car, is a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, lives in Winston-Salem.

MARY MARTIN PICKARD, who illustrated *Break-Through*, is no new-comer to *the student*. A poet and writer as well as artist, Mary Martin will be Art Editor of *the student* next year. She hails from Lexington, N. C.

PHYLLIS SOWDEN is a sophomore from Pilot Mountain. *Three Poems* were chosen from a little green note-book full. She is majoring in biology. She wears an Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity pin. She plays chess.

CHARLES CHATHAM, who went to Fort Lauderdale and returned to write about it for us, graduates this year having majored in sociology. The illustrations are his too—sketched quickly in chapel on editorial request. His home is in Greenwich, Conn.

RICHARD FILIPPI was there too (there being Lauderdale) and the pictures are his. He and Charlie are fraternity brothers—Sigma Chi. Richie is next year's Old Gold entertainment editor. He comes from Demarest, N. J.

JOHN ROSENTHAL makes his second appearance in the magazine with the short story *Snugger*. In between stories he has appeared in several productions of the college theater. John is a freshman from New York.

ANN HULTIN is an illustrating talent just discovered. The illustration for *Snugger* is her first. A sophomore, she lives in Kingsport, Tenn.

CHARLES STONE, who wrote *About me*, etc. is a sophomore from Roanoke, Virginia. The idea for the story was born from the mention of a grave-digger in "Benito Cereno" in an English class this year. Charles is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity.

JUNE BABB is a sophomore from Lynn, Massachusetts. Well-known in the girl's dormitories for her landscapes, June did the illustration for *The Rooster God* on a few hours notice—for which we give extra thanks to her.

LINDA SUTHERLAND, who wrote *A Place For Reba*, is a freshman from Macon, Georgia. Her first published story, it was written for Dr. Davis's English class. Linda is a new member of Strings.

SUE FULKERSON wrote *A Clean-Shaven Rebel* after her return from a week exchange program with New York University. A sophomore, Sue comes from Lutherville, Maryland.

GEORGE CLELAND wrote *The Meek Shall Inherit* for Dr. Burrough's speech 13 class—but its inspiration came from political science the period before. A rising senior, George is next year's business manager of the magazine. He comes from Larchmont, N. Y., by way of the Naval Academy and the Marines.

CAROLYN YOUNG was borrowed from the Old Gold and Black, her first loyalty, to write in *tribute*. She is a sophomore, assistant editor of the paper. She is from Burnsville and is pinned to a member of Kappa Sigma.

GAIL WILSON, who did the illustration for *About Me*, is a freshman from Statesville. Several of her paintings were hung in the Magnolia Week exhibit. She was an artist on *the student* staff this year.

BILL CLEWLOW, author of *3 Poems*, is a freshman from Falls Church, Virginia, making his first appearance in *the student*. Credit for his discovery as a student poet belongs to Dr. Harris.

JOHN HOPKINS, author of *The Rooster God*, is a well-known name on *the student*. Associate Editor next year, he has written several stories and articles in the past. He is a Junior, a day student, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, a sociology major.

CAROLE STEELE is the Florence Nightingale (literary wise) of *the student*. Carole writes poetry and paints, and even more wonderous—she pastes copy, proofreads and does general good. In this particular issue, Carole did the series on *Trees*, the illustration for *A Place For Reba*, and collaborated on her farewell cover before leaving Wake Forest to marry David Spear—the photographer for the cover—and taking art courses at Woman's College next year.

BREAK-



MPickard

—THROUGH

by GARY LONG

I FELT A PRESSURE on my brain great enough to render it useless for years to come. This pressure was split from around me like the shell of an egg by a light so piercing that it showed the way from heaven to hell. My body was shaken by a blast that brought about the realization of all the pain in existence. And of existence. I knew that I had been born.

This was the first shell through which one cracks, yet many remain in a great concentric pattern. Outside the last shell lies one's existence as a total being, represented by the complete formation of self.

There are many steps from the womb to the completion of personality and self, passing from each succeeding stage to the next one can be painful. This pain can play a great part in personality development. It is difficult to believe that while building block castles on the livingroom floor the child is also building traits that will remain in his personality structure throughout life.

Such a realization is made more readily concerning adolescent experiences as personality determinants. The conflicts with parental controls that typically occur in adolescence are easier to recall than the stress of toilet training.

These conflicts are the exploratory scratches made on the inside of another shell before a break-through. The adolescent scratches because he wants to use the car, he wants to stay out late, and he wants to make his own decisions. He forgets the toys of childhood and begins to toy with sex.

He cracks the shell of adolescence about when he goes to college. This is another deliverance from the womb. Only, instead of beginning to function as a separate physical organism with its own food intake and digestion, there is the beginning to function as a separate personality with its own values and ideals. This is a break-through as important as any in life. There is pain with all the break-throughs. Every cracked

shell scratches the quivering organism as it passes through to a larger, fuller existence. The scratches are not deep, but they are important as they occur in the motion of growth. The individual is moving toward independence and with independence comes responsibility. The late adolescent, then, develops an ambivalent attitude toward growing up. He wants both the privileges of adulthood and those of childhood. This ambivalence gives rise to frustration.

The frustration is antagonized by parental attitudes. The parents as well have conflicting feelings concerning their baby leaving the nest. The parent attempts to slow down the development of independence. He feels that he would be slipping into a generation of spent and useless people if he allowed his child to attain adult status.

This feeling combines with the parent's view of the child as an extension of the parent's own being. This view focuses on the child as a second chance for dad to have his own car in school or to go to college. The offspring is an extension that affords the parent a chance to renew the pleasures of youth, and if the youth merges into adulthood this vicarious pleasure ceases.

Thus the parent too has an ambivalent attitude toward the child growing up. Like reading a good book, he is glad he read it but sorry he's finished it. With this conflict of desires within and between parent and child, a great deal of anxiety is caused by the child's growing up.

An understanding of this anxiety will help explain some of the really weird things people in college do. Vance Packard explains to us that our convertible are substitute mistresses. They may be poor substitutes, but there is some adventurous air in riding under the stars with the wind in our faces. (Those with mistresses can make their own comparisons.)

After helping to resolve this problem, which must bode: us all, he goes on to point out that our cigarettes are a mode of return to the blissful days of breast-feeding. This explanation gives us all a cheery feeling of perversion, but other questions are left unanswered. Are panty raids a repressed wish to return to diaper days? Do thirty people crawl into a telephone booth in a futile effort to return to the womb? Why

would anyone push a bed three hundred miles or drive all the way to Fort Lauderdale just to play a bass in a beer joint. These things are not done before college years and typically not after, so maybe analyzing the conflicts and anxieties within college students can explain them.

New conflicts arise in college. The college student begins to form new views of society and its demands on him. He is expected to marry and produce a family which he will support. Most of all he must produce. He must contribute to the society. This is something new.

In first viewing the society the college student compares it with the parent. Don't break any rules and you will be rewarded. This doesn't require much and there are no demands to contribute. In college he begins to see that society expects him to do more than follow rules. Social as well as parental pressures begin to press him into the uncomfortable mold of "solid" citizen. He knows that he must succeed, whatever that is. These pressures give him a confined or even a trapped feeling, and like an animal in a trap he struggles for freedom even if he must pull his body apart to get it.

He resents being subject to society's rule for the same reasons the adolescent resents parental rule. The resentment builds up inside him as if to equalize the crushing outside pressures. He has had a glimpse of the masses much like himself and being groomed just as he is. They all are subject to the same demands and pressures: they all must succeed, but they all can't. This gives rise to the fear that he cannot trample enough of the others to get ahead of them.

This fear of failure is a source of a great deal of anxiety for the college student. This anxiety combines with his resentment of society's restrictions to be a major motivating force in his behavior.

A release for these feelings is important. This doesn't mean that someone who fears he will never be president of General Motors is going to run nude into chapel screaming obscenities; rather this may be a general exfoliation of some of the college pranks or stunts.

Rebelling against some of the lesser norms of a society may help reduce resentment for its more stringent rules. Much of this

rebellion is expressed by college students in bizarre behavior like shoving a rolling bed across the country. This type of activity is too far out or just too much trouble for most of us, but there are many other escape values which are gladly put to use.

The more conservative students, at least more conservative than the bed-pushers, find safety and comfort in releases that are used by most of their fellows, like the spring exodus. What could be more anxiety reducing than three days of Fort Lauderdale with sand, sun and Schlitz? The boys at Longbottom's on Saturday afternoons

have found a comparable way of drowning some of their anxieties. In college these outlets are reasonably well accepted and certainly widely used.

There is little unhealthy in their use, but some feel that there is. There are cries that the world is to be taken over by a generation of educated maniacs. The alarmists who voice these cries don't realize that when the time to put childish things away comes, the young business or professional man puts them away.

On leaving college most individuals manage to find other releases for their anxieties. They may spend hours knocking golf balls into the woods instead of charging the girl's dorms with a glint of black lace in their eyes. Panty-raids and beer blasts are tools which one uses to crack out of another shell to finally merge with the society and become fully integrated with it. True, everyone does not find it necessary to use these tools but many do. However it is done, college is the time of the final break-through to existence as a total personality; so the college student isn't cracking up, he's only cracking out.

PHYLLIS SOWDEN

Sea Snail

How dark my heart
Within
a shell
Which could
it crack
A bird would sing.

L (From
you
I
learned
that
love
was
not
the
only
word
that
begins
with
L.) ust

Come
Softly
Back
Whisper
Your
Lies
Of wind and rain
For
I
Also
Know
How sand sticks to wet feet.

3 POEMS



AS HANK WALKED HOME from that Autumn day and the leaves were falling in brown-red whirls, he thought of the many times he had traveled down the same worn path with Snugger right beside him: walking; spitting; drawing his careful words; and just being Snugger. He remembered the way Snugger used to shinny up the old maple and swing from his skinny legs from the top-most branches: the sun shafts would blotch his face and his triumphant laughter would roll down the trunk and spread throughout the forest. But now Snugger was gone and he had promised his Ma that he would fetch some wood. The leaves continued their inevitable journey.

The day before Snugger left us he didn't show up for school. Everyone seemed to know without being told that Snugger had gone to the mountains to do the one thing he had always sworn he would: kill Old Clawfoot. Even the teachers seemed to know where Snugger had gone. They had always called Snugger "incurrigible" in much the same way folks from these parts named the bear. Anyway it was the kind of day Snugger would go and hunt the bear and we all knew it.

At lunch all the kids munched intensely on their sandwiches and a quietness pervaded the area. No one paid much attention to Old Crowler as he mapped out the day's geography lesson, and at recess, instead of tossing around the soft kick-ball, all the kids gathered in small clusters and talked in low voices. Though the exact reason for all this tension wasn't spoken of aloud, it was present in everyone's mind.

When Snugger appeared in his row the next morning with a white bandage stuck carelessly on his right cheek, the all-day all-night tension seemed to erupt and all the kids rushed up to him with questions pouring from their nervous mouths.

Snugger

BY JOHN ROSENTHAL

"What happened Snug; did cha' get 'im?" They all cried in admiration of the bandage and man.

"Ah, nothin' much," he said, "I don' think I feel much like tellin' anythin' right now."

All the kids' mouths closed with this and disappointment filled the air. Snugger had spoken and his blank refusal to tell was enough to stop all forthcoming inquiries. Snugger always meant what he said; he was as stubborn as a brick wall. We all went to our seats and awaited the roll call.

When the names were all called off and old Crowler had begun to talk about something Benedict Arnold had done at Fort Ticonderoga, Hank glanced enviously in the prodigal Snug's direction, and was surprised to see Snugger grinning and giving hand signals to him, indicating that he would like to speak to him during recess, alone. Him? Yep! At recess.

How the time dragged! First history was over, then came math (which took entirely too long), then geography and so on. Finally after a gulped lunch the recess-bell sprang into the sleepy classroom, and woke Hank up from his uneasy daydream: it was time! As all the kids filed out of the room, Hank fell into step with Snugger and both veered from the group in the direction of the side hedges, just in back of the little kids' monkey bars. Hank stopped at the predetermined spot.

"Well Snugger, what's up?"

"Ain't too much, Hank, ain't too much."

Silence and rock-toeing.

"What about the hand-aid," Hank began, "cut yourself?"

Snugger's eyes seemed to gleam with a sudden flame-flicker and his chest expanded at least five inches from its normal size. He moved his tongue earnestly around his mouth, making it poke out his cheeks as if he was chewing some of his daddy's tobacco. "Reckon not," he finally said. "Want a piece a' gum?"

"No, old Crowler'd jest make me spit it out in the can."

Some more silence and rock-toeing.

"Hey, Snugs, whatcha' wanna see me 'bout in class?" Hank finally blurted out.

Both boys looked up slowly from the ground and angled their eyes at each other's mouth. The sound of the kid's playing

dodge-ball drifted over the hedges and surrounded the question. Hank wished that they wouldn't yell so loud, or maybe that they wouldn't seem so happy. Putting his hands into his pocket he jangled around a dime and a key and stared over the hedges into blue mountain range that soared off into gray haze. He spit awkwardly, intensifying Snugger's silence, and glanced quickly at him. Snugger was staring at the mountain range too, and his lips were parted; his eyes shone more fire-like than before, and they squinted as though too much sun was shining. The sun was glaring in the small area, and a cricket chirped unexpectedly-loudly-breaking into the atmosphere with his call, as if he knew what he was doing.

"I jest figgered I might tell ya what happened yesterday out in the woods."

"Hunted the bear, huh?" Hank asked.

"Yep."

"Well?" Hank pressed.

"Nothin' much," Snug said, his mouth set matter-of-factly; his cheeks moving with muscle movement.

Both stared back at the mountain for a second or two until Hank said: "Now don' tell me ya wanted ta talk to me so ya could tell me nothin'."

"Nope." Snugger said.

"Nope what?"

Again silence.

"Well . . . I guess I ought ta tell ya that I seen him out there . . . as big as life. He was there . . . I swear it . . . an' I seen 'im. No lie."

Hank stared into Snugger's eyes to see if what he said was the truth. His daddy had always said "the best way to find out if a man is tellin' the truth is to look straight on into his eyes, an' if the fella turns and looks down or somethin', then there is a pretty good chance that what he says isn't true. Of course this doesn't always work for some people jest can't look into a man's eyes to start out with."

Snugger looked back into his eyes, unblinking and sincere.

"Ya sure it was the bear?" Hank asked.

"You mean," Snugger said, "that you think I can't tell me a bear when I see one?"

"No, I don' mean that; I mean: are ya sure that what ya seen was the bear, Old Clawfoot, or maybe jest some other bear?"

Snugger's eyes closed and a strange smile formed on his lips. He listened for a minute as though he was trying to make out what the individual voices on the playground were yelling: "Jimmy, cut out-throw the ball!" "Hey, that's no fair-gimme here." "Stop it Tommy!" And then, with a sudden jerk of his head in Hank's direction and a pained contortion written briefly on his face, he answered with unusual intensity: "I'm sure as the day is bright. I seen 'im standin' there like a tree at first, an' then like somethin' real and breathin'; it was him all right.

"Whatcha' do Snugger, huh? Whatcha do? Didcha' shoot 'em?"

"Nope." Snugger said.

"Well, whatcha' do? Run?"

"Nope."

Hank was now angry with his friends' secretive attitude. After all, he had asked Hank to come out and talk to him especially, hadn't he? Why was he holding off and acting as if he didn't want to tell? Recess would end in a few minutes, and Hank felt that if he didn't pray the story out of Snugger now, Snugger was going to close up like a clam and be his old stubborn self. The sun was making him hot and uncomfortable, and the kids' voices droned in his ear like a bad song. He had to find out now.

"Well then," he continued proddingly, "whatcha' do?"

"Nothin' much." He answered wistfully. "Nothin' much. I sort of just stood there and looked at 'im, and he looked at me too. I was just walkin' down by Miller's pond with Daddy's rifle settin' on my shoulder, when I looked up at the big boulder on a' left and saw 'im there, like a big, furry tree growin' out a' the rock."

"Yeah, and then Snugger."

"Well, he sort a' looked down at me for a minute and then went scamperin' down the other side a' the rock."

"Yeah." Hank urged him on with his tone. "Then I hopped some rocks an' got ta the other side a' the boulder. He wasn't there so I set down and lisseen fer a minute ta hear if I could hear 'im runnin' off."

"Betcha' didn't hear nothin'. Old Clawfoot's like a ghost when he runs through the woods, I hear." Hank added.

"Yep, yer right there. So I was settin'

on that rock—an' you ain't gonna believe this—but I looked up from these ants that'er buildin' some sand hill on the ground, an' there, right in front a' me—not fifteen feet away—is Old Clawfoot starin' at me. Right at me. Like he knew me or somethin'.

Hank could barely believe the words he was hearing. He kept waiting expectantly for Snugger to continue, but when no words came out he glanced nervously at him, and was surprised to see him smiling off at the mountains, as though he had a secret with them.

"Go on, Snugger, go on." He urged.

"Well, I looked right at 'im an' he at

me. I ain't never seen eyes like that before. They were red-colored and all. He seemed like he wanted to say somethin', an' I swear 'fore God that I jest plain forgot about my gun, Hank, he's the reallest thing I ever saw, just settin' there lookin' at me. I started thinkin': he's 'posed ta be the meanest bear in the mountains, an' here he is, jest starin' at me. Then he did what I never expected nothin' ta do: he kinda tilted back his head and let out the saddest moan I ever heard. Its as though he was cryin' for somethin' he never knew, or for somethin' like you'd want real bad an' never could get. Not like a stick a' peppermint, but

somethin' more. An' then he looks at me real good again, and turns around and hightails it off through the woods."

"I guess that's all." He concluded.

"What about 'at scratch on your cheek, Snugger?"

"Oh I got that from walkin' almost into a tree. I guess I was cryin' kinda. It was mighty sad, Hank."

"Yeah, I guess so," Hank said.

"An' I'm leavin' tomorrow for somewhere." Snugger said. "It was mighty sad."

"Yeah, I guess so. Where ya goin'?" Hank asked.

"I don' know, but I'm goin'."

A CLEAN SHAVEN REBEL: AN ARTICLE

by SUE FULKERSON-Wake Forest Exchange Student To NYU

"Suddenly I was caught up in the fight for Negro rights. I was arrested in Maryland during a sit-in and I got threatening letters and once a man came after me with a knife—but I did what I felt I had to do—and I am not sorry." An American student in revolt—not a Beatnik rebelling against Ivory soap and Sunday School morality; but a student rebelling with meaning and direction, as a citizen, against injustice and flaws in the American system.

This rebel is rarely mentioned in generalizations about American college students, *Apathy* and *lethargy* have become synonymous with the American student. Articles comparing the party-going, Peanuts-reading students in the United States unfavorably to their banner-waving, slogan-shouting European counterparts appear as frequently as articles about the organization man and his frigid wife. I accepted as valid the labels of apathy and lethargy applied to me and all my peers until I spent a week at NYU—there I discovered that there are some, possibly many, American college students who have escaped the soul-cramping frivolity of campus life to become actively involved with causes that really matter.

The students I met at NYU are unbelievably alert and alive. Certainly they are rebels—but they are thoughtful, articulate, Phi Beta Kappa rebels. Rebels with a Cause—but not indiscriminate cause-taker-uppers. Clean-shaven and well-dressed, they advocate significant reforms and revolutions; they are not content with aimless expressions of vague dissatisfaction. Their rebellion is

motivated by genuine concern for humanity and freedom and is based upon an acute awareness of the present and a thorough knowledge of history and theory. It is a rational rebellion—

"No significant progress can be made under the present system of government" . . .

"A factor in segregation is Southern management's desire to keep labor unions out" . . .

"We are struggling for equality among people, not between peoples" . . .

"The Negro may never achieve full rights unless he resorts to violence." And everywhere they talk on and on—loudly and violently, easily mixing *damns* and *hells* with long, impressive academic terms. They discussed Eichmann in a Chinese restaurant, the Black Moslem movement in a book store in Harlem, the objectives of America on the library steps. Nationalism . . . public housing . . . *Cuba* . . . disarmament . . .

these are not the concerns of apathetic youth, these are worries of intelligent citizens who feel personal responsibility for the future of humanity.

But they are not content merely to talk rebellion (if they were only talkers, they would have grown beards and organized a discussion group that met every first and third Monday). They also seem to know how to act—with letter-writing campaigns, passive resistance, pickets, speeches, civil disobedience, demonstrations, and committees.

While I was at NYU, the Committee on Human Rights began a letter-writing campaign to get their Congressmen to vote

against the House UnAmerican Activities Committee and another group demonstrated on the library steps in protest of the "farce" of Civil Defense. I met students who had participated in the sympathy sit-ins at Woolworth's and students who had organized a money-raising drive for the defense of Southerners arrested in the sit-ins. I talked to students who wanted to ban the bomb and to students active in the Zionist movement. I even met a boy who was arrested with the folk singers in Washington Square.

Sometimes rebellion is expensive—it might mean being alienated from their parents, being arrested, being fired—or just being laughed at. But rebellion also brings rewards—the exhilaration of adding their shouts to the shouts of the dedicated few; the pleasure of being notorious; and, above all, the feeling of complete aliveness that comes with identification with a cause.

The lunatic fringe? Perhaps. But how comforting it is in this day of I-don't-give-damn to know that someone still cares enough about something to become fanatical. And if students at NYU are thinking and discussing and acting then, contrary to public opinion, there must be students on other campuses who have given up the trivial games (parties and required assignments and sports) that are played in their ivy-covered ivory towers to become actively and passionately involved with a significant cause. Maybe there are even some of these students at Wake Forest.



About Me: A little of a lot

by Charles Stone

AS SOON AS you hear about it, you're going to swallow with revulsion at the thought of what I do. Everybody thinks that my job is so dirty—almost immoral. Well, it's not really so bad. There are sure a lot more things I would rather not do—like collecting garbage and being sick every day for the first week at the smell or cleaning out sewers (people do that in big cities, you know) or slaughtering animals until killing becomes easy—almost second nature—hell, I got it easy. I get to work under the sky—exercising with my hands and my back and my legs until I'm achey, but when I go

home and settle in a chair with my feet up, I feel content—well filled, like after a big meal and happy kinda. See, I dig graves. Ha! You don't like that do ya? But like I say, it really is clean work—not at all like you think. You're imagining skulls and things lying around, but I'm gonna tell you something. The only time I've seen a skull was in school once, and then it was white and clean lookin'. No, I'll tell ya, people oughta know how things really are before they start making up opinions about 'em.

I'm even happy with my job. I guess that sounds queer too, but like I said, I feel good goin' home nights, and I'm happy not to have no one leanin' all over me all the time and tellin' me what to do. I couldn't take that. Oh, sometimes when it's raining hard or there's ice all over the ground making it near to impossible to break through, I get mad and cuss a while, but nothin's all peaches—and I hardly ever have colds.

I guess you're wonderin' by now what all this is gettin' to, and I'll say right now that I'm not tryin' to say anything real deep or anything like that, but one day in this past spring I was down in the new section rakin' around a hole I had just finished—makin' it kinda tidy, you know. Well, this ol' guy that runs around on the tractor cuttin' grass and haulin' dirt came walkin' up and we talked a while, but I don't like him much because he *really* talks dirty and I always feel kinda uneasy around him because of that. Anyway, before he turned and walked off, he flicked his cigarette down into my new grave. After he'd gone and I'd stood still awhile feeling dirty inside, I climbed real carefully down and found the butt and threw it out as far and as hard as I could. It still makes me mad to think about it. When I finished I wanted to wash my hands real clean. I just couldn't think of that dirty ol' man's cigarette being down there that afternoon when the people would come with their kind old grandfather and put their love down there with him. I just couldn't see it.

A couple of weeks later I came over the hill thinkin' how pretty the clouds looked and how fine the air breathed when I saw that dam ol' guy pickin' roses out of somebody's new arrangement and puttin' them in a paper sack. The whole world just went watery, I got so mad. I couldn't help remembering that other grave where I saw a young lady arranging flowers one by one the day after a funeral. She wasn't cryin' like some of those ol' gals do—I don't like that stuff—but this girl looked strong and serious in a pretty sort of way and you could tell that those flowers really meant something to her, and I walked the whole long way around so as not to disturb her. And here this ol' guy was stealing something like that what people believe in—damn! So I went up to him, shaking all over and glaring red-faced, but he looked around and just laughed, and when he quit laughin', he spit. I picked up a big chip of a tombstone and then suddenly he was crumpled up on the ground lookin' like a baby sleepin' except for all that blood soaking through his hair.

That's all I can remember when I think about it now, so I guess that's all I oughta say.

the meek shall inherit

... whatever is left

AN ARTICLE BY GEORGE CLELAND

SURVIVAL IS an instinct, and instinctively we all want to survive (follows). We want to survive as a nation and even more importantly, we want to survive as individuals.

We know that as a nation we cannot survive indefinitely, for to presume that we could would be to refute all that history points out as inevitable. Accepting the fact that we, as a nation, cannot belie all history and exist indefinitely, it would appear foolish indeed to attempt to salvage a few additional years of national existences at the expense of our individual existences. I advocate we disband the United States of America.

As long as our national survival has a limited tenure it is only common sense that we should gracefully dissolve rather than wait the ignominy of "fall." Somehow the whole image of "falling" as the result of a thermo-nuclear holocaust seems a bit unromantic.

We must realize that desertion does not imply cowardice and that as a nation we must cease to be. Our only logical course is to revert to a collection of forty or fifty odd nations with absolutely no vestige of the national image of the federal union of America. Even a loose confederacy governing what today is roughly the United States would be too binding and would allow a national image to remain. This means that each state would, in effect, become a separate and sovereign nation with its own framework of government and in no way responsible to a larger government. I reiterate that all traces of the federated union of America would have to be totally abolished.

All federal employees would return to their native states — all the ships of the navy sunk — all the planes of the air force burned — all the national forces of destruction destroyed — all of anything that had anything to do with the present national government would have to be dissolved.

This is the panacea, and it is not only the cure all, but also it is probably the only way to avoid the catastrophe of mass

destruction or the equally unsavory prospect of internal decay.

As quickly as a problem that effects us as a Nation can be brought to light it can be ably demonstrated that by *not being* a nation the entire problem can be avoided.

Certainly the Soviet menace would be diminished to a degree that would virtually render it nonexistent. It would be absurd for the Soviet Union to employ thermo-nuclear devices to individually defeat forty or fifty petty nations that would probably succumb one at a time if even a token display of Soviet might were introduced.

This would well end the East-West cold war arrangement, for there would be only the East and the neutrals. It stands to reason therefore that the only genuinely capable protagonists in the world would lie within the Communist sphere; namely, Russia and China.

It seems unlikely that Russia would be cordial to the prospect of China extending her massive resources by usurping much of the American continent, and the reverse would pose a similar uneasiness. Therefore, before either of them could annex any of the independent American states it would clearly have to assert itself as the senior and superior Communist State. It hardly appears likely that this would occur by peaceful evolutionary means.

Even if the separate states were annexed one by one to some of the greater states (be they communist or otherwise) at least we would exist as individuals, and would have the satisfaction of knowing that whoever possessed a state full of American individuals had acquired a dubious asset.

Other problems that face us as a nation could be resolved with the same facility that the international problem was dispensed with in the previous couple of paragraphs.

There would be no segregation problem. Any race, group, clan, color scheme, sect, creed, political unit or what-have-you could establish themselves in one of the states that was favorable to their kind. Different ethnic and cultural groups could establish their own havens.

The problem of automation and unemployment would immediately resolve itself, for each individual state would have to be almost self-sufficient and this would require the establishment of a virtually unlimited number of small industries within each state.

The farmer's importance would be reasserted and the farm problem would become nothing more than a decadent term—and so on down the line.

Once irrevocably decentralized the various independent states could be counted on to make interstate commerce virtually impossible by means of differing currencies, various and varying tariffs, etc. Each state would have to attain a remarkable degree of self-sufficiency.

When the American nation ceased to exist it would seem improbable that a national debt could exist, and another major problem would simply not be.

This entire concept is far from an impractical suggestion.

These new countries of which I speak could well survive. Lebanon, one fourth the size of North Carolina, exists; Israel, not as big as the present state of Massachusetts exists, and Israel has a Jewish problem besides. Burma exists as a nation and so do Nigeria, Luxembourg, Guatemala, etc.

As an additional consideration, there would be fifty Americanized votes in the U. N. where there is presently one.

The practical problem of implementing the disbanding of the United States of America is not my present concern, but a cursory observation of the situation would seem to indicate that it is merely a matter of legislation and the ensuing paper work.

For our own good—for our very existences as persons—for our existence as an ethnic and cultural remnant, our choice becomes our duty. The only constructive course we have is to destroy America.

"The Meek Shall Inherit The Earth"—we cannot be meek if we are the greatest nation (also the most vulnerable) on earth.

TREES

by Carole Steele

1. *Oak and Oak Leaves*

(ink)

2. *Sitting on a Limb*

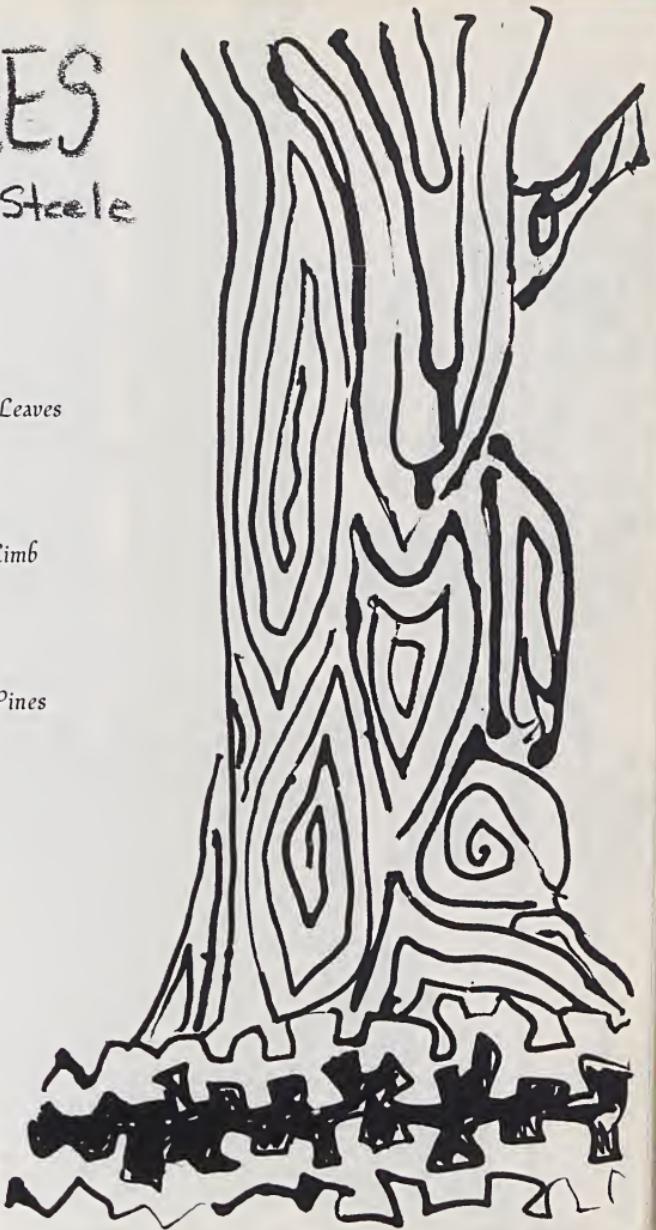
(ink)

3. *Old and New Pines*

(ink)

4. *Night Elm*

(water color)



2.





3.



3 POEMS

Winter Beach

The skeletal pier paints a bony finger into the sullen
no where of grey storm.
The sand lies pockless, untrampled in its loneliness,
Scorned even by the shielding snow.
Bleached snags alone endure the forgotten bleakness of the dunes.
The soundless falling of blackness is broken only by
The ghastly gulls and applause of the waves.

Life

We: created and destroyed as the falling snows.
A few short days, and no one knows.

Spring Day

The new breeze is alive today, bringing added laughter in
its sibilance,
Sliding past with smooth summer caresses and
tingling taunts of winter gone.
The lake glints, its icy ripples melting frathily around
our white feet.
The sand, sticky as we scratch along, reflects our
timid green joyfulness.
Joanie's lavender lipstick tastes like honeysuckle.

by BILL CLEWLOW

The Rooster God

by John Hopkins



IT WORRIED OOMU a little because he could not sleep, but all in all he felt rather good this morning. Some time ago, he had suddenly awakened. He didn't know how long because the sun was not up. Oomu automatically ducked his head and scratched his thigh in the unconscious ceremonial reverence when he thought of Father Sun. He had lain in bed for some time thinking about the prospects of the day before him. After a while he had gotten up and wandered out on the beach to his favorite rock where he was now sitting. He did not feel tired, even though he had lost some sleep, but rather languorous and comfortable. He began to pitch pebbles out on to the sand, still dark from the receding tide, and some further out to the water when he felt energetic. Not too many pebbles got as far as the ocean.

I live a pretty good life thought Oomu. Losa is a good wife and I have a couple of fine sons. I hope the baby next month is a girl, kind of. It would make Losa feel better.

Not that Losa felt very bad. She, like Oomu, thought it was a pretty good life and was just about as self-satisfied as Oomu was this morning. But, as Oomu said, it was not a bad life, his family life was good, and Oomu was one of the most loved and respected men in the village, excluding the chiefs of whom Oomu was not one.

Oomu felt a little energetic again and slung a rock in a lacasadical arc out to the water. Tracing its course, he noticed when it hit that the water was taking on a lighter tinge, the beginning of the signal from the Sun God to the Rooster God that he was stirring and wanted permission to rise majestically into the skies and bathe the island with warmth to dry the copra and ripen the fruits of the field and tree.

It always began that way first, the water lightening its hue gradually, fading from the murky blue of the night to a deep royal and then splitting itself; as if with ecstasy at the morning, with a wide silvery streak from the horizon to the beach. Soon, the streak widened and the cock would crow, giving his imperial and divine call for his servant, the Sun, to rise over the sea, muting the silver to gold and spreading the streak until it splashed in thousands of silvers over the aqua sheen below it. The sky, royal and divine, the kingdom of the supreme deity, who often shook his comb and called orders to it, would be ablaze with all of the glorious hues which were called forth by the great God's morning-call.

Oomu sat there for a while longer lost in a sort of casual reverie, his thoughts wandering from one thing to another. After a while, the thought occurred to him that this morning would be a good time to go down to the sanctuary and make his pray-

ers to the rooster god so that he might sleep late on the regular prayer day which was still two days away. As long as I'm up, Oomu figured, I may as well. I hate to get up that early on prayer days anyway.

The religious rites on Oomu's island were not too strict. There were no sacrifices or salacious ceremonies. The supreme deity, the Rooster God, required that during each nine-day period the people come to pay him homage with prayer and, perhaps, a small gift of corn. Every ninth day was set aside for the regular day for the duties to be performed and also designated as a day of rest for all the people of the village. Several years ago, however, the old high priest, who was getting arthritic and sleepy-headed, decreed that from that time on it would be permissible for the members of the village to pay homage on any morning of their choice as long as it was reported to him immediately after he arose on the same morning. Since that time the saintly old man had preferred to offer his prayers on mornings other than those when the regular services were held. He was very rarely seen by the other villagers now, since he obviously preferred to be alone with the great God and must slip away when he saw others coming toward the shrine.

Oomu was a very religious man. It had been four years since he had last failed to offer prayers on time. He sometimes even went to the shrine twice within the nine days, simply for the peace that he received in time of trouble from being nearer to the divine presence. Lately, however, since he had added the new nine acres of land to his section, he had found it a little harder to rise early.

As he came nearer the shrine, which lay about five hundred yards down the beach from where he had first been sitting, Oomu began to feel a small twinge of guilt over the grumbling he had indulged himself in on some of the colder mornings recently. But, remembering the inexhaustible mercy and forgiveness of the Rooster-God, he reassured himself and drew near the altar which stood just outside the smooth coral cave where the Rooster God and his many wives dwelt, lowering his head in silent tribute as he advanced. Kneeling softly, he began to go about the business of communication with the inner spirit as well as with the visible outer one who should come strutting from the cave at any time.

Oomu went through the almost mechanical recitations of the prayers for quite some time. Suddenly a sort of strange half-croak, half-shriek split his semi-concentration and flashed him back to an awareness of what was happening around him. He glanced up quickly, breaking off his prayers

and looking to see what was taking place. When the realization of the scene before him struck Oomu, his stomach did a strange little jig and he was seized by that strange numb disbelief of one who sees something too horrible to believe. There was no way to disbelief it, however, since it was too oblivious what was happening. The Rooster was in the process of dropping dead before Oomu's eyes. It hopped out of the cave making its strange sound of anguish, spun around three times, and fell dead.

It is almost impossible to describe the kind of fear that Oomu felt. What other man has ever watched his god drop dead before his eyes. Who can know the terror that must have uncoiled itself down in his insides. For moments he could not move nor speak, he could only stare in dumb disbelief at the inert feathered form on the ground before him. A form that only seconds before had been the object of Oomu's adoration and prayers. After what was eternity to him, he let one scream of anguish burst forth and fell over in a faint.

Some time later, who knows how long, he slowly regained consciousness, returned back into a world of awful fear from the bliss of unconscious escape. For a moment the fear took him anew, gripping his stomach with a hammer-like fist and shaking hard, so that his intestines rattled within him. But, as always with man, when a thing gets so bad it reaches a point where it has to get better. Just as the initial wave of terror was subsiding, a new, more horrible fact rose up to plague him.

"Oh god," he cried aloud, not remembering that his god was dead, "how can the sun rise if there is no call, no crow of permission from the rooster god?"

A new panic seized him and making his first attempt at mobility, he climbed to his feet and threw himself, running and wailing, down the beach toward the village. With the horror of all his discovery to spur him on, it was only short minutes until he reached the village and pummelled the sand as he sped across the square to the house of the high-priest.

Kicking down the woven mat which served as door to the rude cottage built of bamboo, which was nevertheless far more elaborate than any other in the village and which looked strangely like an English summer house, Oomu flung himself headlong into the only room in the house. He paused momentarily, but only long enough to spot the wise old priest lying snoring between two of his newest wives. He then fell down on his knees before the white-skinned silvery-bearded form and, screaming his fear, shook him violently until he stirred.

The old man, still half-asleep, mumbled something in the strange language he used from time to time, called by the villagers



BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE.



GO AWAY FROM MY WINDOW.



"WAKE UP, MARGARET, I'M BACK!"



♪ LOCK DOWN, LOOK DOWN, THAT LONESOME ROAD. ♪



♪ LOVE, O LOVE,
O CARELESS LOVE. ♪

♪ O WHO'S GONNA SHOE YORE
PURTY LITTLE FOOT, AND
WHO'S GONNA GLOVE YORE HAND? ♪

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